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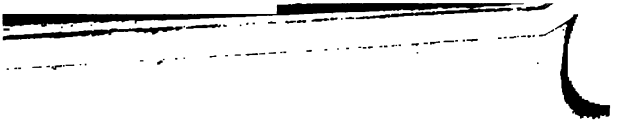
ΕΙΣ ΘΑΛΑ



Here in a grotto, shelter'd close from air,
And screen'd in shades from day's detested glare,
She sighs for ever on her pensive bed,
Pain at her side, and Megrim at her head.

Rape of the Lock. page 14.

SELECTIONS FROM THE POETS

WHO

FLOURISHED IN THE REIGNS

OF

QUEEN ANN. GEORGE I. and GEORGE II.

LONDON:

Published by W. SUTTABY, CROSBY and Co.
and SCATCHERD and LETTERMAN,
Stationers Court.

1809.

Correll, Printer, Charing Cross.

SPECIMENS

OF THE

BRITISH POETS.

VOL. II. PART I.

CONTAINING

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CONTENTS

TO

VOLUME II. PART I.

(QUEEN ANN.)

	Born in Died in	Page
ALEXANDER POPE.	1688—1744.	
The Rape of the Lock		1
Eloisa to Abelard		22
An Essay on Criticism		31
Of the Use of Riches		51
Elegy to the Memory of an unfortunate Lady		67
Ode on St. Cecilia's Day		69
Messiah.—A Sacred Eclogue		73
Epistle to Dr. Arbuthnot		77
AMBROSE PHILLIPS.	1671—1749.	
An Epistle to the Earl of Dorset		87
EDWARD YOUNG.	1681—1765.	
Night I.—On Life, Death, and Immortality		89
Night III.—Narcissa		101
Love of Fame.—Satire I.		115
On Women.—Satire V.		122

(GEORGE I. and GEORGE II.)

JAMES THOMSON.	1700—1748.	
The Castle of Indolence		138
Hymn on Solitude		157
On the Death of his Mother		158
BYRON.	1691—1763.	
Phœbe.—A Pastoral		161
DAVID MALLET.	1700—1765.	
Edwin and Emma		163
William and Margaret		166

Page

HAWKINS BROWNE. 1706—1760.

A Pipe of Tobacco - - - - - - - 168

ALLAN RAMSAY. 1696—1763.

Songs.—Peggy and Patie - - - - - 174
Hid from himself - - - - - 175
Speak on, speak thus - - - - ib.
When hope was quite sunk - - - 176
At setting day and rising morn - - 177
The bonny grey-ey'd morning - - ib.

WILLIAM COLLINS. 1720—1756.

The Passions.—An Ode for Music - - - 178
Ode to Fear - - - - - - - - 181
Ode to Evening - - - - - - - 183
Dirge in Cymbeline - - - - - - 185

WILLIAM SHENSTONE. 1714—1763.

The School-Mistress. In Imitation of Spenser 186
Inscription - - - - - - - - 195
A Pastoral Ballad. - - - - - - 196
The Sky-Lark - - - - - - - - 202
Jemmy Dawson.—A Ballad - - - - 203
Song.—Phillis - - - - - - - - 205

GILBERT COOPER. Died in 1769.

Song.—Away! let nought to love - - - 207

LORD LYTTELTON. 1709—1773.

Advice to a Lady - - - - - - - 208
Monody to the Memory of Lady Lyttelton - 211

TOBIAS SMOLLETT.

The Tears of Scotland - - - - - - 220

THOMAS GRAY. 1716—1771.

Elegy. Written in a Country Church-Yard - 222
Odes.—A distant Prospect of Eton College - 225
To Adversity - - - - - - - 228
The Bard.—Pindaric - - - - - 230
The Progress of Poesy.—Pindaric - 234
On the Spring - - - - - - - 237
On the Death of a favourite Cat - - 239

CONTENTS TO VOL. II. PART II.

(GEORGE II. and GEORGE III.)

SAMUEL JOHNSON. 1709—1784. Page

London - - - - - - - - - 241
The Vanity of Human Wishes - - - - 246
On the Death of Dr. Robert Levet - - - 257
Prologue. Spoken by Garrick - - - - 258

OLIVER GOLDSMITH. 1729—1774.

The Traveller - - - - - - - - 261
The Deserted Village - - - - - - 272
The Hermit - - - - - - - - 283
The Haunch of Venison - - - - - - 288

CUTHBERT SHAW. 1738—1771.

Monody to the Memory of a young Lady - 292
An Evening Address to a Nightingale - - 299

JOHN LANGHORNE. Died in 1779.

Owen of Carron - - - - - - - - 303

THOMAS PENNOSE. 1743—1779.

To Miss Slocock - - - - - - - - 320
Elegy on Leaving the River of Plate - - 327

SIR WILLIAM BLACKSTONE. 1723—1780.

Farewell to the Muse - - - - - - 323
The Law - - - - - - - - - 324

MICHAEL BRUCE. 1746—1767

Elegy. Written in Spring - - - - - 326

THOMAS WARTON. 1728—1790.

The Suicide - - - - - - - - 329
The Pleasures of Melancholy - - - - 332
Inscription in a Hermitage - - - - - 340
Ode to Sleep - - - - - - - - 341

JOSEPH WARTON.

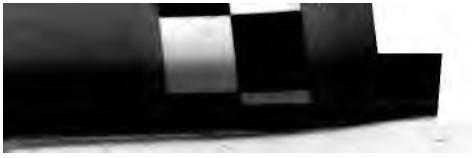
Ode to Fancy - - - - - - - - 342
Ode to Evening - - - - - - - - 346

JOHN LOGAN. 1748—1788.

Ode to Sleep - - - - - - - - 347

JOHN SCOTT. 1730—1783.

Ode *on Winter* - - - - - - - - 348



Page

SIR JOHN HENRY MOORE, Bart.

Absence.—An Elegy - - - - - - - 349
The Debtor - - - - - - - - - 350

SIR WILLIAM JONES. 1746—1794.

Laura; an Elegy from Petrarch - - - - 352
An Ode of Petrarch - - - - - - - 356
Solima.—An Arabian Eclogue - - - - - 357
To Lady Jones - - - - - - - 360
A Persian Song of Hafez - - - - - - 361
A Song from the Persian - - - - - - 362
Song.—Wake, ye nightingales - - - - - 363

MASON. 1725—1797.

Ode to Truth - - - - - - - - - 365
Epitaph on Mrs. Mason - - - - - - 366

ROBERT BURNS. 1759—1796.

The Cotter's Saturday Night - - - - - 368
A Winter Night - - - - - - - - 374
To Mary in Heaven - - - - - - - 377
To a Mouse - - - - - - - - - 378
To a Mountain Daisy - - - - - - - 379
Afton Water - - - - - - - - - 381
Song.—The Gloomy Night - - - - - - 382
From thee, Eliza - - - - - - - 383
Now westlin winds - - - - - - - ib.
Again rejoicing nature sees - - - - - 384

JAMES BEATTIE. 1735—1803.

The Hermit - - - - - - - - - - 386

WILLIAM COWPER. 1731—1800.

The Task, Book I. The Sofa - - - - - 388
Book IV. The Winter Evening - 408
On his Mother's Picture - - - - - - 428
To Mary - - - - - - - - - - 431

THOMAS CHATTERTON. 1752—1770.

Eclogues - - - - - - - - - - - 433
Songe to Ælla - - - - - - - - - 445
Bristowe Tragedie - - - - - - - - - 446

SPECIMENS

OF THE

BRITISH POETS.

ALEXANDER POPE.

THE RAPE OF THE LOCK.

An Heroi-Comical Poem.

Nolueram, Belinda, tuos violare capillos;
Sed juvat, hoc precibus me tribuisse tuis. *Mart.*

CANTO I.

WHAT dire offence from amorous causes springs,
What mighty contests rise from trivial things,
I sing—This verse to Caryl, muse! is due:
This, ev'n Belinda may vouchsafe to view:
Slight is the subject, but not so the praise,
If she inspire, and he approve my lays.
Say what strange motive, goddess! could compel
A well-bred lord to' assault a gentle belle?
O say what stranger cause, yet unexplor'd,
Could make a gentle belle reject a lord?
In tasks so bold can little men engage,
And in soft bosoms dwells such mighty rage?
Sol through white curtains shot a timorous ray,
And op'd those eyes that must eclipse the day.
Now lap-dogs give themselves the rousing shake,
And sleepless lovers, just at twelve, awake:
Thrice rung the bell, the slipper knock'd the ground,
And the press'd watch return'd a silver sound.

When Florio speaks, what virgin could withstand,
If gentle Damon did not squeeze her hand?
With varying vanities, from every part,
They shift the moving toyshop of their heart;
Where wigs with wigs, with sword-knots sword-knots strive,
Beaux banish beaux, and coaches coaches drive.
This erring mortals levity may call;
Oh blind to truth! the sylphs contrive it all.
'Of these am I, who thy protection claim,
A watchful sprite, and Ariel is my name.
Late, as I rang'd the crystal wilds of air,
In the clear mirror of thy ruling star,
I saw, alas! some dread event impend,
Ere to the main this morning sun descend,
But Heav'n reveals not what, or how, or where:
Warn'd by thy sylph, O pious maid, beware!
This to disclose is all thy guardian can:
Beware of all, but most beware of man!'
He said; when Shock, who thought she slept too long,
Leap'd up, and wak'd his mistress with his tongue.
'Twas then, Belinda, if report say true,
Thy eyes first open'd on a billet-doux;
Wounds, charms, and ardours, were no sooner read,
But all the vision vanish'd from thy head.
And now, unveil'd, the toilet stands display'd,
Each silver vase in mystic order laid.
First, rob'd in white, the nymph intent adores,
With head uncover'd, the cosmetic pow'rs.
A heavenly image in the glass appears,
To that she bends, to that her eyes she rears;
The' inferior priestess, at her altar's side,
Trembling begins the sacred rites of pride.
Unnumber'd treasures ope at once, and here
The various offerings of the world appear;
From each she nicely culls with curious toil,
And decks the goddess with the glittering spo
This casket India's glowing gems unlocks.
And all Arabia breathes from yonder box

A tortoise here and elephant unite,
Transform'd to combs, the speckled, and the white.
Here files of pins extend their shining rows,
Puffs, powders, patches, bibles, billet-doux.
Now awful beauty puts on all its arms;
The fair each moment rises in her charms,
Repairs her smiles, awakens every grace,
And calls forth all the wonders of her face;
Sees by degrees a purer blush arise,
And keener lightnings quicken in her eyes.
The busy sylphs surround their darling care,
These set the head, and those divide the hair,
Some fold the sleeve, whilst others plait the gown;
And Betty's prais'd for labours not her own.

CANTO II.

NOT with more glories, in the' ethereal plain,
The sun first rises o'er the purpled main,
Than, issuing forth, the rival of his beams
Launch'd on the bosom of the silver Thames.
Fair nymphs, and well-dress'd youths around her shone,
But every eye was fix'd on her alone.
On her white breast a sparkling cross she wore,
Which Jews might kiss, and Infidels adore.
Her lively looks a sprightly mind disclose,
Quick as her eyes, and as unfix'd as those:
Favours to none, to all she smiles extends:
Oft she rejects, but never once offends.
Bright as the sun, her eyes the gazers strike,
And, like the sun, they shine on all alike.
Yet graceful ease, and sweetness void of pride,
Might hide her faults, if belles had faults to hide:
If to her share some female errors fall,
Look on her face, and you'll forget them all.

This nymph, to the destruction of mankind,
Nourish'd two locks, which graceful hung behind
In *equal curls*, and well conspir'd to deck
With shining ringlets the smooth ivory neck.

Form a strong line about the silver bound,
And guard the wide circumference around.
'Whatever spirit, careless of his charge,
His post neglects, or leaves the fair at large,
Shall feel sharp vengeance soon o'ertake his sins,
Be stopp'd in vials, or transfix'd with pins;
Or plung'd in lakes of bitter washes lie,
Or wedg'd whole ages in a bodkin's eye:
Gums and pomatums shall his flight restrain,
While clogg'd he beats his silken wings in vain;
Or alum styptics with contracting power
Shrink his thin essence like a shrivell'd flower:
Or, as Ixion fix'd, the wretch shall feel
The giddy motion of the whirling mill,
In fumes of burning chocolate shall glow,
And tremble at the sea that froths below!"
He spoke; the spirits from the sails descend;
Some, orb in orb, around the nymph extend;
Some thread the mazy ringlets of her hair;
Some hang upon the pendants of her ear;
With beating hearts the dire event they wait
Anxious, and trembling for the birth of fate.

Loose to the wind their airy garments flew,
Thin glittering textures of the filmy dew,
Dipt in the richest tincture of the skies,
Where light disports in ever-mingling dyes,
While every beam new transient colours flings,
Colours that change whene'er they wave their wings.
Amid the circle, on the gilded mast,
Superior by the head, was Ariel plac'd;
His purple pinions opening to the sun,
He rais'd his azure wand, and thus begun:—
'Ye sylphs and sylphids, to your chief give ear,
Fays, fairies, genii, elves, and demons, hear!
Ye know the spheres, and various tasks assign'd
By laws eternal to the' aërial kind.
Some in the fields of purest ether play,
And bask and whiten in the blaze of day:
Some guide the course of wandering orbs on high,
Or roll the planets through the boundless sky:
Some, less refin'd, beneath the moon's pale light
Pursue the stars that shoot athwart the night,
Or suck the mists in grosser air below,
Or dip their pinions in the painted bow,
Or brew fierce tempests on the wintry main,
Or o'er the glebe distil the kindly rain.
Others, on earth, o'er human race preside,
Watch all their ways, and all their actions guide:
Of these the chief the care of nations own,
And guard with arms divine the British throne.
'Our humbler province is to tend the fair,
Not a less pleasing, though less glorious care;
To save the powder from too rude a gale,
Nor let the' imprison'd essences exhale;
To draw fresh colours from the vernal flowers;
To steal from rainbows ere they drop in showers
A brighter wash: to curl their waving hairs,
Assist their blushes, and inspire their airs;
Nay oft, in dreams, invention we bestow,
To change a flounce, or add a furbelow.
This day black omens threat the brightest fair
That e'er deserv'd a watchful spirit's care;

Some dire disaster, or by force or slight;
But what, or where, the fates have wrapp'd in night.
Whether the nymph shall break Diana's law,
Or some frail china-jar receive a flaw;
Or stain her honour, or her new brocade;
Forget her pray'rs, or miss a masquerade;
Or lose her heart, or necklace, at a ball;
Or whether heav'n has doom'd that Shock must fall.
Haste then, ye spirits! to your charge repair:
The fluttering fan be Zephyretta's care;
The drops to thee, Brillante, we consign;
And, Momentilla, let the watch be thine;
Do thou, Crispissa, tend her favourite Lock;
Ariel himself shall be the guard of Shock.

'To fifty chosen sylphs, of special note,
We trust the' important charge, the petticoat:
Oft have we known that seven-fold fence to fail,
Though stiff with hoops, and arm'd with ribs of whale;
Form a strong line about the silver bound,
And guard the wide circumference around.

'Whatever spirit, careless of his charge,
His post neglects, or leaves the fair at large,
Shall feel sharp vengeance soon o'ertake his sins,
Be stopp'd in vials, or transfix'd with pins;
Or plung'd in lakes of bitter washes lie,
Or wedg'd whole ages in a bodkin's eye:
Gums and pomatums shall his flight restrain,
While clogg'd he beats his silken wings in vain;
Or allum styptics with contracting power
Shrink his thin essence like a shrivell'd flower:
Or, as Ixion fix'd, the wretch shall feel
The giddy motion of the whirling mill,
In fumes of burning chocolate shall glow,
And tremble at the sea that froths below!"

He spoke; the spirits from the sails descend;
Some, orb in orb, around the nymph extend;
Some thread the mazy ringlets of her hair;
Some hang upon the pendants of her ear;
With beating hearts the dire event they wait,
Anxious, and trembling for the birth of fate.

CANTO III.

LOSE by those meads, for ever crown'd with flowers,
Where Thames with pride surveys his rising towers,
There stands a structure of majestic frame,
Which from the neighbouring Hampton takes its name.
Here Britain's statesmen oft the fall foredoom
Of foreign tyrants, and of nymphs at home;
Here thou, great Anna! whom three realms obey,
Dost sometimes counsel take—and sometimes tea.

Hither the heroes and the nymphs resort,
To taste awhile the pleasures of a court;
In various talk the' instructive hours they past,
Who gave the ball, or paid the visit last;
One speaks the glory of the British queen,
And one describes a charming Indian screen;
A third interprets motions, looks, and eyes;
At every word a reputation dies.
Snuff, or the fan, supply each pause of chat,
With singing, laughing, ogling, and all that.

Meanwhile, declining from the noon of day,
The sun obliquely shoots his burning ray;
The hungry judges soon the sentence sign,
And wretches hang that jurymen may dine;
The merchant from the' Exchange returns in peace,
And the long labours of the toilet cease.
Belinda now, whom thirst of fame invites,
Burns to encounter two adventurous knights,
At ombre singly to decide their doom,
And swells her breast with conquests yet to come.
Straight the three bands prepare in arms to join,
Each band the number of the sacred nine.
Soon as she spreads her hand, the' aërial guard
Descend, and sit on each important card:
First Ariel perch'd upon a matadore,
Then each according to the rank they bore;

For sylphs, yet mindful of their ancient race,
Are, as when women, wondrous fond of place.
Behold four kings in majesty rever'd,
With hoary whiskers and a forky beard;
And four fair queens, whose hands sustain a flower,
The' expressive emblem of their softer power;
Four knaves, in garbs succinct, a trusty band,
Caps on their heads, and halberts in their hand;
And party-colour'd troops, a shining train,
Draw forth to combat on the velvet plain.
The skilful nymph reviews her force with care:
'Let spades be trumps!' she said, and trumps they were.
Now move to war her sable matadores,
In show like leaders of the swarthy moors.
Spadillio first, unconquerable lord!
Led off two captive trumps, and swept the board
As many more manilio forc'd to yield,
And march'd a victor from the verdant field.
Him basto follow'd, but his fate more hard,
Gain'd but one trump and one plebeian card.
With his broad sabre next, a chief in years,
The hoary majesty of spades appears,
Puts forth one manly leg, to sight reveal'd,
The rest his many-colour'd robe conceal'd.
The rebel knave, who dares his prince engage,
Proves the just victim of his royal rage.
Ev'n mighty pam, that kings and queens o'erthrew,
And mow'd down armies in the fights of loo,
Sad chance of war! now destitute of aid,
Falls undistinguish'd by the victor spade!
Thus far both armies to Belinda yield;
Now to the baron fate inclines the field.
His warlike amazon her host invades,
The' imperial consort of the crown of spades.
The club's black tyrant first her victim died,
Spite of his haughty mien, and barbarous pride:
What boots the regal circle on his head,
His giant limbs, in state unwieldy spread;

That long behind he trails his pompous robe,
And, of all monarchs, only grasps the globe?
The baron now his diamonds pours apace;
The' embroider'd king who shows but half his face
And his refulgent queen, with pow'rs combin'd,
Of broken troops an easy conquest find.
Clubs, diamonds, hearts, in wild disorder seen,
With throngs promiscuous strow the level green.
Thus when dispers'd a routed army runs,
Of Asia's troops, and Afric's sable sons,
With like confusion different nations fly,
Of various habit, and of various dye;
The pierc'd battalions disunited fall
n heaps on heaps; one fate o'erwhelms them all.
'he knave of diamonds tries his wily arts,
nd wins (oh shameful chance!) the queen of hearts.
t this, the blood the virgin's cheek forsook,
livid paleness spreads o'er all her look;
sees, and trembles at the' approaching ill,
t in the jaws of ruin, and codille.
l now (as oft in some distemper'd state)
one nice trick depends the general fate:
ice of hearts steps forth: the king unseen
'd in her hand, and mourn'd his captive queen:
prings to vengeance with an eager pace,
alls like thunder on the prostrate ace.
nph, exulting, fills with shouts the sky;
alls, the woods, and long canals, reply.
loughtless mortals! ever blind to fate,
n dejected, and too soon elate,
these honours shall be snatch'd away,
s'd for ever this victorious day.
the board with cups and spoons is crown'd,
es crackle, and the mill turns round;
g altars of japan they raise
lamp; the fiery spirits blaze:
r spouts the grateful liquors glide,
ia's earth receives the smoking tide:
y gratify their scent and taste,
ıt cups prolong the rich repast.

'ash youth! desist ere 'tis too late,
st gods, and think of Scylla's fate!
a bird, and sent to flit in air,
pays for Nisus' injur'd hair!
1 to mischief mortals bend their will,
they find fit instruments of ill!
Clarissa drew with tempting grace
d weapon from her shining case:
n romance, assist their knight,
spear, and arm him for the fight.
ıe gift with reverence, and extends
ngine on his fingers' ends;
ihind Belinda's neck he spread,
fragrant steams she bends her head.
) lock a thousand sprites repair,
wings, by turns, blow back the hair;
they twitch'd the diamond in her ear;
)ok'd back, and thrice the foe drew near.
: instant, anxious Ariel sought
)cesses of the virgin's thought:
ıosegay in her breast reclin'd.

Steel could the labour of the gods destroy,
And strike to dust the' imperial tow'rs of Troy;
Steel could the works of mortal pride confound,
And hew triumphal arches to the ground.
What wonder then, fair nymph! thy hair should feel
The conquering force of unresisted steel?'

CANTO IV.

BUT anxious cares the pensive nymph oppress,
And secret passions labour'd in her breast.
Not youthful kings in battle seiz'd alive,
Not scornful virgins who their charms survive,
Not ardent lovers robb'd of all their bliss,
Not ancient ladies when refused a kiss,
Not tyrants fierce that unrepenting die,
Not Cynthia when her mantua's pinn'd awry,
E'er felt such rage, resentment, and despair,
As thou, sad virgin! for thy ravish'd hair.

For, that sad moment, when the sylphs withdrew,
And Ariel weeping from Belinda flew,
Umbriel, a dusky, melancholy sprite,
As ever sullied the fair face of light,
Down to the central earth, his proper scene,
Repair'd to search the gloomy cave of Spleen.

Swift on his sooty pinions flits the gnome,
And in a vapour reach'd the dismal dome.
No cheerful breeze this sullen region knows,
The dreaded east is all the wind that blows.
Here in a grotto, shelter'd close from air,
And screen'd in shades from day's detested glare,
She sighs for ever on her pensive bed,
Pain at her side, and Megrim at her head.

Two handmaids wait the throne; alike in place,
But differing far in figure and in face.
Here stood Ill-nature, like an ancient maid,
Her wrinkled form in black and white array'd!
With store of pray'rs for mornings, nights, and noons,
Her hand is fill'd; her bosom with lampoons.
There Affectation, with a sickly mien,
Shows in her cheek the roses of eighteen,
Practis'd to lisp, and hang the head aside,
Faints into airs, and languishes with pride,
On the rich quilt sinks with becoming woe,
Wrapt in a gown, for sickness, and for show.
The fair ones feel such maladies as these,
When each new night-dress gives a new disease.

A constant vapour o'er the palace flies;
Strange phantoms rising as the mists arise;
Dreadful, as hermits' dreams in haunted shades,
Or bright, as visions of expiring maids.
Now glaring fiends, and snakes on rolling spires,
Pale spectres, gaping tombs, and purple fires:
Now lakes of liquid gold, Elysian scenes,
And crystal domes, and angels in machines.

Unnumber'd throngs on every side are seen,
Of bodies chang'd to various forms by Spleen.
Here living tea-pots stand, one arm held out,
One bent; the handle this, and that the spout:

A pipkin there, like Homer's tripod, walks;
Here sighs a jar, and there a goose-pye talks;
Men prove with child, as powerful fancy works,
And maids, turn'd bottles, call aloud for corks.
Safe past the gnome through this fantastic band,
A branch of healing spleenwort in his hand.
Then thus address'd the pow'r—'Hail, wayward queen!
Who rule the sex to fifty from fifteen:
Parent of vapours and of female wit,
Who give the' hysteric or poetic fit,
On various tempers act by various ways,
Make some take physic, others scribble plays;
Who cause the proud their visits to delay,
And send the godly in a pet to pray.
A nymph there is that all your pow'r disdains,
And thousands more in equal mirth maintains.
But oh! if e'er thy gnome could spoil a grace,
Or raise a pimple on a beauteous face,
Like citron-waters matrons' cheeks inflame,
Or change complexions at a losing game;
If e'er with airy horns I planted heads,
Or rumpled petticoats, or tumbled beds,
Or caus'd suspicion when no soul was rude,
Or discompos'd the head-dress of a prude,
Or e'er to costive lap-dog gave disease,
Which not the tears of brightest eyes could ease:
Hear me, and touch Belinda with chagrin;—
That single act gives half the world the spleen.'
The goddess with a discontented air,
Seems to reject him, though she grants his pray'r.
A wondrous bag with both her hands she binds,
Like that where once Ulysses held the winds;
There she collects the force of female lungs,
Sighs, sobs, and passions, and the war of tongues.
A vial next she fills with fainting fears,
Soft sorrows, melting griefs, and flowing tears.
The gnome rejoicing bears her gifts away,
Spreads *his black wings*, and slowly mounts to day.

Sunk in Thalestris' arms the nymph he found,
Her eyes dejected, and her hair unbound.
Full o'er their heads the swelling bag he rent,
And all the furies issued at the vent.
Belinda burns with more than mortal ire,
And fierce Thalestris fans the rising fire.
'O wretched maid!' she spread her hands, and cry'd,
(While Hampton's echoes, 'Wretched maid,' reply'd)
'Was it for this you took such constant care
The bodkin, comb, and essence to prepare?
For this your locks in paper durance bound?
For this with torturing irons wreath'd around?
For this with fillets strain'd your tender head?
And bravely bore the double loads of lead?
Gods! shall the ravisher display your hair,
While the fops envy, and the ladies stare!
Honour forbid! at whose unrivall'd shrine
Ease, pleasure, virtue, all our sex resign.
Methinks already I your tears survey,
Already hear the horrid things they say,
Already see you a degraded toast,
And all your honour in a whisper lost!
How shall I, then, your hapless fame defend?
'Twill then be infamy to seem your friend!
And shall this prize, the' inestimable prize,
Expos'd thro' crystal to the gazing eyes,
And heighten'd by the diamond's circling rays,
On that rapacious hand for ever blaze?
Sooner shall grass in Hyde-park circus grow,
And wits takes lodgings in the sound of Bow;
Sooner let earth, air, sea, to chaos fall,
Men, monkeys, lap-dogs, parrots, perish all!'
She said; then raging to Sir Plume repairs,
And bids her beau demand the precious hairs:
Sir Plume, of amber snuff-box justly vain,
And the nice conduct of a clouded cane,
With earnest eyes, and round unthinking face,
He first the snuff-box open'd, then the case,
And thus broke out—'My lord, why, what the devil!
Z—ds! damn the lock! 'fore Gad, you must be civil!

Plague on't! 'tis past a jest—nay, prithee, pox!
Give her the hair.'—He spoke, and rapp'd his box.
'It grieves me much (replied the peer again)
Who speaks so well should ever speak in vain:
But by this lock, this sacred lock, I swear,
(Which never more shall join its parted hair;
Which never more its honours shall renew,
Clipp'd from the lovely head where late it grew)
That, while my nostrils draw the vital air,
This hand, which won it, shall for ever wear.'
He spoke, and speaking, in proud triumph spread
The long-contended honours of her head.
But Umbriel, hateful gnome, forbears not so;
He breaks the vial whence the sorrows flow.
Then see! the nymph in beauteous grief appears,
Her eyes half-languishing, half drown'd in tears;
On her heav'd bosom hung her drooping head,
Which with a sigh she rais'd, and thus she said:
'For ever curs'd be this detested day,
Which snatch'd my best, my favourite curl away!
Happy! ah ten times happy had I been,
If Hampton Court these eyes had never seen!
Yet am not I the first mistaken maid,
By love of courts to numerous ills betray'd.
O had I rather unadmir'd remain'd
In some lone isle, or distant northern land;
Where the gilt chariot never marks the way,
Where none learn ombre, none e'er taste bohea!
There kept my charms conceal'd from mortal eye,
Like roses, that in deserts bloom and die.
What mov'd my mind with youthful lords to roam?
O had I stay'd, and said my pray'rs at home!
'Twas this the morning omens seem'd to tell,
Thrice from my trembling hand the patch-box fell;
The tott'ring china shook without a wind,
Nay, Poll sat mute, and Shock was most unkind!
A sylph, too, warn'd me of the threats of fate,
In mystic visions, now believ'd too late!
See the poor remnants of these slighted hairs!
My hands shall rend what e'en thy rapine spares:

These in two sable ringlets taught to break,
Once gave new beauties to the snowy neck;
The sister-lock now sits uncouth, alone,
And in its fellow's fate foresees its own;
Uncurl'd it hangs, the fatal sheers demands,
And tempts once more thy sacrilegious hands.
O hadst thou, cruel! been content to seize
Hairs less in sight, or any hairs but these!'

CANTO V.

SHE said: the pitying audience melt in tears;
But fate and Jove had stopp'd the baron's ears.
In vain Thalestris with reproach assails,
For who can move when fair Belinda fails?
Not half so fix'd the Trojan could remain,
While Anna begg'd and Dido rag'd in vain.
Then grave Clarissa graceful wav'd her fan;
Silence ensued, and thus the nymph began:—
'Say, why are beauties prais'd and honour'd most,
The wise man's passion, and the vain man's toast?
Why deck'd with all the land and sea afford,
Why angels call'd, and angel-like ador'd?
Why round our coaches crowd the white-glov'd beaux?
Why bows the side-box from its inmost rows?
How vain are all these glories, all our pains,
Unless good sense preserve what beauty gains;
That men may say, when we the front-box grace,
Behold the first in virtue as in face!
Oh! if to dance all night, and dress all day,
Charm'd the small-pox, or chas'd old age away;
Who would not scorn what housewife's cares produce,
Or who would learn one earthly thing of use?
To patch, nay ogle, might become a saint,
Nor could it sure be such a sin to paint.
But since, alas! frail beauty must decay,
Curl'd or uncurl'd, since locks will turn to gray;
Since painted, or not painted, all shall fade,
And she who scorns a man must die a maid;

ALEXANDER POPE.

What then remains, but well our pow'r to use,
And keep good-humour still whate'er we lose?
And trust me, dear! good-humour can prevail,
When airs, and flights, and screams, and scolding fa.
Beauties in vain their pretty eyes may roll;
Charms strike the sight, but merit wins the soul.'
So spoke the dame, but no applause ensued;
Belinda frown'd, Thalestris call'd her prude.
'To arms, to arms!' the fierce virago cries,
And swift as lightning to the combat flies.
All side in parties, and begin the' attack;
Fans clap, silks rustle, and tough whalebones crack;
Heroes' and heroines' shouts confus'dly rise,
And bass and treble voices strike the skies.
No common weapons in their hands are found,
Like gods they fight, nor dread a mortal wound.
So when bold Homer makes the gods engage,
And heavenly breasts with human passions rage;
'Gainst Pallas, Mars; Latona, Hermes arms;
And all Olympus rings with loud alarms;
Jove's thunder roars, heav'n trembles all around,
Blue Neptune storms, the bellowing deeps resound;
'arth shakes her nodding tow'rs, the ground gives
way,
ıd the pale ghosts start at the flash of day!
Triumphant Umbriel, on a sconce's height,
pp'd his glad wings, and sat to view the fight:
pp'd on their bodkin-spears, the sprites survey
growing combat, or assist the fray.
ıile through the press enrag'd Thalestris flies,
scatters death around from both her eyes,
ıı and witling perish'd in the throng,
'ied in metaphor, and one in song:
ıel nymph! a living death I bear.'
Dapperwit, and sunk beside his chair.
rnful glance Sir Fopling upwards cast,
eyes are made so killing'—was his last.
Mæander's flowery margin lies
ring swan, and as he sings he dies.

When bold Sir Plume had drawn Clarissa down,
Chloe stepp'd in, and kill'd him with a frown;
She smil'd to see the doughty hero slain,
But, at her smile, the beau reviv'd again.

Now Jove suspends his golden scales in air,
Weighs the men's wits against the lady's hair;
The doubtful beam long nods from side to side;
At length the wits mount up, the hairs subside.

See fierce Belinda on the baron flies,
With more than usual lightning in her eyes:
Nor fear'd the chief the unequal fight to try,
Who sought no more than on his foe to die.
But this bold lord, with manly strength endued,
She with one finger and a thumb subdued:
Just where the breath of life his nostrils drew,
A charge of snuff the wily virgin threw;
The gnomes direct, to every atom just,
The pungent grains of titillating dust.
Sudden, with starting tears each eye o'erflows,
And the high dome re-echoes to his nose.

'Now meet thy fate,' incens'd Belinda cry'd,
And drew a deadly bodkin from her side:
(The same, his ancient personage to deck,
Her great great grandsire wore about his neck,
In three seal-rings; which after, melted down,
Form'd a vast buckle for his widow's gown:
Her infant grandame's whistle next it grew,
The bells she gingled, and the whistle blew;
Then in a bodkin grac'd her mother's hairs,
Which long she wore, and now Belinda wears.)

'Boast not my fall (he cry'd) insulting foe!
Thou by some other shalt be laid as low.
Nor think to die dejects my lofty mind;
All that I dread is leaving you behind!
Rather than so, ah let me still survive,
And burn in Cupid's flames—but burn alive.'

'Restore the lock!' she cries; and all around
'Restore the lock!' the vaulted roofs rebound.
Not fierce Othello in so loud a strain
Roar'd for the handkerchief that caus'd his pain.

But see how oft ambitious aims are cross'd,
And chiefs contend till all the prize is lost!
The lock, obtain'd with guilt, and kept with pain,
In every place is sought, but sought in vain:
With such a prize no mortal must be blest,
So heav'n decrees! with heav'n who can contest?

Some thought it mounted to the lunar sphere,
Since all things lost on earth are treasur'd there.
There heroes' wits are kept in ponderous vases,
And beaux' in snuff-boxes and tweezer-cases.
There broken vows, and death-bed alms are found,
And lovers' hearts with ends of ribbon bound,
The courtier's promises, and sick man's pray'rs,
The smiles of harlots, and the tears of heirs,
Cages for gnats, and chains to yoke a flea,
Dried butterflies, and tomes of casuistry.

But trust the Muse—she saw it upward rise,
Though mark'd by none but quick poetic eyes:
(So Rome's great founder to the heav'ns withdrew,
To Proculus alone confess'd in view)
A sudden star, it shot through liquid air,
And drew behind a radiant trail of hair.
Not Berenice's locks first rose so bright,
The heav'ns bespangling with dishevell'd light.
The sylphs behold it kindling as it flies,
And pleas'd pursue its progress through the skies.

This the beau monde shall from the mall survey,
And hail with music its propitious ray;
This the blest lover shall for Venus take,
And send up vows from Rosamonda's lake;
This Partridge soon shall view in cloudless skies,
When next he looks through Galilæo's eyes;
And hence the' egregious wizard shall foredoom
The fate of Louis, and the fall of Rome.

Then cease, bright nymph! to mourn thy ravish'd hair,
Which adds new glory to the shining sphere!
Not all the tresses that fair head can boast,
Shall draw such envy as the lock you lost.

For after all the murders of your eye,
When, after millions slain, yourself shall die;
When those fair suns shall set, as set they must,
And all those tresses shall be laid in dust;
This Lock the Muse shall consecrate to fame,
And 'midst the stars inscribe Belinda's name.

ELOISA TO ABELARD.

IN these deep solitudes and awful cells,
Where heavenly-pensive contemplation dwells,
And ever-musing melancholy reigns,
What means this tumult in a vestal's veins?
Why rove my thoughts beyond this last retreat?
Why feels my heart its long-forgotten heat?
Yet, yet I love!—From Abelard it came,
And Eloïsa yet must kiss the name.

Dear fatal name! rest ever unreveal'd,
Nor pass these lips, in holy silence seal'd:
Hide it, my heart, within that close disguise,
Where, mix'd with God's, his lov'd idea lies:
O write it not, my hand—the name appears
Already written—wash it out, my tears!
In vain lost Eloïsa weeps and prays,
Her heart still dictates, and her hand obeys.

Relentless walls! whose darksome round contains
Repentant sighs, and voluntary pains:
Ye rugged rocks! which holy knees have worn;
Ye grots and caverns shagg'd with horrid thorn!
Shrines! where their vigils pale-ey'd virgins keep,
And pitying saints, whose statues learn to weep!
Though cold like you, unmov'd and silent grown,
I have not yet forgot myself to stone.
All is not Heav'n's while Abelard has part,
Still rebel nature holds out half my heart;
Nor pray'rs nor fasts its stubborn pulse restrain,
Nor tears for ages taught to flow in vain.
Soon as thy letters trembling I unclose,
That well-known name awakens all my woes.

ne for ever sad! for ever dear!
reath'd in sighs, still usher'd with a tear.
mble too, where'er my own I find,
e dire misfortune follows close behind.
e after line my gushing eyes o'erflow,
d through a sad variety of woe:
ow warm in love, now withering in my bloom,
Lost in a convent's solitary gloom!
There stern religion quench'd the' unwilling flame;
There died the best of passions, love and fame.
Yet write, O write me all, that I may join
Griefs to thy griefs, and echo sighs to thine.
Nor foes nor fortune take this pow'r away;
And is my Abelard less kind than they?
Tears still are mine, and those I need not spare,
Love but demands what else were shed in pray'r;
No happier task these faded eyes pursue;
To read and weep is all they now can do.
Then share thy pain, allow that sad relief;
Ah, more than share it, give me all thy grief.
Heav'n first taught letters for some wretch's aid,
Some banish'd lover, or some captive maid;
They live, they speak, they breathe what love inspires,
Warm from the soul, and faithful to its fires;
The virgin's wish without her fears impart,
Excuse the blush, and pour out all the heart,
Speed the soft intercourse from soul to soul,
And waft a sigh from Indus to the Pole.
Thou know'st how guiltless first I met thy flame,
When Love approach'd me under Friendship's name;
My fancy form'd thee of angelic kind,
Some emanation of the' all-beauteous Mind.
Those smiling eyes, attempering every ray,
Shone sweetly lambent with celestial day.
Guiltless I gaz'd; Heav'n listen'd while you sung;
And truths divine came mended from that tongue.
From lips like those what precept fail'd to move?
Too soon they taught me 'twas no sin to love:
Back through the paths of pleasing sense I ran,
Nor wish'd an angel whom I lov'd a man.

/ith cold lips I kiss'd the sacred veil,
, shrines all trembled, and the lamps grew pale
av'n scarce believ'd the conquest it survey'd,
nd saints with wonder heard the vows I made.
st then, to those dread altars as I drew,
t on the cross my eyes were fix'd, but you:
t grace, or zeal, love only was my call,
t if I lose thy love, I lose my all.
e! with thy looks, thy words, relieve my woe;
e still at least are left thee to bestow.
on that breast enamour'd let me lie,
lrink delicious poison from thy eye,
n thy lip, and to thy heart be press'd;
ll thou canst—and let me dream the rest.
instruct me other joys to prize,
her-beauties charm my partial eyes;
ny view set all the bright abode,
e my soul quit Abelard for God.
at least thy flock deserves thy care,
thy hand, and children of thy pray'r.
alse world in early youth they fled,
mountains, wilds, and deserts led.
these hallow'd walls; the desert smil'd,
e was open'd in the wild.
orphan saw his father's stores
rradiate, or emblaze the floors;
its, by dying misers giv'n,
e rage of ill-requited heav'n:
roofs as piety could raise,
with the maker's praise.
alls (their day's eternal bound),
n domes with spiry turrets crown'd,
hes make a noon-day night;
idows shed a solemn light;
a reconciling ray,
ay brighten'd all the day.
livine contentment wears,
es, or continual tears.

See how the force of others' pray'rs I try,
(O pious fraud of amorous charity!)
But why should I on others' pray'rs depend?
Come thou, my father, brother, husband, friend!
Ah let thy handmaid, sister, daughter, move,
And all those tender names in one, thy love!
The darksome pines that o'er yon rocks reclin'd
Wave high, and murmur to the hollow wind,
The wandering streams that shine between the hill
The grots that echo to the tinkling rills,
The dying gales that pant upon the trees,
The lakes that quiver to the curling breeze;
No more these scenes my meditation aid,
Or lull to rest the visionary maid:
But o'er the twilight groves and dusky caves,
Long-sounding aisles and intermingled graves,
Black Melancholy sits, and round her throws
A death-like silence, and a dread repose:
Her gloomy presence saddens all the scene,
Shades every flow'r, and darkens every green,
Deepens the murmur of the falling floods,
And breathes a browner horror on the woods.
Yet here for ever, ever must I stay;
Sad proof how well a lover can obey!
Death, only death, can break the lasting chain;
And here, ev'n then, shall my cold dust remain
Here all its frailties, all its flames resign,
And wait till 'tis no sin to mix with thine.
Ah wretch! believ'd the spouse of God in vain
Confess'd within the slave of love and man.
Assist me, Heav'n! but whence arose that pray'r
Sprang it from piety, or from despair?
Ev'n here, where frozen chastity retires,
Love finds an altar for forbidden fires.
I ought to grieve, but cannot what I ought?
I mourn the lover, not lament the fault;
I view my crime, but kindle at the view,
Repent old pleasures, and solicit new;
Now turn'd to heav'n, I weep my past offence
Now think of thee, and curse my innocence

A affliction taught a lover yet,
sure the hardest science to forget!
w shall I lose the sin, yet keep the sense,
ad love the' offender, yet detest the' offence?
low the dear object from the crime remove,
Or how distinguish penitence from love?
Unequal task! a passion to resign,
For hearts so touch'd, so pierc'd, so lost as mine.
Ere such a soul regains its peaceful state,
How often must it love, how often hate!
How often hope, despair, resent, regret,
Conceal, disdain—do all things but forget!
But let heav'n seize it, all at once 'tis fir'd;
Not touch'd, but wrapt; not waken'd, but inspir'd!
O come! O teach me nature to subdue,
Renounce my love, my life, myself—and you:
Fill my fond heart with God alone, for he
Alone can rival, can succeed to thee.

How happy is the blameless vestal's lot?
The world forgetting, by the world forgot:
Eternal sunshine of the spotless mind!
Each pray'r accepted, and each wish resign'd;
Labour and rest, that equal periods keep;
Obedient slumbers that can wake and weep;
Desires compos'd, affections ever ev'n;
Tears that delight, and sighs that waft to Heav'n;
Grace shines around her with serenest beams,
And whispering angels prompt her golden dreams.
For her the' unfading rose of Eden blooms,
And wings of seraphs shed divine perfumes;
For her the spouse prepares the bridal ring;
For her white virgins hymeneals sing;
To sounds of heavenly harps she dies away,
And melts in visions of eternal day.

Far other dreams my erring soul employ,
Far other raptures of unholy joy:
When at the close of each sad, sorrowing day,
Fancy restores what vengeance snatch'd away,
Then *conscience sleeps*, and leaving nature free,
All my loose soul unbounded springs to thee.

Oh curst, dear horrors of all-conscious night!
How glowing guilt exalts the keen delight!
Provoking demons all restraint remove,
And stir within me every source of love.
I hear thee, view thee, gaze o'er all thy charms,
And round thy phantom glue my clasping arms.
I wake:—no more I hear, no more I view,
The phantom flies me, as unkind as you.
I call aloud; it hears not what I say:
I stretch my empty arms; it glides away.
To dream once more I close my willing eyes;
Ye soft illusions, dear deceits, arise!
Alas, no more! methinks we wandering go
Through dreary wastes, and weep each other's woe,
Where round some mouldering tow'r pale ivy creeps,
And low-brow'd rocks hang nodding o'er the deeps.
Sudden you mount, you beckon from the skies;
Clouds interpose, waves roar, and winds arise.
I shriek, start up, the same sad prospect find,
And wake to all the griefs I left behind.
For the fates, severely kind, ordain
A cool suspense from pleasure and from pain;

Take back my fruitless penitence and pray'rs;
Snatch me, just mounting, from the blest abode;
Assist the fiends, and tear me from my God!
No, fly me, fly me, far as pole from pole;
Rise Alps between us! and whole oceans roll!
Ah, come not, write not, think not once of me,
Nor share one pang of all I felt for thee.
Thy oaths I quit, thy memory resign;
Forget, renounce me, hate whate'er was mine.
Fair eyes, and tempting looks (which yet I view),
Long lov'd, ador'd ideas, all adieu!
O grace serene! O virtue heav'nly fair!
Divine oblivion of low-thoughted care!
Fresh blooming Hope, gay daughter of the sky!
And Faith, our early immortality!
Enter each mild, each amicable guest;
Receive, and wrap me in eternal rest!
See in her cell sad Eloïsa spread,
Propt on some tomb, a neighbour of the dead.
In each low wind methinks a spirit calls,
And more than echoes talk along the walls.
Here, *as I watch'd the* dying lamps around,
From yonder shrine I heard a hollow sound:

'Come, sister, come! (it said, or seem'd to say)
Thy place is here, sad sister, come away;
Once, like thyself, I trembled, wept, and pray'd,
Love's victim then, though now a sainted maid:
But all is calm in this eternal sleep;
Here grief forgets to groan, and love to weep;
Ev'n superstition loses every fear:
For God, not man, absolves our frailties here.'
I come, I come! prepare your roseate bowers,
Celestial palms, and ever-blooming flowers.
Thither, where sinners may have rest, I go,
Where flames refin'd in breasts seraphic glow:
Thou, Abelard! the last sad office pay,
And smoothe my passage to the realms of day:
See my lips tremble, and my eye-balls roll,
Suck my last breath, and catch my flying soul!
Ah, no—in sacred vestments may'st thou stand,
The hallow'd taper trembling in thy hand,
Present the cross before my lifted eye,
Teach me at once, and learn of me to die.
Ah then, thy once-lov'd Eloïsa see!
It will be then no crime to gaze on me;
See from my cheek the transient roses fly!
See the last sparkle languish in my eye!
Till every motion, pulse, and breath be o'er;
And ev'n my Abelard be lov'd no more.
O Death, all-eloquent! you only prove
What dust we dote on, when 'tis man we love.
Then too, when fate shall thy fair frame destroy
(That cause of all my guilt, and all my joy,)
In trance ecstatic may thy pangs be drown'd,
Bright clouds descend, and angels watch thee round;
From opening skies may streaming glories shine,
And saints embrace thee with a love like mine.
May one kind grave unite each hapless name,
And graft my love immortal on thy fame!
Then, ages hence, when all my woes are o'er,
When this rebellious heart shall beat no more;
If ever chance two wandering lovers brings
To Paraclete's white walls and silver springs,

ALEXANDER POPE.

O'er the pale marble shall they join their hea
And drink the falling tears each other sheds;
Then sadly say, with mutual pity mov'd,
'O may we never love as these have lov'd!'
From the full choir when loud hosannas rise,
And swell the pomp of dreadful sacrifice,
Amid that scene if some relenting eye
Glance on the stone where our cold relics lie,
Devotion's self shall steal a thought from heav'n,
One human tear shall drop, and be forgiv'n.
And sure if fate some future bard shall join
In sad similitude of griefs to mine,
Condemn'd whole years in absence to deplore,
And image charms he must behold no more;
Such if there be, who loves so long, so well,
Let him our sad, our tender story tell;
The well-sung woes will soothe my pensive ghost;
He best can paint 'em who shall feel 'em most.

AN ESSAY ON CRITICISM.

PART I.

Introduction.—That it is as great a fault to judge ill as to write ill, and more dangerous one to the public.—That a true taste is as rare to be found as a true genius.—That most men are born with some taste, but spoiled by false education.—The multitude of critics, and causes of them.—That we are to study our own taste, and know the limits of it.—Nature the best guide of judgment.—Improved by art and rules, which are but methodized Nature.—Rules derived from the practice of the ancient critics, particularly Homer and Virgil.—Of pleasures, and the use of them by the ancients.—Reverence due to the ancients, and praise of them.

'Tis hard to say if greater want of skill
Appear in writing or in judging ill;
But of the two less dangerous is the' offence
To tire our patience than mislead our sense:

Some few in that, but numbers err in this,
Ten censure wrong for one who writes amiss;
A fool might once himself alone expose,
Now one in verse makes many more in prose.
'Tis with our judgments as our watches, none
Go just alike, yet each believes his own.
In poets as true genius is but rare,
True taste as seldom is the critic's share;
Both must alike from Heav'n derive their light,
These born to judge, as well as those to write.
Let such teach others who themselves excel,
And censure freely who have written well.
Authors are partial to their wit, 'tis true,
But are not critics to their judgment too?
Yet if we look more closely, we shall find
Most have the seeds of judgment in their mind:
Nature affords at least a glimmering light;
The lines, though touch'd but faintly, are drawn right:
But as the slightest sketch, if justly trac'd,
Is by ill-colouring but the more disgrac'd,
So by false learning is good sense defac'd.
Some are bewilder'd in the maze of schools,
And some made coxcombs Nature meant but fools:
In search of wit these lose their common sense,
And then turn critics in their own defence:
Each burns alike, who can or cannot write,
Or with a rival's or an eunuch's spite.
All fools have still an itching to deride,
And fain would be upon the laughing side.
If Mævius scribble in Apollo's spite,
There are who judge still worse than he can write.
Some have at first for wits, then poets, past;
Turn'd critics next, and prov'd plain fools at last.
Some neither can for wits nor critics pass,
As heavy mules are neither horse nor ass.
Those half-learn'd witlings, numerous in our isle,
As half-form'd insects on the banks of Nile;
Unfinish'd things, one knows not what to call,
Their generation's so equivocal;

learning, go;
your depth, but be discreet,
mark that point where sense and dulness meet.
Nature to all things fix'd the limits fit,
nd wisely curb'd proud man's pretending wit.
s on the land while here the ocean gains,
other parts it leaves wide sandy plains;
ns in the soul while memory prevails,
he solid pow'r of understanding fails;
There beams of warm imagination play,
he memory's soft figures melt away.
o science only will one genius fit;
vast is art, so narrow human wit:
t only bounded to peculiar arts,
oft in those confin'd to single parts.
kings we lose the conquests gain'd before,
vin ambition still to make them more:
might his several province well command,
d all but stoop to what they understand.
t follow Nature, and your judgment frame
r just standard, which is still the same:
ng Nature, still divinely bright,

e, like liberty, is but restrain'd
e same laws which first herself ordain'd.
r how learn'd Greece her useful rules endites,
to repress and when indulge our flights:
on Parnassus' top her sons she show'd,
ointed out those arduous paths they trod;
from afar, aloft, the' immortal prize,
irg'd the rest by equal steps to rise.
recepts thus from great examples giv'n,
ew from them what they deriv'd from Heav'n.
nerous critic fann'd the poet's fire,
aught the world with reason to admire.
Criticism the Muse's handmaid prov'd,
ss her charms, and make her more belov'd:
llowing wits from that intention stray'd;
ould not win the mistress woo'd the maid;
it the poets their own arms they turn'd,
hate most the men from whom they learn'd.
dern 'pothecaries taught the art
ctors' bills to play the doctor's part,
n the practice of mistaken rules.

Still with itself compar'd, his text peruse;
And let your comment be the Mantuan Muse.
When first young Maro in his boundless mind
A work to' outlast immortal Rome design'd,
Perhaps he seem'd above the critic's law,
And but from Nature's fountains scorn'd to draw:
But when to' examine every part he came,
Nature and Homer were, he found, the same.
Convinc'd, amaz'd, he checks the bold design,
And rules as strict his labour'd work confine
As if the Stagirite o'erlook'd each line.
Learn hence for ancient rules a just esteem;
To copy Nature is to copy them.
Some beauties yet no precepts can declare,
For there's a happiness as well as care.
Music resembles poetry; in each
Are nameless graces which no methods teach,
And which a master-hand alone can reach.
If, where the rules not far enough extend,
(Since rules were made but to promote their end)
Some lucky licence answer to the full
The' intent propos'd, that licence is a rule.
Thus Pegasus a nearer way to take,
May boldly deviate from the common track.
From vulgar bounds with brave disorder part,
And snatch a grace beyond the reach of art,
Which, without passing through the judgment, gains
The heart, and all its end at once attains.
In prospects thus some objects please our eyes,
Which out of nature's common order rise,
The shapeless rock, or hanging precipice.
Great *wits sometimes* may gloriously offend,
And rise to faults true critics dare not mend:

But though the ancients thus their rules invade,
(As kings dispense with laws themselves have made)
Moderns, beware! or if you must offend
Against the precept, ne'er transgress its end;
Let it be seldom, and compell'd by need;
And have at least the precedent to plead;
The critic else proceeds without remorse,
Seizes your fame, and puts his laws in force.

I know there are to whose presumptuous thoughts
Those freer beauties, ev'n in them, seem faults.
Some figures monstrous and mis-shap'd appear,
Consider'd singly, or beheld too near,
Which, but proportion'd to their light or place,
Due distance reconciles to form and grace.
A prudent chief not always must display
His pow'rs in equal ranks and fair array,
But with the' occasion and the place comply,
Conceal his force, nay seem sometimes to fly.
Those oft are stratagems which errors seem,
Nor is it Homer nods, but we that dream.

Still green with bays each ancient altar stands
Above the reach of sacrilegious hands,
Secure from flames, from envy's fiercer rage,
Destructive war, and all-involving age.
See from each clime the learn'd their incense bring!
Hear in all tongues consenting pæans ring!
In praise so just let every voice be join'd,
And fill the general chorus of mankind.
Hail, bards triumphant! born in happier days,
Immortal heirs of universal praise!
Whose honours with increase of ages grow,
As streams roll down, enlarging as they flow;
Nations unborn your mighty names shall sound,
And worlds applaud that must not yet be found!
O may some spark of your celestial fire
The last, the meanest, of your sons inspire,
(That on weak wings, from far, pursues your flights,
Glows while he reads, but trembles as he writes)
To teach vain wits a science little known,
To' admire superior sense, and doubt their own

PART II.

cess hindering a true judgment.—Pride.—Imperfect learning.—Judging by parts, and not by the whole.—Critics in wit, language, versification only.—Being too hard to please, or too apt to admire.—Partiality—too much love to a sect—to the ancients or moderns.—Prejudice or prevention.—Singularity.—Inconstancy.—Party spirit.—Envy.—Against envy, and in praise of good-nature.—When severity is chiefly to be used by critics.

OF all the causes which conspire to blind
Man's erring judgment, and misguide the mind,
What the weak head with strongest bias rules,
Is pride, the never-failing vice of fools.
Whatever nature has in worth denied
She gives in large recruits of needful pride:
For as in bodies, thus in souls, we find
What wants in blood and spirits swell'd with wind:
Pride, where wit fails, steps in to our defence,
And fills up all the mighty void of sense:
If once right reason drives that cloud away,
Truth breaks upon us with resistless day.
Trust not yourself; but your defects to know,
Make use of every friend—and every foe.
A little learning is a dangerous thing;
Drink deep, or taste not the Pierian spring:
There shallow drafts intoxicate the brain,
And drinking largely sobers us again.
Fir'd at first sight with what the Muse imparts,
In fearless youth we tempt the heights of arts,
While from the bounded level of our mind
Short views we take, nor see the lengths behind;
But more advanc'd, behold with strange surprise
New distant scenes of endless science rise!
So pleas'd at first the towering Alps we try,
Mount o'er the vales, and seem to tread the sky!
The' eternal snows appear already past,
And the first clouds and mountains seem the last:
But *those attain'd*, we tremble to survey
The growing labours of the lengthen'd way;

The' increasing prospect tires our wandering eyes,
Hills peep o'er hills, and Alps on Alps arise!
A perfect judge will read each work of wit
With the same spirit that its author writ;
Survey the whole, nor seek slight faults to find
Where nature moves, and rapture warms the mind;
Nor lose, for that malignant dull delight,
The generous pleasure to be charm'd with wit.
But in such lays as neither ebb nor flow,
Correctly cold, and regularly low,
That shunning faults one quiet tenor keep,
We cannot blame indeed—but we may sleep.
In wit, as nature, what affects our hearts
Is not the' exactness of peculiar parts;
'Tis not a lip, or eye, we beauty call,
But the joint force and full result of all.
Thus when we view some well-proportion'd dome,
(The world's just wonder, and ev'n thine, O Rome!)
No single parts unequally surprise,
All comes united to the' admiring eyes;
No monstrous height, or breadth, or length, appear;
The whole at once is bold and regular.
Whoever thinks a faultless piece to see,
Thinks what ne'er was, nor is, nor e'er shall be.
In every work regard the writer's end,
Since none can compass more than they intend;
And if the means be just, the conduct true,
Applause, in spite of trivial faults, is due.
As men of breeding, sometimes men of wit,
To' avoid great errors must the less commit;
Neglect the rules each verbal critic lays,
For not to know some trifles is a praise.
Most critics, fond of some subservient art,
Still make the whole depend upon a part:
They talk of principles, but notions prize,
And all to one lov'd folly sacrifice.
Once on a time La Mancha's Knight, they say,
A certain bard encountering on the way,
Discours'd in terms as just, with looks as sage,
As e'er could Dennis of the Grecian stage,

ALEXANDER POPE.

Concluding all were desperate sots and fool
Who durst depart from Aristotle's rules.
Our author, happy in a judge so nice,
Produc'd his play, and begg'd the knight's ad
Made him observe the subject and the plot,
The manners, passions, unities; what not?
All which exact to rule were brought about,
Were but a combat in the lists left out.
'What! leave the combat out?' exclaims the knig
'Yes. or we must renounce the Stagirite.'—
'Not so, by Heav'n! (he answers in a rage)
'Knights, squires, and steeds, must enter on th
stage.'—
'So vast a throng the stage can ne'er contain.'—
'Then build a new, or act it on a plain.'
Thus critics of less judgment than caprice,
Various, not knowing, not exact, but nice,
Form short ideas, and offend in arts
(As most in manners) by a love to parts.
Some to conceit alone their taste confine,
And glittering thoughts struck out at every line;
Pleas'd with a work where nothing's just or fit,
One glaring chaos and wild heap of wit.
Poets, like painters, thus unskill'd to trace
The naked nature and the living grace,
With gold and jewels cover every part,
And hide with ornaments their want of art.
True wit is nature to advantage dress'd,
What oft was thought, but ne'er so well express'd;
Something whose truth convinc'd at sight we find,
That gives us back the image of our mind.
As shades more sweetly recommend the light,
So plainness sets off sprightly wit:
For works may have more wit than does 'em good,
As bodies perish through excess of blood.
Others for language all their care express,
And value books, as women men, for dress:
Their praise is still—the style is excellent;
The sense they humbly take upon content.

Words are like leaves; and where they most abound,
Much fruit of sense beneath is rarely found.
False eloquence, like the prismatic glass,
Its gaudy colours spreads on every place;
The face of nature we no more survey,
All glares alike, without distinction gay;
But true expression, like the' unchanging sun,
Clears and improves whate'er it shines upon;
It gilds all objects, but it alters none.
Expression is the dress of thought, and still
Appears more decent as more suitable.
A vile conceit in pompous words express'd
Is like a clown in regal purple dress'd:
For different styles with different subjects sort,
As several garbs with country, town, and court.
Some by old words to fame have made pretence,
Ancients in phrase, mere moderns in their sense;
Such labour'd nothings, in so strange a style,
Amaze the' unlearn'd, and make the learned smile.
Unlucky as Fungoso in the play,
These sparks with awkward vanity display
What the fine gentleman wore yesterday;
And but so mimic ancient wits at best,
As apes our grandsires in their doublets drest.
In words as fashions the same rule will hold,
Alike fantastic if too new or old:
Be not the first by whom the new are tried,
Nor yet the last to lay the old aside.

But most by numbers judge a poet's song,
And smooth or rough with them is right or wrong:
In the bright Muse though thousand charms conspire,
Her voice is all these tuneful fools admire;
Who haunt Parnassus but to please their ear;
Not mend their minds, as some to church repair
Not for the doctrine but the music there.
These equal syllables alone require,
Though oft the ear the open vowels tire,
While expletives their feeble aid do join,
And ten low words oft creep in one dull line:

is unmeaning thing they call a thought,
is Alexandrine ends the song,
a wounded snake, drags its slow length
g.
h to tune their own dull rhymes, and know
ndly smooth, or languishingly slow,
e the easy vigour of a line
ham's strength and Waller's sweetness

in writing comes from art, not chance,
ove easiest who have learn'd to dance.
ough no harshness gives offence;
l must seem an echo to the sense.
strain when zephyr gently blows,
nooth stream in smoother numbers flows;
loud surges lash the sounding shore,
rough verse should like the torrent roar.
strives some rock's vast weight to throw,
oo labours, and the words move slow:
en swift Camilla scours the plain,
the' unbending corn, and skims along the

Avoid extremes, and shun the fault of such
Who still are pleas'd too little or too much.
At every trifle scorn to take offence;
That always shows great pride or little sense:
Those heads, as stomachs, are not sure the best
Which nauseate all, and nothing can digest.
Yet let not each gay turn thy rapture move;
For fools admire, but men of sense approve:
As things seem large which we through mists descry,
Dulness is ever apt to magnify.
Some foreign writers, some our own despise;
The ancients only, or the moderns prize.
Thus wit, like faith, by each man is applied
To one small sect, and all are damn'd beside.
Meanly they seek the blessing to confine,
And force that sun but on a part to shine,
Which not alone the southern wit sublimes,
But ripens spirits in cold northern climes;
Which from the first has shone on ages past,
Enlights the present, and shall warm the last;
Though each may feel increases and decays,
And see now clearer and now darker days.
Regard not then if wit be old or new,
But blame the false, and value still the true.
Some ne'er advance a judgment of their own,
But catch the spreading notion of the town;
They reason and conclude by precedent,
And own stale nonsense which they ne'er invent.
Some judge of authors' names, not works, and the
Nor praise nor blame the writings, but the men.
Of all this servile herd, the worst is he
That in proud dulness joins with quality;
A constant critic at the great man's board,
To fetch and carry nonsense for my lord.
What woful stuff this madrigal would be
In some stary'd hackney sonnetteer or me!
But let a lord once own the happy lines,
How the wit brightens! how the style refines
Before his sacred name flies every fault,
And each exalted stanza teems with though

The vulgar thus through imitation err;
As oft the learn'd by being singular;
So much they scorn the crowd, that if the throng
By chance go right, they purposely go wrong.
So schismatics the plain believers quit,
And are but damn'd for having too much wit.
Some praise at morning what they blame at night,
But always think the last opinion right.
A Muse by these is like a mistress us'd,
This hour she's idoliz'd, the next abus'd;
While their weak heads, like towns unfortified,
'Twixt sense and nonsense daily change their side.
Ask them the cause; they're wiser still they say;
And still to-morrow's wiser than to-day.
We think our fathers fools, so wise we grow;
Our wiser sons no doubt will think us so.
Once school-divines this zealous isle o'erspread;
Who knew most sentences was deepest read:
Faith, gospel, all seem'd made to be disputed,
And none had sense enough to be confuted.
Scotists and Thomists now in peace remain
Amidst their kindred cobwebs in Duck-lane.
If faith itself has different dresses worn,
What wonder modes in wit should take their turn?
Oft leaving what is natural and fit,
The current folly proves the ready wit;
And authors think their reputation safe,
Which lives as long as fools are pleas'd to laugh.
Some, valuing those of their own side or mind,
Still make themselves the measure of mankind:
Fondly we think we honour merit then,
When we but praise ourselves in other men.
Parties in wit attend on those of state,
And public faction doubles private hate.
Pride, malice, folly, against Dryden rose,
In various shapes of parsons, critics, beaux:
But sense surviv'd when merry jests were past;
For rising merit will buoy up at last.
Might he *return* and bless once more our eyes,
New Blackmores and new Milbourns must arise:

Nay, should great Homer lift his awful head,
Zoilus again would start up from the dead.
Envy will merit as its shade pursue,
But like a shadow proves the substance true;
For envied wit, like Sol eclips'd, makes known
The' opposing body's grossness, not its own.
When first that sun too powerful beams displays,
It draws up vapours which obscure its rays;
But ev'n those clouds at last adorn its way,
Reflect new glories, and augment the day.
Be thou the first true merit to befriend;
His praise is lost who stays till all commend.
Short is the date, alas! of modern rhymes,
And 'tis but just to let them live betimes.
No longer now that golden age appears,
When patriarch wits surviv'd a thousand years:
Now length of fame (our second life) is lost,
And bare threescore is all ev'n that can boast:
Our sons their fathers' failing language see,
And such as Chaucer is shall Dryden be.
So when the faithful pencil has design'd
Some bright idea of the master's mind,
Where a new world leaps out at his command,
And ready nature waits upon his hand;
When the ripe colours soften and unite,
And sweetly melt into just shade and light;
When mellowing years their full perfection give,
And each bold figure just begins to live,
The treacherous colours the fair art betray,
And all the bright creation fades away!
Unhappy wit, like most mistaken things,
Atones not for that envy which it brings:
In youth alone its empty praise we boast,
But soon the short-liv'd vanity is lost;
Like some fair flow'r the early spring supplies,
That gaily blooms, but ev'n in blooming dies.
What is this wit, which must our cares employ?
The owner's wife that other men enjoy;
Then most our trouble still when most admir'd,
And still the more we give the more requir'd;

fame with pains we guard, but lose with ease,
me to vex, but never all to please;
at the vicious fear, the virtuous shun;
ls 'tis hated, and by knaves undone!
t so much from ignorance undergo,
not learning too commence its foe!
those met rewards who could excel,
ich were prais'd who but endeavour'd well:
triumphs were to generals only due,
were reserved to grace the soldiers too.
ey who reach Parnassus' lofty crown
their pains to spurn some others down;
hile self-love each jealous writer rules,
ding wits become the sport of fools;
ll the worst with most regret commend,
h ill author is as bad a friend.
t base ends, and by what abject ways,
rtals urg'd through sacred lust of praise!
'er so dire a thirst of glory boast,
the critic let the man be lost.
ature and good sense must ever join;
s human, to forgive divine.
f in noble minds some dregs remain,
t purg'd off, of spleen and sour disdain,
e that rage on more provoking crimes,
r a dearth in these flagitious times.
don vile obscenity should find,
wit and art conspire to move your mind;
lness with obscenity must prove
neful sure as impotence in love.
fat age of pleasure, wealth, and ease,
he rank weed, and thriv'd with large increase:
ove was all an easy monarch's care;
at council, never in a war;
'd the state, and statesmen farces writ;
s had pensions, and young lords had wit;
sat panting at a courtiers play,
t a mask went unimprov'd away;
dest fan was *lifted* up no more,
ties smil'd at what they blush'd before.

The following licence of a foreign reign
Did all the dregs of bold Socinus drain;
Then unbelieving priests reform'd the nation,
And taught more pleasant methods of salvation;
Where Heav'n's free subjects might their rights dispute,
Lest God himself should seem too absolute:
Pulpits their sacred satire learn'd to spare,
And vice admir'd to find a flatterer there!
Encourag'd thus, wit's Titans brav'd the skies,
And the press groan'd with licens'd blasphemies.
These monsters, critics! with your darts engage,
Here point your thunder, and exhaust your rage!
Yet shun their fault, who, scandalously nice,
Will needs mistake an author into vice:
All seems infected that the' infected spy,
As all looks yellow to the jaundic'd eye.

PART III.

Rules for the conduct and manners in a critic.—Candour, Modesty.—Good breeding.—Sincerity and freedom of advice.—When one's counsel is to be restrained.—Character of an incorrigible poet.—And of an impertinent critic.—Character of a good critic.—The history of Criticism, and characters of the best critics; Aristotle.—Horace.—Dionysius.—Petronius.—Quintilian.—Longinus.—Of the decay of criticism, and its revival.—Erasmus.—Vida.—Boileau.—Lord Roscommon, &c.—Conclusion.

LEARN then what morals critics ought to show,
For 'tis but half a judge's task to know.
'Tis not enough taste, judgment, learning, join;
In all you speak let truth and candour shine;
That not alone what to your sense is due
All may allow, but seek your friendship too.
Be silent always when you doubt your sense,
And speak, though sure, with seeming diffidence
Some positive persisting fops we know,
Who if once wrong will needs be always so

At you with pleasure own your errors past,
And make each day a critique on the last.
'Tis not enough your counsel still be true;
Blunt truths more mischief than nice falsehoods do:
Men must be taught as if you taught them not,
And things unknown propos'd as things forgot.
Without good-breeding truth is disapprov'd;
That only makes superior sense belov'd.
Be niggards of advice on no pretence,
For the worst avarice is that of sense.
With mean complacence ne'er betray your trust,
Nor be so civil as to prove unjust.
Fear not the anger of the wise to raise;
Those best can bear reproof who merit praise.
'Twere well might critics still this freedom take,
But Appius reddens at each word you speak,
And stares tremendous, with a threatening eye,
Like some fierce tyrant in old tapestry.
Fear most to tax an honourable fool,
Whose right it is, uncensur'd, to be dull:
Such, without wit, are poets when they please,
As without learning they can take degrees.
Leave dangerous truths to unsuccessful satires,
And flattery to fulsome dedicators;
Whom, when they praise, the world believes no more
Than when they promise to give scribbling o'er.
'Tis best sometimes your censure to restrain,
And charitably let the dull be vain;
Your silence there is better than your spite,
For who can rail so long as they can write?
Still humming on their drowsy course they keep,
And lash'd so long, like tops, are lash'd asleep.
False steps but help them to renew the race,
As after stumbling jades will mend their pace.
What crowds of these, impenitently bold,
In sounds and jingling syllables grown old,
Still run on poets, in a raging vein,
Ev'n to the dregs and squeezings of the brain,
Strain out the last dull droppings of their sense,
And rhyme with all the rage of impotence!

Such shameless bards we have
There are as mad abandon'd critics too.
The bookful blockhead, ignorantly read,
With loads of learned lumber in his head,
With his own tongue still edifies his ears,
And always listening to himself appears.
All books he reads, and all he reads assails,
From Dryden's fables down to Durfey's tales.
With him most authors steal their works, or buy;
Garth did not write his own Dispensary.
Name a new play, and he's the poet's friend;
Nay, show'd his faults—but when would poets mend?
No place so sacred from such fops is barr'd,
Nor is Paul's church more safe than Paul's church-
yard
Nay, fly to altars; there they'll talk you dead;
For fools rush in where angels fear to tread.
Distrustful sense with modest caution speaks,
It still looks home, and short excursions makes;
But rattling nonsense in full vollies breaks,
And never shock'd and never turn'd aside,
Bursts out, resistless, with a thundering tide.
But where's the man who counsel can bestow,
Still pleas'd to teach, and yet not proud to know?
Unbiass'd or by favour or by spite,
Not dully prepossess'd nor blindly right;
Though learn'd well-bred, and though well-bred
sincere;
Modestly bold, and humanly severe;
Who to a friend his faults can freely show,
And gladly praise the merit of a foe?
Bless'd with a taste exact, yet unconfin'd,
A knowledge both of books and human kind;
Generous converse; a soul exempt from pride;
And love to praise, with reason on his side?
Such once were critics; such the happy few
Athens and Rome in better ages knew.
The mighty Stagirite first left the shore,
Spread all his sails, and durst the deeps explo

Our critics take a contrary extreme,
They judge with fury, but they write with phlegm:
Nor suffers Horace more in wrong translations
By wits, than critics in as wrong quotations.
See Dionysius Homer's thoughts refine,
And call new beauties forth from every line!
Fancy and art in gay Petronius please,
The scholar's learning with the courtier's ease.
In grave Quintilian's copious work we find
The justest rules and clearest method join'd.
Thus useful arms in magazines we place,
All rang'd in order, and dispos'd with grace;
But less to please the eye than arm the hand,
Still fit for use, and ready at command.
Thee, bold Longinus! all the Nine inspire,
And bless their critic with a poet's fire:
An ardent judge, who, zealous in his trust,
With warmth gives sentence, yet is always just;
Whose own example strengthens all his laws,
And is himself that great sublime he draws.
Thus long succeeding critics justly reign'd,
Licence repress'd, and useful laws ordain'd:
Learning and Rome alike in empire grew,
And arts still follow'd where her eagles flew;
From the same foes at last both felt their doom,
And the same age saw learning fall and Rome.

tion join'd,
av'd the mind;
le understood,
ued to be good:
thus o'er-ran,
hat the Goths began.
t great injur'd name,
ood, and the shame!)
it of a barbarous age,
Vandals off the stage.
in Leo's golden days
and trims her wither'd bays;
, o'er its ruins spread,
nd rears his reverend head.
er sister arts revive;
, and rocks began to live;
each rising temple sung;
, and a Vida sung:
whose honour'd brow
d critic's ivy grow!
ll ever boast thy name,
to Mantua, next in fame!
pious arms from Latium chac'd
unds the banish'd Muses pass'd
all the northern world advance
ing flourish'd most in France;
ion born to serve obeys,
till in right of Horace sways.
Britons, foreign laws despis'd,
onquer'd and unciviliz'd;
liberties of wit, and bold,
ed the Romans, as of old.
ere were, among the sounder fe
o less presum'd and better knev
assert the juster ancient cause,
estor'd wit's fundamental laws.
the Muse, whose rules and prac
chief masterpiece is writing wel
Roscommon, not more learn'd t
ners generous as his noble bl

he wit of Greece and Rome was known,
ry author's merit but his own.
e was Walsh—the Muse's judge and friend,
astly knew to blame or to commend;
lings mild, but zealous for desert,
learest head, and the sincerest heart.
humble praise, lamented shade! receive;
s praise at least a grateful Muse may give:
e Muse whose early voice you taught to sing,
rescrib'd her heights, and prun'd her tender wing,
(Her guide now lost) no more attempts to rise,
But in low numbers short excursions tries;
Content if hence the unlearn'd their wants may view,
The learn'd reflect on what before they knew:
Careless of censure, nor too fond of fame;
Still pleas'd to praise, yet not afraid to blame;
Averse alike to flatter or offend;
Not free from faults, nor yet too vain to mend.

OF THE USE OF RICHES.

To Allen, Lord Bathurst.

PART I.

P. WHO shall decide when doctors disagree,
And soundest casuists doubt, like you and me?
You hold the word from Jove to Momus giv'n,
That man was made the standing jest of Heav'n;
And gold but sent to keep the fools in play,
For some to heap and some to throw away.
But I, who think more highly of our kind,
(And surely Heav'n and I are of a mind)
Opine that nature, as in duty bound,
Deep hid the shining mischief under ground:
But when by man's audacious labour won
Flam'd forth this rival to its sire the sun,
Then careful Heaven supplied two sorts of men,
To squander these, and those to hide again.
Like doctors *thus*, when much dispute has past,
We find our tenets just the same at last:

Both fairly owning riches, in effect,
No grace of Heav'n, or token of the' elect;
Giv'n to the fool, the mad, the vain, the evil,
To Ward, to Waters, Chartres, and the devil.
B. What nature wants, commodious gold bestows;
'Tis thus we eat the bread another sows.
P. But how unequal it bestows observe;
'Tis thus we riot, while who sow it starve:
What nature wants (a phrase I much distrust)
Extends to luxury, extends to lust:
Useful I grant, it serves what life requires,
But dreadful too, the dark assassin hires.
B. Trade it may help, society extend.
P. But lures the pirate, and corrupts the friend.
B. It raises armies in a nation's aid.
P. But bribes a senate, and the land's betray'd.
In vain may heroes fight and patriots rave,
If secret gold sap on from knave to knave.
Once, we confess, beneath the patriot's cloak
From the crack'd bag the dropping guinea spoke,
And jingling down the back-stairs, told the crew,
'Old Cato is as great a rogue as you.'
Blest paper-credit! last and best supply!
That lends corruption lighter wings to fly!
Gold imp'd by thee, can compass hardest things,
Can pocket states, can fetch or carry kings;
A single leaf shall waft an army o'er,
Or ship off senates to some distant shore;
A leaf, like Sibyl's, scatter to and fro
Our fates and fortunes as the winds shall blow;
Pregnant with thousands flits the scrap unseen,
And silent sells a king or buys a queen.
Oh! that such bulky bribes as all might see
Still, as of old, incumber'd villainy!
Could France or Rome divert our brave designs
With all their brandies or with all their wines?
What could they more than knights and 'squire confound,
Or water all the quorum ten miles round?

esman's slumbers how this
Spain has sent a thousan
e bales of British cloth bl
nundred oxen at your levee
Poor avarice one torment m
Nor could profusion squander
Astride his cheese Sir Morgan
And Worldly crying coals fro
Whom with a wig so wild an
Pity mistakes for some poor t
Had Colepepper's whole wealth
Could he himself have sent it
His grace will game: to Whit
With spurning heels and with
To White's be carried, as to a
Fair coursers, vases, and allur
Shall then Uxorio, if the stak
Bear home six whores, and m
Or soft Adonis, so perfum'd a
Drive to St. James's a whole
Oh filthy check on all industr
To spoil the nation's last grea
Since then, my lord, on such
What say you? *B.* Say? Why,
P. What riches give us let
Meat, fire, and clothes. *B.* W
clothes, and fire.
Is this too little? would you
Alas! 'tis more than Turner
Alas! 'tis more than (all his
Unhappy Wharton, waking, f
What can they give? to dyin
To Chartres vigour? Japhet
Can they in gems bid pallid

Or find some doctor that would save the life
Of wretched Shylock, spite of Shylock's wife.
But thousands die without or this or that,
Die, and endow a college or a cat.
To some indeed Heav'n grants the happier fate
To' enrich a bastard, or a son they hate.
Perhaps you think the poor might have their part?
Bond damns the poor, and hates them from his heart.
The grave Sir Gilbert holds it for a rule
That every man in want is knave or fool.
'God cannot love (says Blunt, with tearless eyes)
The wretch he starves'—and piously denies:
But the good bishop, with a meeker air,
Admits, and leaves them, Providence's care.
Yet, to be just to these poor men of pelf,
Each does but hate his neighbour as himself:
Damn'd to the mines, an equal fate betides
The slave that digs it and the slave that hides.
B. Who suffers thus, mere charity should own,
Must act on motives powerful though unknown.
P. Some war, some plague or famine, they foresee,
Some revelation hid from you and me.
Why Shylock wants a meal the cause is found;
He thinks a loaf will rise to fifty pound.
What made directors cheat in South-sea year?
To live on ven'son, when it sold so dear.
Ask you why Phrynè the whole auction buys?
Phrynè foresees a general excise.
Why she and Sappho raise that monstrous sum?—
Alas! they fear a man will cost a plum.
Wise Peter sees the world's respect for gold,
And therefore hopes this nation may be sold.
Glorious ambition! Peter, swell thy store,
And be what Rome's great Didius was before.
The crown of Poland, venal twice an age,
To just three millions stinted modest Gage.
But nobler scenes Maria's dreams unfold,
Hereditary realms, and worlds of gold.
Congenial souls! whose life one avarice joins,
And one fate buries in the' Asturian mines.

[redacted]ar'd Blunt! why bears he Britain's hate?
I told him in these words our fate:—
[redacted]th corruption, like a general flood,
[redacted]by watchful ministers withstood)
[redacted]age all; and avarice, creeping on,
[redacted]ke a low-born mist and blot the sun;
[redacted]g and patriot ply alike the stocks,
[redacted]nd butler share alike the box,
[redacted]ges job, and bishops bite the town,
[redacted]hty dukes pack cards for half-a-crown:
[redacted]da sunk in lucre's sordid charms,
[redacted]ace reveng'd of Anne's and Edward's arms!'
court-badge, great scriv'ner! fir'd thy brain,
[redacted]y luxury, nor city gain:
[redacted] thy righteous end, asham'd to see
[redacted]degenerate, patriots disagree,
[redacted]y wishing party-rage to cease,
[redacted]oth sides, and give thy country peace.
[redacted]is is madness,' cries a sober sage:—
[redacted], my friend, has reason in his rage?
[redacted]g passion, be it what it will,
[redacted]g passion, conquers reason still.'
[redacted] the wildest whimsey we can frame
[redacted] that passion if it has no aim;
[redacted]h such motives folly you may call,
[redacted]'s greater to have none at all.
[redacted]en the truth:—' 'Tis Heav'n each passion
[redacted]s,
[redacted]rent men directs to different ends.
in nature equal good produce;
in man concur to general use.'
[redacted]hat makes one keep, and one bestow?—
[redacted]'r who bids the ocean ebb and flow;
time, harvest, equal course maintain,
reconcil'd extremes of drought and rain;
[redacted]s on death, on change duration founds,
[redacted] the' eternal wheels to know their rounds.
like insects, when conceal'd they lie,
for wings, and in their season fly.

kitchen vied in coolness with his grot?
court with nettles, moats with cresses stor'd,
soups unbought, and salads, bless'd his board?
otta liv'd on pulse, it was no more
. bramins, saints, and sages, did before:
am the rich was prodigal expence;
who would take the poor from Providence?
some lone chartreux stands the good old hall,
ce without, and fasts within the wall;
after'd roofs with dance and tabor sound,
eontide bell invites the country round;
nts with sighs the smokeless tow'rs survey,
turn the' unwilling steeds another way;
hted wanderers, the forest o'er,
the sav'd candle and unopening door;
the gaunt mastiff, growling at the gate,
hts the beggar whom he longs to eat.
. so his son; he mark'd this oversight.
then mistook reverse of wrong for right:
what to shun will no great knowledge need,
what to follow is a task indeed!)

goes his wool—to clothe our valiant bands;
, for his country's love, he sells his lands.
own he comes, completes the nation's hope,
d heads the bold trainbands, and burns a pope.
ad shall not Britain now reward his toils,
ritain, that pays her patriots with her spoils!
In vain at court the bankrupt pleads his cause;
His thankless country leaves him to her laws.

The sense to value riches, with the art
To' enjoy them, and the virtue to impart,
Not meanly nor ambitiously pursued,
Not sunk by sloth, nor rais'd by servitude;
To balance fortune by a just expence,
Join with economy magnificence;
With splendour charity, with plenty health,
O teach us, Bathurst! yet unspoil'd by wealth!
That secret rare, between the' extremes to move
Of mad good-nature and of mean self-love.

B. To worth or want well-weigh'd be bounty giv'n,
And ease or emulate the care of Heav'n:
(Whose measure full o'erflows on human race)
Mend Fortune's fault, and justify her grace.
Wealth in the gross is death, but life diffus'd,
As poison heals in just proportion us'd:
In heaps, like ambergris, a stink it lies,
But well dispers'd is incense to the skies.

P. Who starves by nobles, or with nobles eats?
The wretch that trusts them, and the rogue that cheats.
Is there a lord who knows a cheerful noon
Without a fiddler, flatterer, or buffoon?
Whose table wit or modest merit share,
Un-elbow'd by a gamester, pimp, or play'r?
Who copies your's or Oxford's better part,
To ease the' oppress'd, and raise the sinking heart?
Where'er he shines, O Fortune! gild the scene,
And angels guard him in the golden mean!
There English bounty yet a while may stand,
And honour linger ere it leaves the land.

But all our praises why should lords engross?
Rise, honest Muse! and sing the Man of Ross:
Pleas'd Vaga echoes through her winding bounds,
And rapid Severn hoarse applause resounds.
Who hung with woods yon mountain's sultry brow?
From the dry rock who bade the waters flow?
Not to the skies in useless columns tost,
Or in proud falls magnificently lost,
But clear and artless, pouring through the plain
Health to the sick, and solace to the swain.
Whose causeway parts the vale with shady rows?
Whose seats the weary traveller repose?
Who taught that heav'n-directed spire to rise?
'The Man of Ross,' each lisping babe replies.
Behold the market-place with poor o'erspread!
The Man of Ross divides the weekly bread:
He feeds yon almshouse, neat, but void of state,
Where age and want sit smiling at the gate:
Him portion'd maids, apprentic'd orphans, blest,
The young who labour, and the old who rest.
Is any sick? the Man of Ross relieves,
Prescribes, attends, the med'cine makes and gives
Is there a variance? enter but his door,
Balk'd are the courts, and contest is no more:
Despairing quacks with curses fled the place,
And vile attornies, now an useless race.

B. Thrice happy man enabled to pursue
What all so wish, but want the pow'r to do!
Oh say, what sums that generous hand supp
What mines to swell that boundless charity

P. Of debts and taxes, wife and children
This man possess'd—five hundred pounds a
Blush, grandeur, blush! proud courts, w
your blaze;
Ye little stars! hide your diminish'd rays

B. And what? no monument, inscriptic
His race, his form, his name, almost unk

P. Who builds a church to God, and no
Will never mark the marble with his na

Go, search it there, where to be born and die,
Of rich and poor makes all the history;
Enough that virtue fill'd the space between,
Prov'd by the ends of being to have been.
When Hopkins dies, a thousand lights attend
The wretch who living saw'd a candle's end:
Shouldering God's altar a vile image stands,
Belies his features, nay, extends his hands;
That live-long wig, which Gorgon's self might own,
Eternal buckle takes in Parian stone.
Behold what blessings wealth to life can lend!
And see what comfort it affords our end.

In the worst inn's worst room, with mat half-hung,
The floors of plaster, and the walls of dung,
On once a flock-bed, but repair'd with straw,
With tape-tied curtains, never meant to draw,
The George and Garter dangling from that bed
Where tawdry yellow strove with dirty red,
Great Villiers lies—alas! how chang'd from him,
That life of pleasure and that soul of whim?
Gallant and gay, in Cliveden's proud alcove,
The bow'r of wanton Shrewsbury and love;
Or just as gay at council, in a ring
Of mimic statesmen and their merry king.
No wit to flatter, left of all his store!
No fool to laugh at, which he valued more.
There, victor of his health, of fortune, friends,
And fame, this lord of useless thousands ends!

His grace's fate sage Cutler could foresee,
And well (he thought) advis'd him, 'Live like me.'
As well his grace replied, 'Like you, Sir John?
That I can do when all I have is gone!'
Resolve me, reason, which of these is worse,
Want with a full or with an empty purse?
Thy life more wretched, Cutler! was confess'd;
Arise, and tell me, was thy death more bless'd?
Cutler saw tenants break and houses fall;
For very want he could not build a wall.
His only daughter in a stranger's power;
For very want he could not pay a dower.

An added pudding solemniz'd the Lord's:
Constant at Church and 'Change; his gains were sure;
His givings rare, save farthings to the poor.
The devil was piqued such saintship to behold,
And long'd to tempt him like good Job of old;
But Satan now is wiser than of yore,
And tempts by making rich, not making poor.
Rous'd by the prince of air, the whirlwinds sweep
The surge, and plunge his father in the deep;
Then full against his Cornish lands they roar,
And two rich shipwrecks bless the lucky shore.
Sir Balaam now, he lives like other folks,
He takes his chirping pint and cracks his jokes.
'Live like yourself,' was soon my lady's word;
And, lo! two puddings smok'd upon the board.
Asleep and naked as an Indian lay
An honest factor stole a gem away:
He pledg'd it to the knight; the knight had wit,
So kept the diamond, and the rogue was bit.
Some scruple rose, but thus he eas'd his thought:
'*I'll now give sixpence* where I gave a groat;

—, now a man of spirit,
[illegible]pes his gettings to his parts and merit;
What late he call'd a blessing now was wit,
And God's good providence a lucky hit.
Things change their titles as our manners turn:
His compting-house employ'd the Sunday morn:
Seldom at church ('twas such a busy life)
But duly sent his family and wife.
There (so the devil ordain'd) one Christmas-tide
My good old lady catch'd a cold and died.
A nymph of quality admires our knight;
He marries, bows at court, and grows polite;
Leaves the dull cits, and joins (to please the fair)
The well-bred cuckolds in St. James's air:
First for his son a gay commission buys,
Who drinks, whores, fights, and in a duel dies:
His daughter flaunts a viscount's tawdry wife;
She bears a coronet and p—x for life.
In Britain's senate he a seat obtains,
And one more pensioner St. Stephen gains.
My lady falls to play; so bad her chance,
He must repair it; takes a h—[illegible]

OF THE USE OF RICHES.

To Richard Boyle, Earl of Burlington.

PART II.

'TIS strange the miser should his cares employ
To gain those riches he can ne'er enjoy:
Is it less strange the prodigal should waste
His wealth to purchase what he ne'er can taste?
Not for himself he sees, or hears, or eats;
Artists must choose his pictures, music, meats:
He buys for Topham drawings and designs;
For Pembroke statues, dirty gods, and coins;
Rare monkish manuscripts for Hearne alone,
And books for Mead, and butterflies for Sloane.
Think we all these are for himself? no more
Than his fine wife, alas! or finer whore.

For what has Virro painted, built, and planted?
Only to show how many tastes he wanted.
What brought Sir Visto's ill-got wealth to waste?
Some demon whisper'd, 'Visto! have a taste.'
Heav'n visits with a taste the wealthy fool,
And needs no rod but Ripley with a rule.
See! sportive fate, to punish awkward pride,
Bids Bubo build, and sends him such a guide:
A standing sermon at each year's expence,
That never coxcomb reach'd magnificence!

You show us Rome was glorious, not profuse,
And pompous buildings once were things of use;
Yet shall, my lord, your just, your noble rules
Fill half the land with imitating fools;
Who random drawings from your sheets shall take;
And of one beauty many blunders make;
Load some vain church with old theatric state;
Turn arcs of triumph to a garden-gate;
Reverse your ornaments, and hang them all
On some patch'd dog-hole ek'd with ends of wall,
Then clap four slices of pilaster on't,
That lac'd with bits of rustic makes a front;

Shall call the winds through long arcades to roar,
Proud to catch cold at a Venetian door:
Conscious they act a true Palladian part,
And if they starve they starve by rules of art.
Oft have you hinted to your brother peer
A certain truth, which many buy too dear:
Something there is more needful than expence,
And something previous ev'n to taste—'tis sense;
Good sense, which only is the gift of Heaven,
And though no science, fairly worth the seven;
A light which in yourself you must perceive;
Jones and Le Nôtre have it not to give.
To build, to plant, whatever you intend,
To rear the column, or the arch to bend,
To swell the terrace, or to sink the grot,
In all, let Nature never be forgot;
But treat the goddess like a modest fair,
Nor over-dress, nor leave her wholly bare;
Let not each beauty every where be spied,
Where half the skill is decently to hide.
He gains all points who pleasingly confounds,
Surprises, varies, and conceals the bounds.
Consult the genius of the place in all;
That tells the waters or to rise or fall;
Or helps the' ambitious hill the heav'ns to scale,
Or scoops in circling theatres the vale;
Calls in the country, catches opening glades,
Joins willing woods, and varies shades from shades;
Now breaks, or now directs, the' intending lines;
Paints as you plant, and as you work designs.
Still follow sense, of every art the soul;
Parts answering parts shall slide into a whole,
Spontaneous beauties all around advance,
Start ev'n from difficulty, strike from chance:
Nature shall join you; time shall make it grow
A work to wonder at—perhaps a Stow.
Without it, proud Versailles! thy glory falls,
And Nero's terraces desert their walls:
The vast parterres a thousand hands shall make,
Lo! Cobham comes and floats them with a lake:

in bright diversities of ...
er-quivering rills meander'd o'er—
em, you! Villario can no more:
he scene parterres and fountains yield,
at last he better likes a field.
is young woods how pleas'd Sabinus stray'd,
elighted in the thickening shade,
nual joy the reddening shoots to greet,
he stretching branches long to meet!
s fine taste an opener visto loves,
he dryads of his father's groves;
ndless green or flourish'd carpet views,
l the mournful family of yews;
iving plants, ignoble broomsticks made,
weep those alleys they were born to shade.
imon's villa let us pass a day;
all cry out, 'What sums are thrown away!'
id, so grand; of that stupendous air,
id agreeable come never there.
ess with Timon dwells in such a draught
ugs all Brobdignag before your thought.
noass this, his building is a town,

No pleasing intricacies intervene,
No artful wildness to perplex the scene;
Grove nods at grove, each alley has a brother,
And half the platform just reflects the other.
The suffering eye inverted Nature sees,
Trees cut to statues, statues thick as trees;
With here a fountain never to be play'd,
And there a summer-house that knows no shade;
Here Amphitrité sails through myrtle bowers,
There gladiators fight or die in flowers;
Unwater'd see the drooping seahorse mourn,
And swallows roost in Nilus' dusty urn.
My lord advances with majestic mien,
Smit with the mighty pleasure to be seen:
But soft—by regular approach—not yet—
First through the length of yon hot terrace sweat;
And when up ten steep slopes you've dragg'd your thighs,
Just at his study-door he'll bless your eyes.
His study! with what authors is it stor'd?
In books, not authors, curious is my lord;
To all their dated backs he turns you round;
These Aldus printed, those Du Suëll has bound!
Lo, some are vellum, and the rest as good,
For all his lordship knows,—but they are wood!
For Locke or Milton 'tis in vain to look;
These shelves admit not any modern book.
And now the chapel's silver bell you hear,
That summons you to all the pride of pray'r:
Light quirks of music, broken and unev'n,
Make the soul dance upon a jig to Heav'n.
On painted ceilings you devoutly stare,
Where sprawl the saints of Verrio or Laguerre,
Or gilded clouds in fair expansion lie,
And bring all paradise before your eye.
To rest, the cushion and soft dean invite,
Who never mentions hell to ears polite.
But, hark! the chiming clocks to dinner call;
A hundred footsteps scrape the marble hall:

The rich buffet well-colour'd serpents grace,
And gaping Tritons spew to wash your face.
Is this a dinner? this a genial room?
No, 'tis a temple and a hecatomb.
A solemn sacrifice perform'd in state,
You drink by measure, and to minutes eat.
So quick retires each flying course, you'd swear
Sancho's dread doctor and his wand were there.
Between each act the trembling salvers ring,
From soup to sweet wine, and God bless the King.
In plenty starving, tantaliz'd in state,
And complaisantly help'd to all I hate,
Treated, caress'd, and tir'd, I take my leave,
Sick of his civil pride from morn to eve;
I curse such lavish cost and little skill,
And swear no day was ever pass'd so ill.

Yet hence the poor are cloth'd, the hungry fed;
Health to himself, and to his infants bread
The labourer bears: what his hard heart denies,
His charitable vanity supplies.

Another age shall see the golden ear
Imbrown the slope, and nod on the parterre,
Deep harvests bury all his pride has plann'd,
And laughing Ceres reassume the land.

Who then shall grace, or who improve the soil?—
Who plants like Bathurst, or who builds like Boyle!
'Tis use alone that sanctifies expence,
And splendour borrows all her rays from sense.

His father's acres who enjoys in peace,
Or makes his neighbours glad if he increase;
Whose cheerful tenants bless their yearly toil,
Yet to their lord owe more than to the soil;
Whose ample lawns are not asham'd to feed
The milky heifer and deserving steed;
Whose rising forests, not for pride or show,
But future buildings, future navies, grow:
Let his plantations stretch from down to down,
First shade a country, and then raise a town.

You, too, proceed! make falling arts your care,
Erect new wonders, and the old repair;

Jones and Palladio to themselves restore,
And be whate'er Vitruvius was before:
Till kings call forth the ideas of your mind,
(Proud to accomplish what such hands design'd)
Bid harbours open, public ways extend,
Bid temples worthier of the God ascend,
Bid the broad arch the dangerous flood contain,
The mole projected break the roaring main,
Back to his bounds their subject sea command,
And roll obedient rivers through the land:
These honours peace to happy Britain brings;
These are imperial works, and worthy kings.

ELEGY

To the Memory of an unfortunate Lady.

WHAT beck'ning ghost along the moon-light shade
Invites my steps, and points to yonder glade?
'Tis she!—but why that bleeding bosom gor'd?
Why dimly gleams the visionary sword?
Oh ever beauteous, ever friendly! tell,
Is it, in Heav'n, a crime to love too well?
To bear too tender, or too firm a heart,
To act a lover's or a Roman's part?
Is there no bright reversion in the sky
For those who greatly think, or bravely die?
Why bade ye else, ye pow'rs! her soul aspire
Above the vulgar flight of low desire?
Ambition first sprung from your blest abodes,
The glorious fault of angels and of gods:
Thence to their images on earth it flows,
And in the breasts of kings and heroes glows.
Most souls, 'tis true, but peep out once an age,
Dull sullen prisoners in the body's cage:
Dim lights of life, that burn a length of years
Useless, unseen, as lamps in sepulchres;
Like eastern kings a lazy state they keep,
And, close confin'd to their own palace, sleep.

From these, perhaps (ere nature bade her die,)
Fate snatch'd her early to the pitying sky.
As into air the purer spirits flow,
And separate from their kindred dregs below;
So flew the soul to its congenial place,
Nor left one virtue to redeem her race.

But thou, false guardian of a charge too good,
Thou, mean deserter of thy brother's blood!
See on these ruby lips the trembling breath,
These cheeks now fading at the blast of death;
Cold is that breast which warm'd the world before,
And those love-darting eyes must roll no more.
Thus, if eternal justice rules the ball,
Thus shall your wives, and thus your children fall:
On all the line a sudden vengeance waits,
And frequent herses shall besiege your gates;
There passengers shall stand, and pointing say
(While the long funerals blacken all the way,)
Lo! these were they whose souls the furies steel'd,
And curs'd with hearts unknowing how to yield.
Thus unlamented pass the proud away,
The gaze of fools, and pageant of a day!
So perish all, whose breast ne'er learn'd to glow
For others' good, or melt at others' woe.

What can atone (oh, ever-injured shade!)
Thy fate unpitied, and thy rites unpaid?
No friend's complaint, no kind domestic tear,
Pleas'd thy pale ghost, or grac'd thy mournful bier.
By foreign hands thy dying eyes were clos'd,
By foreign hands thy decent limbs compos'd,
By foreign hands thy humble grave adorn'd,
By strangers honour'd, and by strangers mourn'd!
What though no friends in sable weeds appear,
Grieve for an hour, perhaps, then mourn a year;
And bear about the mockery of woe
To midnight dances, and the public show?
What though no weeping loves thy ashes grace,
Nor polish'd marble emulate thy face?
What though no sacred earth allow thee room
Nor hallow'd dirge be mutter'd o'er thy tomb

all thy grave with rising flowers be dress'd,
the green turf lie lightly on thy breast:
e shall the morn her earliest tears bestow,
re the first roses of the year shall blow;
hile angels with their silver wings o'ershade
he ground, now sacred by thy relics made.
So peaceful rests, without a stone, a name,
What once had beauty, titles, wealth, and fame.
How lov'd, how honour'd once, avails thee not,
To whom related, or by whom begot;
A heap of dust alone remains of thee;
'Tis all thou art, and all the proud shall be!
Poets themselves must fall like those they sung,
Deaf the prais'd ear, and mute the tuneful tongue.
Ev'n he, whose soul now melts in mournful lays,
Shall shortly want the generous tear he pays;
Then from his closing eyes thy form shall part,
And the last pang shall tear thee from his heart;
Life's idle business at one gasp be o'er,
The muse forgot, and thou belov'd no more!

ODE ON ST. CECILIA'S DAY.

DESCEND, ye Nine! descend and sing;
The breathing instruments inspire,
Wake into voice each silent string,
And sweep the sounding lyre!
In a sadly-pleasing strain
Let the warbling lute complain;
Let the loud trumpet sound,
Till the roofs all around
The shrill echoes rebound;
While in more lengthen'd notes and slow
The deep, majestic, solemn organs blow.
Hark! the numbers soft and clear
Gently steal upon the ear;
Now louder, and yet louder rise,
And fill with spreading sounds the skies;

Nor swell too high, nor sink too low.
If in the breast tumultuous joys arise,
Music her soft assuasive voice applies;
Or when the soul is press'd with cares,
Exalts her in enlivening airs.
Warriors she fires with animated sounds;
Pours balm into the bleeding lover's wound
Melancholy lifts her head,
Morpheus rouses from his bed,
Sloth unfolds her arms and wakes,
Listening Envy drops her snakes;
Intestine war no more our passions wage,
And giddy factions hear away their rage.

But when our country's cause provokes to a
How martial music every bosom warms!
So when the first bold vessel dar'd the seas,
High on the stern the Thracian rais'd his str
While Argo saw her kindred trees
Descend from Pelion to the main:
Transported demigods stood round,
And men grew heroes at the sound,

Of amaranthine bowers;
By the heroes' armed shades,
Glittering through the gloomy glades;
By the youths that died for love,
Wandering in the myrtle grove,
Restore, restore Eurydice to life;
Oh, take the husband, or return the wife!—
He sung, and hell consented
To hear the poet's pray'r:
Stern Proserpine relented,
And gave him back the fair.
Thus song could prevail
O'er death and o'er hell,
A conquest how hard and how glorious!
Though fate had fast bound her,
With Styx nine times round her,
Yet music and love were victorious.

But soon, too soon, the lover turns his eyes;
Again she falls, again she dies, she dies!

How wilt thou now the fatal sisters move?
No crime was thine, if 'tis no crime to love.
Now under hanging mountains,
Beside the falls of fountains,
Or where Hebrus wanders,
Rolling in meanders,
All alone,
Unheard, unknown,
He makes his moan;
And calls her ghost,
For ever, ever, ever lost!
Now with furies surrounded,
Despairing, confounded,
He trembles, he glows,
Amidst Rhodope's snows:
See, wild as the winds o'er the desert he flies;
Hark! Hæmus resounds with the Bacchanals' cries—
Ah see, he dies!
Yet ev'n in death Eurydice he sung,
Eurydice still trembled on his tongue;
Eurydice the woods,
Eurydice the floods,
Eurydice the rocks and hollow mountains rung.

Music the fiercest grief can charm,
And fate's severest rage disarm:
Music can soften pain to ease,
And make despair and madness please:
Our joys below it can improve,
And antedate the bliss above.
This the divine Cecilia found,
And to her Maker's praise confin'd the sound.
When the full organ joins the tuneful quire,
The' immortal pow'rs incline their ear;
Borne on the swelling notes our souls aspire,
While solemn airs improve the sacred fire,
And angels lean from Heav'n to hear.
Of Orpheus now no more let poets tell;
To bright Cecilia greater pow'r is giv'n:
His numbers rais'd a shade from hell,
Her's lift the soul to Heav'n.

MESSIAH.

A Sacred Eclogue.

YE nymphs of Solyma! begin the song:
To heavenly themes sublimer strains belong.
The mossy fountains, and the silvan shades,
The dreams of Pindus, and the' Aonian maids,
Delight no more—O thou my voice inspire
Who touch'd Isaiah's hallow'd lips with fire!
Rapt into future times, the bard begun:
A virgin shall conceive, a virgin bear a son!
From Jesse's root behold a branch arise,
Whose sacred flower with fragrance fills the skies:
The' etherial spirit o'er its leaves shall move,
And on its top descends the mystic dove.
Ye heavens! from high the dewy nectar pour,
And in soft silence shed the kindly show'r!
The sick and weak the healing plant shall aid,
From storms a shelter, and from heat a shade.
All crimes shall cease, and ancient fraud shall fail;
Returning Justice lift aloft her scale;
Peace o'er the world her olive wand extend,
And white-rob'd Innocence from Heav'n descend.
Swift fly the years, and rise the' expected morn!
O spring to light, auspicious babe! be born.
See Nature hastes her earliest wreaths to bring,
With all the incense of the breathing spring;
See lofty Lebanon his head advance,
See nodding forests on the mountains dance:
See spicy clouds from lowly Saron rise,
And Carmel's flowery top perfumes the skies!
Hark! a glad voice the lonely desert cheers:
Prepare the way! a God, a God appears!
A God, a God! the vocal hills reply;
The rocks proclaim the' approaching Deity.
Lo, earth receives him from the bending skies!
Sink down, ye mountains, and, ye vallies, rise;

As the s…
Seeks freshest past…
Explores the lost, the wande…
By day o'ersees them, and by night pro…
The tender lambs he raises in his arms,
Feeds from his hand, and in his bosom warms;
Thus shall mankind his guardian care engage,
The promis'd father of the future age.
No more shall nation against nation rise,
Nor ardent warriors meet with hateful eyes,
Nor fields with gleaming steel be cover'd o'er,
The brazen trumpets kindle rage no more;
But useless lances into scythes shall bend,
And the broad falchion in a ploughshare end.
Then palaces shall rise; the joyful son
Shall finish what his short-liv'd sire begun;
Their vines a shadow to their race shall yield,
And the same hand that sow'd, shall reap the field.
The swain in barren deserts with surprise
Sees lilies spring, and sudden verdure rise;
And starts, amidst the thirsty wilds to hear
New falls of water murmuring in his ear.
On rifted rocks, the dragon's late abodes,
The green reed trembles, and the bulrush nods.
Waste sandy vallies, once perplex'd with thorn,
The spiry fir and shapely box adorn;

Walk in thy light, and in thy temple bend;
See thy bright altars throng'd with prostrate kings,
And heap'd with products of Sabæan springs!
For thee Idume's spicy forests blow,
And seeds of gold in Ophir's mountains glow.
See Heav'n its sparkling portals wide display,
And break upon thee in a flood of day.
No more the rising sun shall gild the morn,
Nor evening Cynthia fill her silver horn;
But lost, dissolv'd in thy superior rays,
One tide of glory, one unclouded blaze
O'erflow thy courts: the light himself shall shine
Reveal'd, and God's eternal day be thine!
The seas shall waste, the skies in smoke decay,
Rocks fall to dust, and mountains melt away;
But fix'd his word, his saving pow'r remains;—
Thy realm for ever lasts, thy own *Messiah* reigns!

Fire in each eye, and papers in each hand,
They rave, recite, and madden round the land.
What walls can guard me, or what shades can hide?
They pierce my thickets, through my grot they glide,
By land, by water, they renew the charge,
They stop the chariot, and they board the barge.
No place is sacred, not the church is free,
Ev'n Sunday shines no sabbath-day to me:
Then from the mint walks forth the man of rhyme,
Happy to catch me just at dinner-time.
Is there a parson much be-mus'd in beer,
A maudlin poetess, a rhyming peer,
A clerk foredoom'd his father's soul to cross,
Who pens a stanza when he should engross?
Is there who, lock'd from ink and paper, scrawls
With desperate charcoal round his darken'd walls?
All fly to Twit'nam, and in humble strain
Apply to me to keep them mad or vain.
Arthur, whose giddy son neglects the laws,
Imputes to me and my damn'd works the cause:
Poor Cornus sees his frantic wife elope,
And curses wit, and poetry, and Pope.

sit with sad civility, I read
With honest anguish and an aching head,
And drop at last, but in unwilling ears,
This saving counsel, 'Keep your piece nine years.'
'Nine years!' cries he, who, high in Drury-lane,
Lull'd by soft zephyrs through the broken pane,
Rhymes ere he wakes, and prints before term ends,
Oblig'd by hunger and request of friends:
'The piece, you think, is incorrect? why take it,
I'm all submission; what you'd have it—make it.'
Three things another's modest wishes bound;—
'My friendship, and a prologue, and ten pound.'
Pitholeon sends to me: 'You know his grace,
I want a patron; ask him for a place.'
Pitholeon libell'd me—'But here's a letter
Informs you, Sir, 'twas when he knew no better.
Dare you refuse him? Curll invites to dine,
He'll write a journal, or he'll turn divine.'
Bless me! a packet.—'Tis a stranger sues,
A virgin tragedy, an orphan Muse.'
If I dislike it, 'Furies, death, and rage!'
If I approve, 'Commend it to the stage.'
There (thank my stars) my whole commission ends,
The players and I are, luckily, no friends.
Fir'd that the house rejects him, ''Sdeath, I'll print it,
And shame the fools—your interest, Sir, with Lintot.'
Lintot, dull rogue, will think your price too much:
'Not, Sir, if you revise it, and retouch.'
All my demurs but double his attacks;
At last he whispers, 'Do, and we go snacks.'
Glad of a quarrel, straight I clap the door;
'Sir, let me see your works and you no more.'
'Tis sung, when Midas' ears began to spring,
(Midas, a sacred person and a king)
His very minister who spied them first
(Some say his queen) was forc'd to speak or burst.
And is not mine, my friend, a sorer case,
When every coxcomb perks them in my face?

things;
I'd never name queens, ministers, or kings;
Keep close to ears, and those let asses prick,
'Tis nothing.—*P.* Nothing! if they bite and kick!
Out with it, Dunciad! let the secret pass,
That secret to each fool, that he's an ass:
The truth once told (and wherefore should we lie
The queen of Midas slept, and so may I.
You think this cruel? take it for a rule
No creature smarts so little as a fool.
Let peals of laughter, Codrus, round thee break,
Thou unconcern'd canst hear the mighty crack:
Pit, box, and gallery, in convulsions hurl'd,
Thou stand'st unshook amidst a bursting world.
Who shames a scribbler? break one cobweb throug
He spins the slight self-pleasing thread anew:
Destroy his fib, or sophistry, in vain;
The creature's at his dirty work again,
Thron'd on the centre of his thin designs,
Proud of a vast extent of flimsy lines!
Whom have I hurt? has poet yet or peer
Lost the arch'd eyebrow or Parnassian sneer?
And has not Colley still his lord and whore?
His butchers Henley? his free-masons Moore?
Does not one table Bavius still admit?
Still to one bishop Philips seem a wit?
Still Sappho.—*A.* Hold! for God's sake—you'll offenc
No names—be calm—learn prudence of a friend:
I too could write, and I am twice as tall;
But foes like these.—*P.* One flatterer's worse than al
Of all mad creatures, if the learn'd are right,
It is the slaver kills and not the bite.
A fool quite angry is quite innocent:
Alas! 'tis ten times worse when they repent.
One dedicates in high heroic prose,
And ridicules beyond a hundred foes:
One from all Grub-street will my fame defend,
And, more abusive, calls himself my friend.

Go on, obliging creatures! make me see
All that disgrac'd my betters met in me.
Say, for my comfort, languishing in bed,
'Just so immortal Maro held his head:'
And when I die, be sure you let me know
Great Homer died three thousand years ago.

Why did I write? what sin to me unknown
Dipp'd me in ink, my parents', or my own?
As yet a child, nor yet a fool to fame,
I lisp'd in numbers, for the numbers came:
I left no calling for this idle trade,
No duty broke, no father disobey'd:
The Muse but serv'd to ease some friend, not wife,
To help me through this long disease, my life,
To second, Arbuthnot! thy art and care,
And teach the being you preserv'd to bear.

But why then publish? Granville the polite,
And knowing Walsh, would tell me I could write;
Well-natur'd Garth inflam'd with early praise,
And Congreve lov'd, and Swift endur'd, my lays;
The courtly Talbot, Somers, Sheffield, read,
Ev'n mitred Rochester would nod the head,
And St. John's self (great Dryden's friends before)
With open arms receiv'd one poet more.
Happy my studies, when by these approv'd!
Happier their author, when by these belov'd!
From these the world will judge of men and books,
Not from the Burnets, Oldmixons, and Cooks.

Soft were my numbers; who could take offence
While pure description held the place of sense?
Like gentle Fanny's was my flowery theme,
"A painted mistress, or a purling stream."
Yet then did Gildon draw his venal quill;
I wish'd the man a dinner, and sat still:

I never answer'd; I was not [illegible]
If want provok'd, or madness made them print,
I wag'd no war with Bedlam or the Mint.
Did some more sober critic come abroad;
If wrong I smil'd, if right I kiss'd the rod.
Pains, reading, study, are their just pretence,
And all they want is spirit, taste, and sense.
Commas and points they set exactly right,
And 'twere a sin to rob them of their mite,
Yet ne'er one sprig of laurel grac'd these ribalds,
From slashing Bently down to piddling Tibbalds:
Each wight who reads not, and but scans and spells,
Each word-catcher that lives on syllables,
Ev'n such small critics some regard may claim,
Preserv'd in Milton's or in Shakspeare's name.
Pretty! in amber to observe the forms
Of hairs, or straws, or dirt, or grubs, or worms!
The things, we know, are neither rich nor rare,
But wonder how the devil they got there.
Were others angry: I excus'd them too;
Well might they rage, I gave them but their due.
A man's true merit 'tis not hard to find;
But each man's secret standard in his mind,
That casting-weight pride adds to emptiness,
This who can gratify? for who can guess?
The bard whom pilfer'd pastorals renown,
Who turns a Persian tale for half-a-crown,
Just writes to make his barrenness appear,
And strains from hard-bound brains eight lines a year;
He who still wanting, though he lives on theft,
Steals much, spends little, yet has nothing left;
And he who now to sense, now nonsense, leaning,
Means not, but blunders round about a meaning;
And he whose fustian's so sublimely bad,
It is not poetry, but prose run mad:
All these my modest satire bade translate,
And own'd that nine such poets made a Tate.
How did they fume, and stamp, and roar, and chafe!
And swear not Addison himself was safe.

...with civil leer,
...to wound, and yet afraid to strike,
...at a fault, and hesitate dislike;
...serv'd to blame or to commend,
...ous foe, and a suspicious friend;
...ev'n fools; by flatterers besieg'd,
...bliging that he ne'er oblig'd;
..., give his little senate laws,
...ttentive to his own applause;
... and templars every sentence raise,
...er with a foolish face of praise—
...ast laugh if such a man there be?
... not weep, if Atticus were he?
...gh my name stood rubric on the walls,
... posts, with claps, in capitals?
...forth, a hundred hawkers' load,
...winds came flying all abroad?
...homage from the race that write;
...sian monarchs, from their sight;
...ed (now be-rhym'd so long)
...thou, great George!

He help'd w[illegible]

May some choice patron bless each [illegible]!
May every Bavius have his Bufo still!
So when a statesman wants a day's defence,
Or envy holds a whole week's war with sense,
Or simple pride for flattery makes demands,
May dunce by dunce be whistled off my hands!
Bless'd be the great! for those they take away,
And those they left me—for they left me Gay;
Left me to see neglected genius bloom,
Neglected die, and tell it on his tomb:
Of all thy blameless life the sole return
My verse, and Queensberry weeping o'er thy urn!

Oh! let me live my own, and die so too!
(To live and die is all I have to do)
Maintain a poet's dignity and ease,
And see what friends, and read what books, I please;
Above a patron, though I condescend
Sometimes to call a minister my friend.
I was not born for courts or great affairs;
I pay my debts, believe, and say my pray'rs;
Can sleep without a poem in my head,
Nor know if Dennis be alive or dead.

Why am I ask'd what next shall see the light?
Heav'us! was I born for nothing but to write?

Who can your merit selfishly approve,
And show the sense of it without the love;
Who has the vanity to call you friend,
Yet wants the honour, injur'd, to defend;
Who tells whate'er you think, whate'er you say,
And, if he lie not, must at least betray;
Who to the dean and silver bell can swear,
And sees at Canons what was never there;
Who reads but with a lust to misapply,
Makes satire a lampoon, and fiction lie:
A lash like mine no honest man shall dread,
But all such babbling blockheads in his stead.
Let Sporus tremble—*A.* What? that thing of silk,
Sporus, that mere white curd of asses' milk?
Satire or sense, alas! can Sporus feel?
Who breaks a butterfly upon a wheel?
P. Yet let me flap this bug with gilded wings,
This painted child of dirt, that stinks and stings;
Whose buzz the witty and the fair annoys,
Yet wit ne'er tastes, and beauty ne'er enjoys:

Not lucre's madman, nor ambition's tool,
Not proud, nor servile; be one poet's praise,
That if he pleas'd he pleas'd by manly ways;
That flattery, ev'n to kings, he held a shame,
And thought a lie in verse or prose the same;
That not in fancy's maze he wander'd long,
But stoop'd to truth, and moralis'd his song;
That not for fame, but virtue's better end,
He stood the furious foe, the timid friend,
The damning critic, half-approving wit,
The coxcomb hit, or fearing to be hit;
Laugh'd at the loss of friends he never had,
The dull, the proud, the wicked, and the mad;
The distant threats of vengeance on his head,
The blow unfelt, the tear he never shed;
The tale reviv'd, the lie so oft o'erthrown,
Th' imputed trash, and dulness not his own;

orals blacken'd when the writings 's
ibell'd person, and the pictur'd shape
se on all he lov'd, or lov'd him, sprea
riend in exile, or a father dead;
e whisper, that, to greatness still too n
erhaps yet vibrates on his sovereign's ea
Welcome for thee, fair virtue! all the pas
For thee, fair virtue! welcome ev'n the la

A. But why insult the poor, affront the

P. A knave's a knave to me in every state
Alike my scorn, if he succeed or fail,
Sporus at court, or Japhet in a jail;
A hireling scribbler, or a hireling peer,
Knight of the post corrupt, or of the shire
If on a pillory, or near a throne,
He gain his prince's ear or lose his own.

Yet soft by nature, more a dupe than wi
Sappho can tell you how this man was bit
This dreaded satirist Dennis will confess
Foe to his pride, but friend to his distress:
So humble, he has knock'd at Tibbald's doo
Has drunk with Cibber, nay, has rhym'd for
Full ten years slander'd, did he once reply
Three thousand suns went down on Welst
To please a mistress, one aspers'd his life;
He lash'd him not, but let her be his wife:
Let Budgell charge low Grub-street on his
And write whate'er he pleas'd, except his
Let the two Curlls of town and court abus
His father, mother, body, soul, and muse:
Yet why? that father held it for a rule,
It was a sin to call our neighbour fool;
That harmless mother thought no wife a w
Hear this, and spare his family, James Moo
Unspotted names, and memorable long!
If there be force in virtue, or in song.

Of gentle blood (part shed in honour's ca
While yet in Britain honour had applause)
Each parent sprung—*A.* What fortune, pray

P. Their own;
And better got than Bestia's from the thr

Be no unpleasing —
Me, let the tender office long engage
To rock the cradle of reposing age,
With lenient arts extend a mother's breath,
Make langour smile, and smoothe the bed of death;
Explore the thought, explain the asking eye,
And keep a while one parent from the sky!
On cares like these, if length of days attend,
May Heav'n, to bless those days, preserve my friend!
Preserve him social, cheerful, and serene,
And just as rich as when he serv'd a queen.
A. Whether that blessing be denied or giv'n,
Thus far was right;—the rest belongs to Heav'n.

Copenhagen, March 9, 1709.

FROM frozen climes and endless tracks of snow,
From streams that northern winds forbid to flow,
What present shall the Muse to Dorset bring,
Or how, so near the Pole, attempt to sing?
The hoary winter here conceals from sight
All pleasing objects that to verse invite.
The hills and dales, and the delightful woods,
The flow'ry plains, and silver streaming floods,
By snow disguis'd, in bright confusion lie,
And, with one dazzling waste, fatigue the eye.

No gentle breathing breeze prepares the spring,
No birds within the desert region sing.
The ships, unmov'd, the boist'rous winds defy,
While rattling chariots o'er the ocean fly.
The vast Leviathan wants room to play,
And spout his waters in the face of day.
The starving wolves along the main sea prowl,
And to the moon in icy valleys howl.
For many a shining league the level main
Here spreads itself into a glassy plain:
There solid billows, of enormous size,
Alps of green ice, in wild disorder rise.
And yet but lately have I seen, e'en here,
The winter in a lovely dress appear.
Ere yet the clouds let fall the treasur'd snow,
Or winds begun thro' hazy skies to blow,
At ev'ning a keen eastern breeze arose;
And the descending rain unsullied froze.
Soon as the silent shades of night withdrew,
The ruddy morn disclos'd at once to view

e stag, in limpid currents, with surprise
s crystal branches on his forehead rise.
e spreading oak, the beech, and tow'ring pine,
az'd over, in the freezing æther shine.
e frighted birds the rattling branches shun,
at wave and glitter in the distant sun.
ien, if a sudden gust of wind arise,
e brittle forest into atoms flies:
e crackling wood beneath the tempest bends,
d in a spangled show'r the prospect ends;
if a southern gale the region warm,
d by degrees unbind the wint'ry charm,
e traveller a miry country sees,
d journeys sad beneath the dropping trees.
ike some deluded peasant Merlin leads
o' fragrant bow'rs, and thro' delicious meads;
ile here enchanted gardens to him rise,
l airy fabrics there attract his eyes,
wand'ring feet the magic paths pursue;
l, while he thinks the fair illusion true,
trackless scenes disperse in fluid air,
l woods, and wilds, and thorny ways, amass

At random drove, her helm of reason lost.
Though now restor'd 'tis only change of pain,
(A bitter change!) severer for severe:
The day too short for my distress; and night,
Ev'n in the zenith of her dark domain,
Is sunshine to the colour of my fate.
  Night, sable goddess! from her ebon throne,
In rayless majesty, now stretches forth
Her leaden sceptre o'er a slumbering world.
Silence how dead! and darkness how profound!
Nor eye nor listening ear an object finds;
Creation sleeps. 'Tis as the general pulse
Of life stood still, and Nature made a pause;
An awful pause! prophetic of her end.
And let her prophecy be soon fulfill'd:
Fate! drop the curtain; I can lose no more.
  Silence and Darkness! solemn sisters! twins
From ancient Night, who nurse the tender thought
To reason, and on reason build resolve,
(That column of true majesty in man)
Assist me: I will thank you in the grave;

The grave your kingdom: there this frame shall fall
A victim sacred to your dreary shrine.
But what are ye?—
Thou, who didst put to flight
Primeval Silence, when the morning stars,
Exulting, shouted o'er the rising ball;
O Thou! whose word from solid darkness struck
That spark, the sun, strike wisdom from my soul;
My soul, which flies to thee, her trust, her treasure,
As misers to their gold, while others rest.
Through this opaque of nature and of soul,
This double night, transmit one pitying ray,
To lighten and to cheer. O lead my mind,
(A mind that fain would wander from its woe)
Lead it through various scenes of life and death,
And from each scene the noblest truths inspire.
Nor less inspire my conduct than my song;
Teach my best reason, reason; my best will
Teach rectitude; and fix my firm resolve
Wisdom to wed, and pay her long arrear:
Nor let the phial of thy vengeance, pour'd
On this devoted head, be pour'd in vain.
The bell strikes One. We take no note of time
But from its loss: to give it then a tongue
Is wise in man. As if an angel spoke
I feel the solemn sound. If heard aright,
It is the knell of my departed hours.
Where are they? With the years beyond the flood.
It is the signal that demands dispatch:
How much is to be done? My hopes and fears
Start up alarm'd, and o'er life's narrow verge
Look down—on what? A fathomless abyss.
A dread eternity! how surely mine!
And can eternity belong to me,
Poor pensioner on the bounties of an hour?
How poor, how rich, how abject, how august,
How complicate, how wonderful, is man!
How passing wonder He who made him such!
Who center'd in our make such strange extremes
From different natures marvellously mix'd,

...n exquisite of distant worlds!
...lish'd link in being's endless chain!
...y from nothing to the Deity!
...m etherial, sullied and absorpt!
...gh sullied and dishonour'd, still divine!
... miniature of greatness absolute!
... heir of glory! a frail child of dust!
...elpless immortal! insect infinite!
A worm! a god!—I tremble at myself,
And in myself am lost. At home a stranger,
Thought wanders up and down, surpris'd, aghast,
And wondering at her own. How reason reels!
O what a miracle to man is man!
Triumphantly distress'd! what joy! what dread!
Alternately transported and alarm'd!
What can preserve my life! or what destroy!
An angel's arm can't snatch me from the grave;
Legions of angels can't confine me there.
'Tis past conjecture; all things rise in proof.
While o'er my limbs Sleep's soft dominion spread,
What though my soul fantastic measures trod
O'er fairy fields, or mourn'd along the gloom
Of pathless woods, or down the craggy steep
Hurl'd headlong, swam with pain the mantled pool,
Or scal'd the cliff, or danc'd on hollow winds
With antic shapes, wild natives of the brain!
Her ceaseless flight, tho' devious, speaks her nature
Of subtler essence than the trodden clod;
Active, aërial, towering, unconfin'd,
Unfetter'd with her gross companion's fall.
Ev'n silent night proclaims my soul immortal;
Ev'n silent night proclaims eternal day!
For human weal Heav'n husbands all events:
Dull sleep instructs, nor sport vain dreams in vain.
Why then their loss deplore that are not lost?
Why wanders wretched Thought their tombs around
In infidel distress? Are angels there?
Slumbers, rak'd up in dust, ethereal fire?
They live! they greatly live a life on earth
Unkindled, unconceiv'd, and from an eye

And make us, [illegible]
From real life but little more [illegible]
Is he, not yet a candidate for light,
The future embryo, slumbering in his sire.
Embryos we must be till we burst the shell,
Yon ambient azure shell, and spring to life,
The life of gods, O transport! and of man.
Yet man, fool man! here buries all his thoughts,
Inters celestial hopes without one sigh;
Prisoner of earth and pent beneath the moon,
Here pinions all his wishes; wing'd by Heav'n
To fly at infinite, and reach it there,
Where seraphs gather immortality.
On Life's fair tree, fast by the throne of God,
What golden joys ambrosial clustering glow
In his full beam, and ripen for the just,
Where momentary ages are no more!
Where Time, and Pain, and Chance, and Death
expire!
And is it in the flight of threescore years
To push eternity from human thought,
And smother souls immortal in the dust?
A soul immortal, spending all her fires,
Wasting her strength in strenuous idleness,
Thrown into tumult, raptur'd, or alarm'd

. this scene can threaten or indulge,
ies ocean into tempest wrought,
t a feather, or to drown a fly.
.re falls this censure? it o'erwhelms myself.
was my heart instructed by the world!
ow self-fetter'd was my groveling soul!
er, like a worm, was I wrapt round and round
silken thought, which reptile Fancy spun,
ill darken'd Reason lay quite clouded o'er,
With soft conceit of endless comfort here,
Nor yet put forth her wings to reach the skies!
Night-visions may befriend (as sung above:)
Our waking dreams are fatal. How I dream,
Of things impossible! (could sleep do more?)
Of joys perpetual in perpetual change!
Of stable pleasures on the tossing wave;
Eternal sunshine in the storms of life!
How richly were my noon-tide trances hung
With gorgeous tapestries of pictur'd joys!
Joy behind joy, in endless perspective!
Till at Death's toll, whose restless iron tongue
Calls daily for his millions at a meal,
Starting I woke, and found myself undone.
Where now my frenzy's pompous furniture?
The cobweb'd cottage, with its ragged wall
Of mouldering mud, is royalty to me!
The spider's most-attenuated thread
Is cord, is cable, to man's tender tie
On earthly bliss: it breaks at every breeze.
O ye blest scenes of permanent delight!
Full above measure! lasting beyond bound!
A perpetuity of bliss is bliss.
Could you, so rich in rapture, fear an end,
That ghastly thought would drink up all your joy,
And quite unparadise the realms of light.
Safe are you lodg'd above these rolling spheres,
The baleful influence of whose giddy dance
Sheds sad vicissitude on all beneath.
Here teems with revolutions every hour,
And rarely for the better; or the best

To [illegible]
The sun himself
And, one day, thou shalt
Amid such mighty plunder, why
Thy partial quiver on a mark so mean?
Why thy peculiar rancour wreak'd on me?
Insatiate archer! could not one suffice
Thy shaft flew thrice, and thrice my peace was slain;
And thrice, ere thrice yon moon had fill'd her horn.
O Cynthia, why so pale? dost thou lament
Thy wretched neighbour, grieve to see thy wheel
Of ceaseless change outwhirl'd in human life?
How wanes my borrow'd bliss! from Fortune's smile,
Precarious courtesy! not virtue's sure,
Self-given, solar ray of sound delight.
In every varied posture, place, and hour,
How widow'd every thought of every joy!
Thought, busy thought, too busy for my peace!
Through the dark postern of time long elaps'd,
Led softly, by the stillness of the night,
Led, like a murderer, (and such it proves!)
Strays (wretched rover!) o'er the pleasing past;
In quest of wretchedness perversely strays,
And finds all desert now; and meets the ghosts
Of my departed joys, a numerous train!
I rue the riches of my former fate;

throes on all of woman born,
e children than sure heirs of pain.
e, pest, volcano, storm, and fire,
ils, Oppression, with her heart
triple brass, besiege mankind.
disinherited of day,
in mines, forgets a sun was made:
, deathless as their haughty lord,
d to the galling oar for life,
the winter's wave, and reap despair.
d masters, broken under arms,
t away, with half their limbs,
ead through realms their valour sav'd,
ant or his minion doom.
curable disease, (fell pair!)
multitudes remorseless seize
make a refuge of the grave.
g hospitals eject their dead!
rs groan for sad admission there!
s, once in Fortune's lap high-fed,
ld hand of Charity!

Man's caution often into danger turns,
And, his guard falling, crushes him to death.
Not Happiness itself makes good her name;
Our very wishes give us not our wish.
How distant oft the thing we dote on most
From that for which we dote, felicity?
The smoothest course of Nature has its pains,
And truest friends, through error, wound our rest.
Without misfortune what calamities!
And what hostilities without a foe!
Nor are foes wanting to the best on earth.
But endless is the list of human ills,
And sighs might sooner fail than cause to sigh.
A part how small of the terraqueous globe
Is tenanted by man? the rest a waste,
Rocks, deserts, frozen seas, and burning sands!
Wild haunts of monsters, poisons, stings, and death.
Such is earth's melancholy map! but, far
More sad! this earth is a true map of man:
So bounded are its haughty lord's delights
To woe's wide empire, where deep troubles toss,
Loud sorrows howl, envenom'd passions bite,
Ravenous calamities our vitals seize,
And threatening Fate wide opens to devour.
What then am I, who sorrow for myself?
In age, in infancy, from others' aid
Is all our hope; to teach us to be kind:
That Nature's first, last lesson to mankind.
The selfish heart deserves the pain it feels.
More generous sorrow, while it sinks exalts,
And conscious virtue mitigates the pang.
Nor virtue more than prudence bids me giv
Swoln thought a second channel: who divi
They weaken, too, the torrent of their grie
Take, then, O World! thy much-indebted
How sad a sight is human happiness
To those whose thought can pierce beyond
O thou! whate'er thou art, whose heart e
Wouldst thou I should congratulate thy
I know thou wouldst; thy pride demands t

ay pride pardon what thy nature needs,
salutary censure of a friend.
u happy wretch! by blindness thou art blest;
dotage dandled to perpetual smiles.
now, smiler! at thy peril art thou pleas'd;
hy pleasure is the promise of thy pain.
Misfortune, like a creditor severe,
But rises in demand for her delay;
She makes a scourge of past prosperity,
To sting thee more, and double thy distress.
Lorenzo! Fortune makes her court to thee;
Thy fond heart dances while the syren sings.
Dear is thy welfare; think me not unkind;
I would not damp, but to secure thy joys.
Think not that fear is sacred to the storm;
Stand on thy guard against the smiles of Fate.
Is Heav'n tremendous in its frowns? most sure;
And in its favours formidable too:
Its favours here are trials, not rewards;
A call to duty, not discharge from care,
And should alarm us full as much as woes,
Awake us to their cause and consequence,
And make us tremble, weigh'd with our desert;
Awe Nature's tumult, and chastise her joys,
Lest while we clasp we kill them; nay, invert,
To worse than simple misery their charms.
Revolted joys, like foes in civil war,
Like bosom friendships to resentment sour'd,
With rage envenom'd rise against our peace.
Beware what earth calls happiness; beware
All joys but joys that never can expire.
Who builds on less than an immortal base,
Fond as he seems, condemns his joys to death.
Mine died with thee, Philander; thy last sigh
Dissolv'd the charm; the disinchanted earth
Lost all her lustre. Where her glittering towers?
Her golden mountains where? all darken'd down
To naked waste; a dreary vale of tears.
The great magician's dead! Thou poor, pale piece

Deep silence, ' Where eternity begins.'
By Nature's law what may be may be n
There's no prerogative in human hours.
In human hearts what bolder thought can
Than man's presumption on to-morrow's d
Where is to-morrow? In another world.
For numbers this is certain; the reverse
Is sure to none; and yet on this *perhaps*,
This *peradventure*, infamous for lies,
As on a rock of adamant we build
Our mountain-hopes, spin out eternal schei
As we the Fatal Sisters could outspin,
And, big with life's futurities, expire.
Not ev'n Philander had bespoke his shro
Nor had he cause; a warning was denied.
How many fall as sudden, not as safe?
As sudden, though for years admonish'd h
Of human ills the last extreme beware;
Beware, Lorenzo! a slow-sudden death,
How dreadful that deliberate surprise!
Be wise to-day; 'tis madness to defer:

'—— all men are about to live,'
For ever on the brink of being born:
All pay themselves the compliment to think
They one day shall not drivel, and their pride
On this reversion takes up ready praise;
At least their own; their future selves applauds,
How excellent that life they ne'er will lead!
Time lodg'd in their own hands is Folly's vails;
That lodg'd in Fate's to wisdom they consign;
The thing they can't but purpose, they postpone.
'Tis not in folly not to scorn a fool,
And scarce in human wisdom to do more.
All promise is poor dilatory man,
And that through every stage. When young, indeed,
In full content we sometimes nobly rest,
Unanxious for ourselves, and only wish,
As duteous sons, our fathers were more wise.
At thirty man suspects himself a fool;
Knows it at forty, and reforms his plan;
At fifty chides his infamous delay,
Pushes his prudent purpose to resolve:
In all the magnanimity

So dies in human hearts the thought of death:
Ev'n with the tender tear which Nature sheds
O'er those we love, we drop it in their grave.
Can I forget Philander? that were strange!
O my full heart!—But should I give it vent,
The longest night, though longer far, would fail,
And the lark listen to my midnight song.
The sprightly lark's shrill matin wakes the morn.
Grief's sharpest thorn hard pressing on my breast,
I strive, with wakeful melody, to cheer
The sullen gloom, sweet Philomel! like thee,
And call the stars to listen: every star
Is deaf to mine, enamour'd of thy lay.
Yet be not vain; there are who thine excel,
And charm through distant ages. Wrapt in shade,
Prisoner of darkness! to the silent hours
How often I repeat their rage divine,
To lull my griefs, and steal my heart from woe!
I roll their raptures, but not catch their fire.
Dark, though not blind, like thee, Mæonides!
Or, Milton! thee; ah, could I reach your strain!
Or his who made Mæonides our own.
Man, too, he sung: immortal man I sing:
Oft bursts my song beyond the bounds of life:
What, now, but immortality can please?
O had he press'd his theme, pursued the track
Which opens out of darkness into day!
O had he mounted on his wing of fire,
Soar'd where I sink, and sung immortal man,
How had it blest mankind, and rescued me!

NIGHT III.

NARCISSA.

To Her Grace the Duchess of Portland,

Ignoscenda quidem, scirent si ignoscere manes. *Virg.*

FROM dreams, where thought in Fancy's maze runs mad,
To reason, that heav'n-lighted lamp in man,
Once more I wake; and at the destin'd hour,
Punctual as lovers to the moment sworn,
I keep my assignation with my woe.
O! lost to virtue, lost to manly thought,
Lost to the noble sallies of the soul!
Who think it solitude to be alone.
Communion sweet! communion large and high!
Our reason, guardian-angel, and our god!
Then nearest these, when others most remote;
And all, ere long, shall be remote but these:
How dreadful, then, to meet them all alone,
A stranger! unacknowledg'd! unapprov'd!
Now woo them, wed them, bind them to thy breast:
To win thy wish creation has no more:
Or if we wish a fourth, it is a friend.——
But friends how mortal! dangerous the desire.
Take Phœbus to yourselves, ye basking bards!
Inebriate at fair Fortune's fountain-head,
And reeling through the wilderness of joy,
Where Sense runs savage, broke from Reason's chain,
And sings false peace, till smother'd by the pall.
My fortune is unlike, unlike my song,
Unlike the deity my song invokes.
I to day's soft-ey'd sister pay my court,
(Endymion's rival) and her aid implore,
Now first implor'd in succour to the Muse.
Thou who didst lately borrow Cynthia's form,
And modestly forego thine own! O thou

(For dreams are thine) transfuse it through the breast
Of thy first votary—but not thy last,
If, like thy namesake, thou art ever kind.
And kind thou wilt be, kind on such a theme;
A theme so like thee, a quite lunar theme,
Soft, modest, melancholy, female, fair!
A theme that rose all pale, and told my soul
'Twas night; on her fond hopes perpetual night;
A night which struck a damp, a deadlier damp
Than that which smote me from Philander's tomb.
Narcissa follows ere his tomb is clos'd.
Woes cluster; rare are solitary woes;
They love a train; they tread each other's heel;
Her death invades his mournful right, and claims
The grief that started from my lids for him;
Seizes the faithless, alienated tear,
Or shares it ere it falls. So frequent Death,
Sorrow he more than causes; he confounds;
For human sighs his rival strokes *contend.*

And gay as soft! and innocent as gay!
And happy (if aught happy here) as good!
For Fortune fond, had built her nest on high.
Like birds quite exquisite of note and plume,
Transfix'd by Fate (who loves a lofty mark)
How from the summit of the grove she fell,
And left it unharmonious! all its charm
Extinguish'd in the wonders of her song!
Her song still vibrates in my ravish'd ear,
Still melting there, and with voluptuous pain
(O to forget her!) thrilling through my heart!
Song, beauty, youth, love, virtue, joy! this group
Of bright ideas, flowers of Paradise,
As yet unforfeit! in one blaze we bind,
Kneel, and present it to the skies, as all
We guess of Heav'n; and these were all her own;
And she was mine; and I was—was!—most blest—
Gay title of the deepest misery!
As bodies grow more pond'rous robb'd of life,
Good lost weighs more in grief than gain'd in joy.
Like blossom'd trees o'erturn'd by vernal storm,
Lovely in death the beauteous ruin lay;
And if in death still lovely, lovelier there,
Far lovelier! pity swells the tide of love.
And will not the severe excuse a sigh?
Scorn the proud man that is asham'd to weep.
Our tears unmanly'd indeed deserve our shame.
Ye that e'er lost an angel, pity me!

Soon as the lustre languish'd in her eye,
Dawning a dimmer day on human sight,
And on her cheek, the residence of Spring,
Pale Omen sat, and scatter'd fears around
On all that saw, (and who would cease to gaze
That once had seen?) with haste, parental haste,
I flew, I snatch'd her from the rigid North,
Her native bed, on which bleak Boreas blew,
And bore her nearer to the sun; the sun
(As if the sun could envy) check'd his beam,
Denied his wonted succour; nor with more
Regret beheld her drooping than the bells
Of lilies; fairest lilies, not so fair!
Queen lilies! and ye painted populace
Who dwell in fields, and lead ambrosial lives!
In morn and evening dew your beauties bathe,
And drink the sun, which gives your cheeks to glow,
And outblush (mine excepted) every fair;
You gladlier grew, ambitious of her hand,
Which often cropt your odours, incense meet
To thought so pure! Ye lovely fugitives!
Coëval race with man! for man you smile;
Why not smile at him too? You share, indeed,
His sudden pass; but not his constant pain.
So man is made nought ministers delight
But what his glowing passions can engage;
And glowing passions, bent on aught below,
Must, soon or late, with anguish turn the scale;
And anguish after rapture, how severe!
Rapture? bold man! who tempts the wrath divine,
By plucking fruit denied to mortal taste,
While here presuming on the rights of Heav'n.
For transport dost thou call on every hour,
Lorenzo? At thy friend's expense be wise:
Lean not on earth; 'twill pierce thee to the heart;
A broken reed at best; but oft a spear:
On its sharp point Peace bleeds, and Hope expires.
Turn, hopeless thought! turn from her.—Thought *repell'd,*

rallies, and wakes every woe.
are thy prime! and in thy bridal hour!
a kind Fortune, with thy lover, smil'd!
a high-flavour'd thy fresh-opening joys!
a blind man pronounc'd thy bliss complete!
foreign shore, where strangers wept!
to thee, and, more surprising still,
to kindness, wept. Their eyes let fall
tears; strange tears! that trickled down
ble hearts! obdurate tenderness!
ess that call'd them more severe,
f Nature's soft persuasion steel'd:
tare melted, Superstition rav'd;
rn'd the dead, and this denied a grave.
ghs incens'd; sighs foreign to the will!
! the tiger-suck'd outrag'd the storm:
the curs'd ungodliness of Zeal!
ful flesh relented, spirit purs'd
Infallibility's embrace,
ed spirit petrified the breast.
ie charity of dust to spread
! a charity their dogs enjoy.
ild I do? what succour? what resource?
as sacrilege a grave I stole;
lous piety that grave I wrong'd;
ny duty, coward in my grief!
: her murderer than friend, I crept
-suspended step, and, muffled deep
ght darkness, whisper'd my last sigh.
'd what should echo through their realms,
her name, whose tomb should pierce the
s.
nous fear! how durst I dread her foes,
ature's loudest dictates I obey'd?
ecessity, blest shade! of grief
gnation rival bursts I pour'd;
ration mingled with my pray'r;
at man, while I his God ador'd:
lg'd the savage land her sacred dust;

hen every passion sleeps that can offend;
hen strikes us every motive that can melt;
hen man can wreak his rancour uncontroll'd,
at strongest curb on insult and ill-will;
en! spleen to dust? the dust of innocence?
ı angel's dust!—This Lucifer transcends;
ıen he contended for the patriarch's bones,
vas not the strife of malice, but of pride;
e strife of pontiff pride, not pontiff gall.
'ar less than this is shocking in a race
ıst wretched, but from streams of mutual love,
d uncreated, but for love divine;
d but for love divine this moment lost,
Fate resorb'd, and sunk in endless night.
n hard of heart to man! of horrid things
ıst horrid! mid stupendous highly strange!
t oft his courtesies are smoother wrongs;
de brandishes the favours he confers,
d contumelious his humanity:
at then his vengeance? Hear it not, ye Stars!
d thou, pale Moon! turn paler at the sound

ren's Sovereign saves all beings, but himself,
; hideous sight, a naked human heart.
.r'd is the Muse? and let the Muse be fir'd:
10 not inflam'd when what he speaks he feels,
nd in the nerve most tender, in his friends;
shame to mankind! Philander had his foes;
He felt the truths I sing, and I in him:
But he nor I feel more. Past ills, Narcissa!
Are sunk in thee, thou recent wound of heart!
Which bleeds with other cares, with other pangs;
Pangs numerous as the numerous ills that swarm'd
O'er thy distinguish'd fate, and, clustering there,
Thick as the locust on the land of Nile,
Made death more deadly, and more dark the grave.
Reflect (if not forgot my touching tale)
How was each circumstance with aspics arm'd?
An aspic each, and all an hydra-woe.
What strong Herculean virtue could suffice?—
Or is it virtue to be conquer'd here?
This hoary cheek a train of tears bedews,
And each tear mourns its own distinct distress,
And each distress, distinctly mourn'd, demands
Of grief still more, as heighten'd by the whole.
A grief like this proprietors excludes:
Not friends alone such obsequies deplore;
They make mankind the mourner; carry sighs
Far as the fatal Fame can wing her way,
And turn the gayest thought of gayest age
Down their right channel, through the vale of death.
The vale of death! that hush'd Cimmerian vale,
Where Darkness, brooding o'er unfinish'd fates,
With raven wing incumbent, waits the day
(Dread day!) that interdicts all future change;
That subterranean world, that land of ruin!
Fit walk, Lorenzo! for proud human thought!
There let my thought expatiate, and explore
Balsamic truths and healing sentiments,
Of all most wanted, and most welcome, here.
For gay Lorenzo's sake, and for thy own,
My soul! 'The fruits of dying friends survey;

Expose the vain of life; weigh life and death;
Give Death his eulogy; thy fear subdue;
And labour that first palm of noble minds,
A manly scorn of terror from the tomb.'
This harvest reap from thy Narcissa's grave.
As poets feign'd from Ajax' streaming blood
Arose, with grief inscrib'd, a mournful flow'r,
Let wisdom blossom from my mortal wound.
And, first of dying friends; what fruit from these?
It brings us more than triple aid; an aid
To chase our thoughtlessness, fear, pride, and guilt.
Our dying friends come o'er us like a cloud,
To damp our brainless ardours, and abate
That glare of life which often blinds the wise.
Our dying friends are pioneers, to smoothe
Our rugged pass to death; to break those bars
Of terror and abhorrence Nature throws
Cross our obstructed way, and thus to make
Welcome, as safe, our port from every storm.
Each friend by Fate snatch'd from us is a plume
Pluck'd from the wing of human vanity,
Which makes us stoop from our aërial heights,
And damp'd with omen of our own decease,
On drooping pinions of ambition lower'd,
Just skim earth's surface ere we break it up,
O'er putrid earth to scratch a little dust,
And save the world a nuisance. Smitten friends
Are angels sent on errands full of love;
For us they languish, and for us they die:
And shall they languish, shall they die, in vain?
Ungrateful, shall we grieve their hovering shades,
Which wait the revolution in our hearts?
Shall we disdain their silent, soft, address,
Their posthumous advice, and pious pray'r?
Senseless as herds that graze their hallow'd graves,
Tread under foot their agonies and groans,
Frustrate their anguish, and destroy their deaths?
Lorenzo! no; the thought of death indulge;
Give it its wholesome empire! let it reign,
That kind chastiser of thy soul, in joy.

...m will spread thy glorious conquests far,
...till the tumults of thy ruffled breast.
...picious era! golden days, begin!
... thought of death shall, like a god, inspire.
...d why not think on death? Is life the theme
...f every thought? and wish of every hour?
And song of every joy? surprising truth!
The beaten spaniel's fondness not so strange.
To wave the numerous ills that seise on life
As their own property, their lawful prey;
Ere man has measur'd half his weary stage,
His luxuries have left him no reserve,
No maiden relishes, unbroach'd delights:
On cold-serv'd repetitions he subsists,
And in the tasteless present chews the past;
Disgusted chews, and scarce can swallow down.
Like lavish ancestors, his earlier years
Have disinherited his future hours,
Which starve on orts, and glean their former field.
Live ever here, Lorenzo!—shocking thought!
So shocking, they who wish disown it too;
Disown from shame what they from folly crave.
Live ever in the womb, nor see the light?
For what live ever here?—with labouring step
To tread our former footsteps? pace the round
Eternal? to climb life's worn heavy wheel,
Which draws up nothing new! to beat, and beat,
The beaten track? to bid each wretched day
The former mock? to surfeit on the same,
And yawn our joys? or thank a misery
For change, though sad! to see what we have seen?
Hear, till unheard, the same old slabber'd tale?
To taste the tasted, and at each return
Less tasteful? o'er our palates to decant
Another vintage? strain a flatter year
Through loaded vessels, and a laxer tone?
Crazy machines to grind earth's wasted fruits!
Ill ground, and worse concocted! load, not life!
The rational foul kennels of excess!

The same vain world; to censure and espouse
This painted shrew of life, who calls them fool
Each moment of each day; to flatter bad
Through dread of worse; to cling to this rude rock,
Barren to them of good, and sharp with ills,
And hourly blacken'd with impending storms,
And infamous for wrecks of human hope—
Scar'd at the gloomy gulf that yawns beneath.
Such are their triumphs! such their pangs of joy!
'Tis time, high time, to shift this dismal scene.
This hugg'd, this hideous state, what art can cure?
One only, but that one what all may reach:
Virtue—she, wonder-working goddess! charms
That rock to bloom, and tames the painted shrew;
And, what will more surprise, *Lorenzo*! gives
To life's sick, nauseous iteration, change,
And straightens Nature's circle to a line.
Believ'st thou this, *Lorenzo*? lend an ear,
A patient ear, thou'lt blush to disbelieve.
A languid, leaden iteration reigns,
And ever must, o'er those whose joys are joys
Of sight, smell, taste. The mul-

ıg hangs tedious, nothing old revolves
at for which they long, for which they live.
.r glorious efforts, wing'd with heavenly hope,
:h rising morning sees still higher rise;
ıch bounteous dawn its novelty presents
.o worth maturing, new strength, lustre, fame;
While Nature's circle, like a chariot-wheel
Rolling beneath their elevated aims,
Makes their fair prospect fairer every hour,
Advancing virtue in a line to bliss;
Virtue, which Christian motives best inspire!
And bliss, which Christian schemes alone ensure!
And shall we then, for virtue's sake, commence
Apostates, and turn infidels for joy?
A truth it is few doubt, but fewer trust,
'He sins against this life who slights the next.'
What is this life? how few their favorite know?
Fond in the dark, and blind in our embrace,
By passionately loving life we make
Lov'd Life unlovely, hugging her to death.
We give to time eternity's regard,
And dreaming, take our passage for our port.
Life has no value as an end, but means;
An end deplorable! a means divine!
When 'tis our all, 'tis nothing; worse than nought;
A nest of pains; when held as nothing, much.
Like some fair humorists, life is most enjoy'd
When courted least; most worth when disesteem'd;
Then 'tis the seat of comfort, rich in peace;
In prospect richer far; important! awful!
Not to be mention'd but with shouts of praise!
Not to be thought on but with tides of joy!
The mighty basis of eternal bliss!
Where now the barren rock? the painted shrew?
Where now, Lorenzo, life's eternal round?
Have I not made my triple promise good?
Vain is the world, but only to the vain.
To what compare we then this varying scene,
Whose worth, ambiguous, rises and declines?
Waxes and wanes! (in all propitious Night

Assists me here) compare it to the moon;
Dark in herself, and indigent, but rich
In borrow'd lustre from a higher sphere.
When gross guilt interposes, labouring earth,
O'ershadow'd, mourns a deep eclipse of joy:
Her joys, at brightest, pallid to that font
Of full effulgent glory whence they flow.
Nor is that glory distant. Oh, Lorenzo!
A good man and an angel! these between
How thin the barrier? what divides their fate?
Perhaps a moment, or perhaps a year;
Or if an age, it is a moment still;
A moment, or eternity's forgot.
Then be what once they were who now are gods;
Be what Philander was, and claim the skies.
Starts timid Nature at the gloomy pass?
The soft transition call it, and be cheer'd:
Such it is often, and why not to thee?
To hope the best is pious, brave, and wise,
And may itself procure what it presumes.
Life is much flatter'd, Death is much traduc'd;
Compare the rivals, and the kinder crown.
'Strange competition!'—True, Lorenzo! strange!
So little life can cast into the scale.
Life makes the soul dependent on the dust,
Death gives her wings to mount above the spheres.
Through chinks, stil'd organs, dim life peeps at light;
Death bursts the' involving cloud, and all is day:
All eye, all ear, the disembody'd power.
Death has feign'd evils nature shall not feel;
Life, ills substantial wisdom cannot shun.
Is not the mighty mind, that sun of Heav'n!
By tyrant Life dethron'd, imprison'd, pain'd?
By Death enlarg'd, ennobled, deified?
Death but intombs the body, life the soul.
'Is Death then guiltless? How he marks his way
With dreadful waste of what deserves to shine!
Art, genius, fortune, elevated power!
With various lustres these light up the world,
Which Death puts out, and darkens human race.'

f grant, Lorenzo! this indictment just:
The sage, peer, potentate, king, conqueror!
Death humbles these; more barbarous Life, the ma
Life is the triumph of our mouldering clay;
Death of the spirit infinite! divine!
Death has no dread but what frail life imparts,
Nor life true joy but what kind death improves.
No bliss has life to boast, till death can give
Far greater. Life's a debtor to the grave;
Dark lattice! letting in eternal day.
Lorenzo! blush at fondness for a life
Which sends celestial souls on errands vile,
To cater for the sense, and serve at boards
Where every ranger of the wilds, perhaps
Each reptile, justly claims our upper-hand.
Luxurious feast! a soul, a soul immortal,
In all the dainties of a brute bemir'd!
Lorenzo! blush at terror for a death
Which gives thee to repose in festive bowers,
Where nectars sparkle, angels minister,
And more than angels share, and raise, and crown,
And eternise, the birth, bloom, bursts of bliss.
What need I more?—O Death! the palm is thine.
Then welcome, Death! thy dreaded harbingers,
Age and disease; Disease, though long my guest,
That plucks my nerves, those tender strings of life,
Which pluck'd a little more will toll the bell
That calls my few friends to my funeral;
Where feeble Nature drops, perhaps, a tear,
While Reason and Religion, better taught,
ongratulate the dead, and crown his tomb
ith wreath triumphant. Death is victory;
binds in chains the raging ills of life:
st and Ambition, Wrath, and Avarice,
gg'd at his chariot-wheel, applaud his power.
t ills corrosive, cares importunate,
not immortal too, O Death! is thine.
day of dissolution!—name it right,
ur great pay-day; 'tis our harvest, rich
ipe. What though the sickle, sometimes keen

Life does compare, —
And feel I, Death! no joy from —
Death! the great counsellor, who man inspires
With every nobler thought and fairer deed!
Death! the deliverer, who rescues man!
Death! the rewarder, who the rescued crowns!
Death! that absolves my birth, a curse without it!
Rich Death! that realizes all my cares,
Toils, virtues, hopes; without it a chimera!
Death! of all pain the period, not of joy;
Joy's source and subject still subsist unhurt;
One in my soul, and one in her great sire,
Though the four winds were warring for my dust
Yes, and from winds and waves, and central night
Though prison'd there, my dust, too, I reclaim,
(To dust when drop proud Nature's proudest spheres
And live entire. Death is the crown of life:
Were death denied, poor man would live in va
Were death denied, to live would not be life:
Were death denied, ev'n fools would wish to d
Death wounds to cure; we fall, we rise, we re
— our fetters, fasten in the skies,
— there in our sight.

LOVE OF FAME,

THE UNIVERSAL PASSION.

SATIRE I.

To His Grace the Duke of Dorset.

——Tanto major famæ sitis est, quam
Virtutis. *Juv. Sat.* 10.

MY verse is Satire; Dorset! lend your ear,
And patronise a Muse you cannot fear.
To poets sacred is a Dorset's name,
Their wonted passport through the gates of Fame:
It bribes the partial reader into praise,
And throws a glory round the shelter'd lays:
The dazzled judgment fewer faults can see,
And gives applause to Blackmore, or to me.
But you decline the mistress we pursue;
Others are fond of Fame, but Fame of you.
Instructive Satire! true to Virtue's cause!
Thou shining supplement of public laws!
When flatter'd crimes of a licentious age
Reproach our silence, and demand our rage;
When purchas'd follies, from each distant land,
Like arts, improve in Britain's skilful hand;
When the Law shows her teeth but dares not bite,
And South-Sea treasures are not brought to light;
When Churchmen scripture for the classics quit,
Polite apostates from God's grace to wit:
When men grow great from their revenue spent,
And fly from bailiffs into parliament;
When dying sinners, to blot out their score,
Bequeath the Church the leavings of a whore;
To chafe our spleen, when themes like these increase,
Shall *panegyric* reign, and censure cease?

like law, turn wrong to right,
is wash an Ethiop white?
nseless wretch for Nature's boast,
ie shines, as trophies on a post?
iloquence her colours spread,
ses on the wealthy dead?
mile on such illustrious days,
ith nothing—but their praise?
's Pope, who leads the tuneful train,
virtue which he loves complain?
, Dryden, Rochester, are dead,
ef foe in Addison is fled;
, crown'd with laurels fairly won,
the goal while others run,
rite; and (more provoking still!)
ill not write, and Mævius will.
ess'd, what author shall we find
ng, and severely kind,
oman's shining path to tread,
nile prevailing folly dead?
or genius snatch the quill,
on the brink, from writing ill?
ie strife, I'll strive my voice to raise:
men attempt for sacred praise?
raise, howe'er conceal'd by art,
r less, and glows in every heart;
gain it, toils on toils endure;
un it, but to make it sure.
l sceptres, now on thrones it swells,
midnight lamp in college cells:
; it plots, prays, preaches, pleads,
enates, squeaks in masquerades:
s humour makes a bold pretence,
aims at Pulteney's eloquence:
cer's heel, the writer's head,
plain with mountains of the dead;
life, but nods in sable plumes,
urse, and flatters on our tombs.
proud? the pimp is proud to see
imself in high degree:

Where is proud her beauties are the di
Heevish virtue and the marriage-bed;
And the brib'd cuckold, like crown'd victim
Of slaughter, glories in his gilded horn.
Some go to church, proud humbly to rep
And come back much more guilty than the
One way they look, another way they stee
Pray to the gods, but would have mortals
And when their sins they set sincerely do
They'll find that their religion has been on
Others with wishful eyes on glory look,
When they have got their picture tow'rds
Or pompous title, like a gaudy sign,
Meant to betray dull sots to wretched win
If at his title Trapp had dropp'd his quill,
Trapp might have pass'd for a great genius
But Trapp, alas! (excuse him, if you can)
Is now a scribbler, who was once a man.
Imperious, some a classic fame demand,
For heaping up, with a laborious hand,
A waggon-load of meanings for one word,
While A's depos'd, and B with pomp resto
Some, for renown, on scraps of learning
And think they grow immortal as they qu
To patch-work learn'd quotations are allied
Both strive to make our poverty our pride
On glass how witty is a noble peer?
Did ever diamond cost a man so dear?
Polite diseases make some idiots vain,
Which, if unfortunately well, they feign.
Of folly, vice, disease, men proud we se
And (stranger still!) of blockheads' flattery
Whose praise defames; as if a fool should
By spitting on your face to make it clean.
Nor is't enough all hearts are swoln wit
Her power is mighty, as her realm is wide
What can she not perform? the love of Fa
Made bold Alphonsus his Creator blame;
Empedocles hurl'd down the burning stee
And *(stronger still)* made Alexander wee

Nay, it holds Delia from a second bed,
Though her lov'd lord has four half months been dead.
This passion with a pimple have I seen
Retard a cause, and give a judge the spleen.
By this inspir'd (O ne'er to be forgot!)
Some lords have learn'd to spell, and some to knot.
It makes Globose a speaker in the House;
He hems, and is deliver'd of his mouse:
It makes dear self on well-bred tongues prevail,
And *I* the little hero of each tale.
Sick with the Love of Fame, what throngs pour in,
Unpeople court, and leave the senate thin?
My growing subject seems but just begun,
And, chariot-like, I kindle as I run.
Aid me, great Homer! with thy epic rules,
To take a catalogue of British fools.
Satire! had I thy Dorset's force divine,
A knave or fool should perish in each line,
Though for the first all Westminster should plead,
And for the last all Gresham intercede.
Begin. Who first the catalogue shall grace?
To quality belongs the highest place.
My Lord comes forward; forward let him come!
Ye vulgar! at your peril give him room:
He stands for fame on his forefathers' feet,
By heraldry prov'd valiant or discreet.
With what a decent pride he throws his eyes
Above the man by three descents less wise?
If virtues at his noble hands you crave,
You bid him raise his fathers from the grave.
Men should press forward in Fame's glorious chase;
Nobles look backward, and so lose the race.
Let high birth triumph! what can be more great?
Nothing—but merit in a low estate.
To Virtue's humblest son let none prefer
Vice, though descended from the Conqueror.
Shall men, like figures, pass for high or base,
Slight or important, only by their place?
Titles are marks of honest men, and wise;
The fool or knave that wears a title lies.

y that on glorious ancestors enlarge,
.nce their debt instead of their discharge.
.set! let those who proudly boast their line,
.e .thee in worth hereditary shine.
Vain as false greatness is, the muse must own
We want not fools to buy that Bristol stone:
Mean sons of Earth, who, on a South-Sea tide
Of full success, swam into wealth and pride,
Knock with a purse of gold at Anstis' gate,
And beg to be descended from the great.
When men of infamy to grandeur soar,
They light a torch to show their shame the more.
Those governments which curb not evils cause,
And a rich knave's a libel on our laws.
Belus with solid glory will be crown'd;
He buys no phantom, no vain empty sound;
But builds himself a name; and, to be great,
Sinks in a quarry an immense estate!
In cost and grandeur Chandos he'll outdo;
And, Burlington, thy taste is not so true.
The pile is finish'd, every toil is past,
And full perfection is arriv'd at last;
When, lo! my Lord to some small corner runs,
And leaves state-rooms to strangers and to duns.
The man who builds, and wants wherewith to pay,
Provides a home from which to run away.
In Britain, what is many a lordly seat,
But a discharge in full for an estate?
In smaller compass lies Pygmalion's fame;
Not domes, but antique statues, are his flame:
Not Fountaine's self more Parian charms has known,
Nor is good Pembroke more in love with stone.
The bailiffs come (rude men, profanely bold!)
And bid him turn his Venus into gold.
'No, Sirs,' he cries; 'I'll sooner rot in gaol:
Shall Grecian arts be truck'd for English bail?'
Such heads might make their very busts laugh:
His daughter starves; but Cleopatra's safe.
Men, overloaded with a large estate,
May spill their treasure in a nice conceit:

The rich may be polite; but, oh! 'tis sad
To say you're curious, when we swear you're mad.
By your revenue measure your expense,
And to your funds and acres join your sense.
No man is bless'd by accident or guess;
True wisdom is the price of happiness;
Yet few without long discipline are sage,
And our youth only lays up sighs for age.
But how, my muse! canst thou resist so long
The bright temptation of the courtly throng,
Thy most inviting theme? the court affords
Much food for satire;—it abounds in lords.
'What lords are those saluting with a grin?'
One is just out, and one as lately in.
'How comes it, then, to pass, we see preside
On both their brows an equal share of pride?'
Pride, that impartial passion, reigns through all,
Attends our glory, nor deserts our fall.
As in its home it triumphs in high place,
And frowns a haughty exile in disgrace.
Some lords it bids admire their wands so white,
Which bloom, like Aaron's, to their ravish'd sight:
Some lords it bids resign, and turn their wands,
Like Moses', into serpents in their hands.
These sink, as divers, for renown, and boast,
With pride inverted, of their honours lost:
But against reason sure 'tis equal sin
To boast of merely being *out* or *in*.
What numbers here, through odd ambition, strive
To seem the most transported things alive?
As if by joy desert was understood,
And all the fortunate were wise and good.
Hence aching bosoms wear a visage gay,
And stifled groans frequent the ball and play.
Completely dress'd by Monteuil and grimace,
They take their birth-day suit, and public face:
Their smiles are only part of what they wear,
Put off at night, with Lady Bristol's hair:
What bodily fatigue is half so bad?
With anxious care they labour to be glad.

abers, here, would into fame advance,
of merit in the coxcomb's dance?
n! park! assembly! mask! and play!
dear destroyers of the tedious day!
wheel of fops! that saunter of the town!
it diversion, and the pill goes down.
ols grin on fools, and, stoic-like, support,
ithout one sigh, the pleasures of a court.
Courts can give nothing to the wise and good
But scorn of pomp, and love of solitude.
High stations tumult, but not bliss, create:
None think the great unhappy but the great:
Fools gaze, and envy; envy darts a sting,
Which makes a swain as wretched as a king.
I envy none their pageantry and show;
I envy none the guilding of their woe.
Give me, indulgent gods! with mind serene,
And guiltless heart, to range the silvan scene;
No splendid poverty, no smiling care,
No well-bred hate or servile grandeur there;
There pleasing objects useful thoughts suggest,
The sense is ravish'd, and the soul is bless'd;
On every thorn delightful wisdom grows,
In every rill a sweet instruction flows:
But some, untaught, o'erhear the whispering rill,
In spite of sacred leisure blockheads still:
Nor shoots up Folly to a nobler bloom
In her own native soil, the drawing room.
The 'squire is proud to see his coursers strain,
Or well-breath'd beagles sweep along the plain.
Say, dear Hippolitus! (whose drink is ale,
Whose erudition is a Christmas-tale,
Whose mistress is saluted with a smack,
And friend receiv'd with thumps upon the back)
When thy sleek gelding nimbly leaps the mound,
And Ringwood opens on the tainted ground,
Is that thy praise? let Ringwood's fame alone;
Just Ringwood leaves each animal his own,
Nor envies when a gipsy you commit,
And *shake the clumsy* bench with country wit;

Is there a man of an eternal vein,
Who lulls the Town in winter with his strain,
At Bath, in summer, chants the reigning lass,
And sweetly whistles as the waters pass?
Is there a tongue, like Delia's o'er her cup,
That runs for ages without winding-up?
Is there whom his tenth epic mounts to fame?
Such, and such only, might exhaust my theme;
Nor would these heroes of the task be glad,
For who can write so fast as men run mad?

SATIRE V.

On Women.

O fairest of creation! last and best
Of all God's works! creature in whom excell'd
Whatever can to sight or thought be form'd
Holy, divine, good, amiable, or sweet!
How art thou lost!——

ıgs, and tarnish to the sated sight:
ıerv'd and beauteous as the sun,
every sign of vanity they run;
ies, parks, course feasts in city-halls,
and trials, plays, committees, balls;
edlams, executions, Smithfield-scenes,
ıne-tellers' caves and lions' dens;
Exchanges, Bridewells, drawing-rooms,
nts, pillories, coronations, tombs,
ı and funeral, puppet-shows, reviews,
ses, rabbets (and, still stranger!) pews.
la's bosom burns, but burns for fame,
ı lies vanquish'd in a nobler flame;
eams of hope she now dispenses, then,
ril suns, dives into clouds again:
her lustre now her lover warms,
t of ostentation, hides her charms.
her pleasure sweetly to complain,
ıe taken with a sudden pain;
ı starts up, all ecstasy and bliss,
ıweet soul! just as sincere in this:

Thus gloomy Zara, with a solemn grace,
Deceives mankind, and hides behind her face.
Nor far beneath her in renown is she
Who, through good-breeding, is ill company;
Whose manners will not let her larum cease,
Who thinks you are unhappy when at peace;
To find you news who racks her subtle head,
And vows—that her great-grandfather is dead.
A dearth of words a woman need not fear,
But 'tis a task indeed to learn—to hear:
In that the skill of conversation lies;
That shows or makes you both polite and wise.
Xantippe cries, 'Let nymphs who nought can say
Be lost in silence, and resign the day;
And let the guilty wife her guilt confess
By tame behaviour and a soft address.'
Through virtue she refuses to comply
With all the dictates of humanity;
Through wisdom she refuses to submit
To wisdom's rules, and raves to prove her wit;
Then, her unblemish'd honour to maintain,
Rejects her husband's kindness with disdain;
But if, by chance, an ill-adapted word
Drops from the lip of her unwary lord,
Her darling china, in a whirlwind sent,
Just intimates the lady's discontent.
Wine may indeed excite the meekest dame,
But keen Xantippe, scorning borrow'd flame,
Can vent her thunders, and her lightnings play,
O'er cooling gruel, and composing tea;
Nor rests by night, but more sincere than nice,
She shakes the curtains with her kind advice:
Doubly, like echo, sound is her delight,
And the last word is her eternal right.
Is't not enough plagues, wars, and famines, rise
To lash our crimes,—but must our wives be wise?
Famine, plague, war, and an unnumber'd throng
Of guilt-avenging ills, to man belong.
What black, what ceaseless, cares besiege our state?
What strokes we feel from Fancy and from Fate!

If Fate forbears us, Fancy strikes the blow;
We make misfortune; suicides in woe.
Superfluous aid! unnecessary skill!
Is Nature backward to torment or kill?
How oft the noon, how oft the midnight bell,
(That iron tongue of Death!) with solemn knell,
On Folly's errands as we vainly roam,
Knocks at our hearts, and finds our thoughts from home?
Men drop so fast, ere life's mid stage we tread,
Few know so many friends alive as dead;
Yet, as immortal, in our up-hill chase
We press coy Fortune with unslacken'd pace;
Our ardent labours for the toys we seek,
Join night to-day, and Sunday to the week:
Our very joys are anxious, and expire
Between satiety and fierce desire.
Now what reward for all this grief and toil?
But one; a female friend's endearing smile;
A tender smile, our sorrows' only balm,
And in life's tempest the sad sailor's calm.

How have I seen a gentle nymph draw nigh,
Peace in her air, persuasion in her eye;
Victorious tenderness! it all o'ercame,
Husbands look'd mild, and savages grew tame.

The silvan race our active nymphs pursue,
Man is not all the game they have in view:
In woods and fields their glory they complete;
There Master Betty leaps a five-barr'd gate;
While fair Miss Charles to toilettes is confin'd,
Nor rashly tempts the barbarous sun and wind.
Some nymphs affect a more heroic breed,
And vault from hunters to the manag'd steed;
Command his prancings with a martial air,
And Fobert has the forming of the fair.

More than one steed must Delia's empire feel,
Who sits triumphant o'er the flying wheel,
And as she guides it through the' admiring throng,
With *what an air* she smacks the silken thong!

Graceful as John, she moderates the reins,
And whistles sweet her diuretic strains:
Sesostris-like, such charioteers as these
May drive six harness'd monarchs if they please:
They drive, row, run, with love of glory smit,
Leap, swim, shoot flying, and pronounce on wit.
O'er the belle-lettre lovely Daphne reigns;
Again the god Apollo wears her chains:
With legs toss'd high, on her sophée she sits,
Vouchsafing audience to contending wits:
Of each performance she's the final test;
One act read o'er, she prophesies the rest;
And then, pronouncing with decisive air,
Fully convinces all the town—she's fair.
Had lovely Daphne Hecatessa's face,
How would her elegance of taste decrease!
Some ladies' judgment in their features lies,
And all their genius sparkles from their eyes.
But hold, she cries, lampooner! have a care;
Must I want common sense because I'm fair?
O no: see Stella; her eyes shine as bright
As if her tongue was never in the right;
And yet what real learning, judgment, fire!
She seems inspir'd, and can herself inspire:
How then (if malice rul'd not all the fair)
Could Daphne publish, and could she forbear?
We grant that beauty is no bar to sense,
Nor is't a sanction for impertinence.
Sempronia lik'd her man, and well she might;
The youth in person and in parts was bright;
Possess'd of every virtue, grace, and art,
That claims just empire o'er the female heart:
He met her passion, all her sighs return'd,
And in full rage of youthful ardour burn'd:
Large his possessions, and beyond her own,
Their bliss the theme and envy of the Town:
The day was fix'd, when, with one acre more,
In stepp'd deform'd, debauch'd, diseas'd, Three
The fatal sequel I, through shame, forbear.
Of pride and avarice who can cure the fair

rich with little, were his judgment true;
is frugal, and her wants are few;
few wants answer'd bring sincere delights,
ools create themselves new appetites.
y and pride seek things at vast expense,
ich relish not to reason, nor to sense.
When surfeit or unthankfulness destroys,
In Nature's narrow sphere, our solid joys,
In Fancy's airy land of noise and show,
Where nought but dreams, no real pleasures grow,
Like cats in airpumps, to subsist we strive
On joys too thin to keep the soul alive.
Lemira's sick; make haste; the doctor call:
He comes: but where's his patient? at the ball.
The doctor stares; her woman curt'sies low,
And cries, 'My Lady, Sir, is always so:
Diversions put her maladies to flight;
True, she can't stand, but she can dance all night:
I've known my Lady (for she loves a tune)
For fevers take an opera in June:
And though, perhaps, you'll think the practice bold,
A midnight Park is sovereign for a cold:
With cholics breakfasts of green fruit agree,
With indigestions supper just at three.'
A strange alternative, replies Sir Hans,
Must women have a doctor or a dance?
Though sick to death, abroad they safely roam,
But droop and die, in perfect health, at home.
For want—but not of health, are ladies ill,
And tickets cure beyond the doctor's pill.
Alas, my heart! how languishingly fair,
Yon lady lolls? with what a tender air?
Pale as a young dramatic author, when
O'er darling lines fell Cibber waves his pen.
Is her lord angry, or has Veny chid?
Dead is her father, or the mask forbid?
'Late sitting up has turn'd her roses white.'
Why went she not to bed? 'Because 'twas night.
Did she then dance or play? 'Nor this nor that:
Well, night soon steals away in pleasing chat.

'No, all alone her pray'rs she rather chose,
Than be that wretch to sleep till morning rose.'
Then lady Cynthia, mistress of the shade,
Goes with the fashionable owls to bed:
This her pride covets, this her health denies:
Her soul is silly, but her body's wise.
Others, with curious arts, dim charms revive,
And triumph in the bloom of fifty-five.
You, in the morning, a fair nymph invite,
To keep her word a brown one comes at night;
Next day she shines in glossy black, and then
Revolves into her native red again:
Like a dove's neck she shifts her transient charms,
And is her own dear rival in your arms.
But one admirer has the painted lass,
Nor finds that one but in her looking-glass:
Yet Laura's beautiful to such excess,
That all her art scarce makes her please us less.
To deck the female cheek he only knows,
Who paints less fair the lily and the rose.
How gay they smile? Such blessings Nature pours,
O'erstock'd mankind enjoy but half her stores:
In distant wilds, by human eyes unseen,
She rears her flowers, and spreads her velvet green:
Pure gurgling rills the lonely desert trace,
And waste their music on the savage race.
Is Nature then a niggard of her bliss?
Repine we guiltless in a world like this?
But our lude tastes her lawful charms refuse,
And painted Art's deprav'd allurements choose.
Such Fulvia's passion for the town: fresh air
(An odd effect!) gives vapours to the fair;
Green fields, and shady groves, and crystal springs,
And larks, and nightingales, are odious things;
But smoke, and dust, and noise, and crowds delight,
And to be press'd to death transports her quite:
Where silver rivulets play through flowery meads,
And woodbines give their sweets, and limes their
shades,

Black kennels' absent odours she regrets,
And stops her nose at beds of violets.
Is stormy life preferr'd to the serene?
Or is the public to the private scene?
Retir'd, we tread a smooth and open way,
Through briars and brambles in the world we stray;
Stiff opposition, and perplex'd debate,
And thorny care, and rank and stinging hate,
Which choke our passage, our career control,
And wound the firmest temper of our soul.
O sacred Solitude! divine retreat!
Choice of the prudent! envy of the great!
By thy pure stream, or in thy waving shade,
We court fair Wisdom, that celestial maid;
The genuine offspring of her lov'd embrace,
(Strangers on earth!) are Innocence and Peace:
There from the ways of men laid safe ashore,
We smile to hear the distant tempest roar;
There, bless'd with health, with business unperplex'd,
This life we relish, and insure the next:
There, too, the Muses sport: these numbers free,
Pierian Eastbury! I owe to thee.
There sport the Muses, but not there alone;
Their sacred force Amelia feels in town.
Nought but a genius can a genius fit;
A wit herself, Amelia weds a wit:
Both wits! though miracles are said to cease,
Three days, three wondrous days! they liv'd in peace;
With the fourth sun a warm dispute arose
On Durfey's poesy and Bunyan's prose:
The learned war both wage with equal force,
And the fifth morn concluded the divorce.
Phœbe, though she possesses nothing less,
Is proud of being rich in happiness;
Laboriously pursues delusive toys,
Content with pains, since they're reputed joys.
With what well-acted transport will she say,
'Well, sure we were so happy yesterday!

And then that charming party for to-morrow!'
Though well she knows 'twill languish into sorrow
But she dares never boast the present hour;
So gross that cheat, it is beyond her power:
For such is or our weakness or our curse,
Or rather such our crime, which still is worse,
The present moment, like a wife, we shun,
And ne'er enjoy, because it is our own.
Pleasures are few, and fewer we enjoy;
Pleasure, like quicksilver, is bright and coy;
We strive to grasp it with our utmost skill,
Still it eludes us, and it glitters still:
If seiz'd at last, compute your mighty gains;
What is it but rank poison in your veins?
As Flavia in her glass an angel spies,
Pride whispers in her ear pernicious lies;
Tells her, while she surveys a face so fine,
There's no satiety of charms divine:
Hence, if her lover yawns, all chang'd appears
Her temper, and she melts (sweet soul!) in tears
She, fond and young, last week her wish enjoy'd
In soft amusement all the night employ'd;
The morning came, when Strephon, waking, found
(Surprising sight!) his bride in sorrow drown'd:
'What miracle,' says Strephon, 'makes thee weep
'Ah, barbarous man,' she cries, 'how could you
sleep?'
Men love a mistress as they love a feast;
How grateful one to touch, and one to taste?
Yet sure there is a certain time of day
We wish our mistress and our meat away:
But soon the sated appetites return,
Again our stomachs crave, our bosoms burn:
Eternal love let man, then, never swear;
Let women never triumph nor despair;
Nor praise nor blame, too much, the warm or chill
Hunger and love are foreign to the will.
There is, indeed, a passion more refin'd,
For those, few nymphs whose charms are of mind;

Of Desaguliers she bespeaks fresh air,
And Whiston has engagements with the fair.
What vain experiments Sophronia tries!
'Tis not in air-pumps the gay col'nel dies.
But though to-day this rage of science reigns,
(O fickle sex!) soon end her learned pains.
Lo! pug from Jupiter her heart has got,
Turns out the stars, and Newton is a sot.
To —— turn; she never took the height
Of Saturn, yet is ever in the right:
She strikes each point with native force of mind,
While puzzled learning blunders far behind.
Graceful to sight, and elegant to thought,
The great are vanquish'd, and the wise are taught.
Her breeding finish'd, and her temper sweet,
When serious easy, and when gay discreet;
In glittering scenes, o'er her own heart sincere,
In crowds collected, and in courts severe;
Sincere and warm, with zeal well understood,
She takes a noble pride in doing good;
Yet not superior to her sex's cares,
The mode she fixes by the gown she wears:
Of silks and china she's the last appeal;
In these great points she leads the commonweal,
And if disputes of empire rise between
Mechlin the queen of lace, and Colberteen,

'Tis doubt! 'tis darkness! till suspended Fate
Assumes her nod, to close the grand debate.
When such her mind, why will the fair express
Their emulation only in their dress?
But, oh! the nymph that mounts above the skies,
And, *gratis*, clears religious mysteries,
Resolv'd the church's welfare to insure,
And make her family a sinecure;
The theme divine at cards she'll not forget,
But takes in texts of Scripture at piquet;
In those licentious meetings acts the prude,
And thanks her Maker that her cards are good.
What angels would these be, who thus excel
In theologics, could they sew as well!
Yet why should not the fair her text pursue?
Can she more decently the doctor woo?
'Tis hard, too, she who makes no use but chat
Of her religion, should be barr'd in that.
Isaac, a brother of the canting strain,
When he has knock'd at his own skull in vain,
To beauteous Marcia often will repair
With a dark text, to light it at the fair.
O how his pious soul exults to find
Such love for holy men in woman-kind?
Charm'd with her learning, with what rapture h
Hangs on her bloom, like an industrious bee;
Hums round about her, and with all his power
Extracts sweet wisdom from so fair a flower?
The young and gay declining, Appia flies
At nobler game, the mighty and the wise:
By Nature more an eagle than a dove,
She impiously prefers the world to love.
Can wealth give happiness? look round, and
What gay distress! what splendid misery!
Whatever Fortune lavishly can pour,
The mind annihilates, and calls for more.
Wealth is a cheat; believe not what it says:
Like any lord it promises—and pays.
How will the miser startle to be told
Of such a wonder as insolvent gold!

What Nature wants has an intrinsic weight,
All more is but the fashion of the plate,
Which for one moment charms the fickle view;
It charms us now, anon we cast a new,
To some fresh birth of fancy more inclin'd;
Then wed not acres, but a noble mind.
Mistaken lovers, who make worth their care,
And think accomplishments will win the fair;
The fair, 'tis true, by genius should be won,
As flowers unfold their beauties to the sun:
And yet in female scales a fop outweighs,
And wit must wear the willow and the bays.
Nought shines so bright in vain Liberia's eye
As riot, impudence, and perfidy:
The youth of fire, that has drunk deep, and play'd,
And kill'd his man, and triumph'd o'er his maid,
For him, as yet unhang'd, she spreads her charms,
Snatches the dear destroyer to her arms,
And amply gives, (though treated long amiss)
The man of merit his revenge in this.
If you resent, and wish a woman ill,
But turn her o'er one moment to her will.
The languid lady next appears in state,
Who was not born to carry her own weight;
She lolls, reels, staggers, till some foreign aid
To her own stature lifts the feeble maid;
Then, if ordain'd to so severe a doom,
She, by just stages, journies round the room;
But, knowing her own weakness, she despairs
To scale the Alps—that is, ascend the stairs.
'My fan!' let others say, who laugh at toil;
'Fan! hood! glove! scarf!' is her laconic style,
And that is spoke with such a dying fall,
That Betty rather sees than hears the call:
The motion of her lips, and meaning eye,
Piece out the' idea her faint words deny.
O listen with attention most profound!
Her voice is but the shadow of a sound.
And help! oh, help! her spirits are so dead,
One hand scarce lifts the other to her head;

If there a stubborn pin it triumphs o'er,
She pants! she sinks away! and is no more.
Let the robust, and the gigantic, carve,
Life is not worth so much; she'd rather starve:
But chew she must herself: ah, cruel fate!
That Rosalinda can't by proxy eat.
An antidote in female caprice lies
(Kind Heav'n!) against the poison of their eyes.
Thalestris triumphs in a manly mien;
Loud is her accent, and her phrase obscene.
In fair and open dealing where's the shame?
What Nature dares to give, she dares to name.
This honest fellow is sincere and plain,
And justly gives the jealous husband pain.
(Vain is the task to petticoats assign'd,
If wanton language shows a naked mind.)
And now and then, to grace her eloquence,
An oath supplies the vacancies of sense.
Hark! the shrill notes transpierce the yielding air,
And teach the neighbouring echoes how to swear.
'By Jove,' is faint, and for the simple swain;
She, on the Christian system, is profane:
But though the volley rattles in your ear,
Believe her dress, she's not a grenadier.
If thunder's awful, how much more our dread,
When Jove deputes a lady in his stead?
A lady! pardon my mistaken pen:
A shameless woman is the worst of men.
Few to good-breeding make a just pretence;
Good-breeding is the blossom of good sense;
The last result of an accomplish'd mind,
With outward grace, the body's virtue, join'd.
A violated decency now reigns,
And nymphs for failings take peculiar pains.
With Chinese painters modern toasts agree,
The point they aim at is deformity:
They throw their persons, with a hoyden air,
Across the room, and toss into the chair.
So far their commerce with mankind is gone,
They for our manners have exchang'd their own.

The modest look, the castigated grace,
The gentle movement, and slow-measur'd pace,
For which her lovers died, her parents pray'd,
Are indecorums with the modern maid.
Stiff forms are bad; but let not worse intrude,
Nor conquer art and nature to be rude.
Modern good-breeding carry to its height,
And Lady D—'s self will be polite.

Ye rising Fair! ye bloom of Britain's isle!
When high-born Anna, with a soften'd smile,
Leads on your train, and sparkles at your head,
What seems most hard is not to be well-bred:
Her bright example with success pursue,
And all but adoration is your due.

'But adoration! give me something more,'—
Cries Lyce, on the borders of threescore.
Nought treads so silent as the foot of Time;
Hence we mistake our autumn for our prime.
'Tis greatly wise to know, before we're told,
The melancholy news that we grow old.
Autumnal Lyce carries in her face
Memento mori to each public place.
O how your beating breast a mistress warms,
Who looks through spectacles to see your charms!
While rival undertakers hover round,
And with his spade the sexton marks the ground,
Intent not on her own, but others' doom,
She plans new conquests, and defrauds the tomb.
In vain the cock has summon'd sprites away,
She walks at noon, and blasts the bloom of day;
Gay rainbow-silks her mellow charms infold,
And nought of Lyce but herself is old:
Her grizzled locks assume a smirking grace,
And art has levell'd her deep-furrow'd face:
Her strange demand no mortal can approve;
We'll ask her blessing, but can't ask her love:
She grants, indeed, a lady may decline
(All ladies but herself) at ninety-nine.

O how unlike her was the sacred age
Of prudent Portia! her gray hairs engage,

Whose thoughts are suited to her life's decline:
Virtue's the paint that can make wrinkles shine:
That, and that only, can old age sustain,
Which yet all wish, nor know they wish for pain.
Not numerous are our joys when life is new,
And yearly some are falling of the few;
But when we conquer life's meridian stage,
And downward tend into the vale of age,
They drop apace: by nature some decay,
And some the blasts of fortune sweep away;
Till naked quite of happiness, aloud
We call for death, and shelter left behind
Where's Portia now?—But Portia left behind
Two lovely copies of her form and mind.
What heart untouch'd their early grief can view,
Like blushing rose-buds dipp'd in morning dew?
Who into shelter takes their tender bloom,
And forms their minds to flee from ills to come?
The mind, when turn'd adrift, no rules to guide,
Drives at the mercy of the wind and tide;
Fancy and passion toss it to and fro,
A while torment, and then quite sink in woe.
Ye beauteous orphans! since in silent dust
Your best example lies, my precepts trust.
Life swarms with ills; the boldest are afraid;
Where then is safety for a tender maid?
Unfit for conflict, round beset with woes,
And man, whom least she fears, her worst of fo
When kind, most cruel; when oblig'd the mos
The least obliging; and by favours lost:
Cruel by nature, they for kindness hate,
And scorn you for those ills themselves creat
If on your fame our sex a blot has thrown,
'Twill ever stick, through malice of your ow
Most hard! in pleasing your chief glory lies
And yet from pleasing your chief dangers
Then please the best; and know, for men o
Your strongest charms are native innocenc
Arts on the mind, like paint upon the face
Fright him that's worth your love from your

Aple manners all the secret lies ;—
.ind and virtuous, you'll be bless'd and wise.
n show and noise intoxicate the brain,
gin with giddiness, and end in pain.
ffect not empty fame and idle praise,
Which all those wretches I describe betrays.
Your sex's glory 'tis to shine unknown ;
Of all applause be fondest of your own.
Beware the fever of the mind ; that thirst
With which the age is eminently curs'd:
To drink of pleasure but inflames desire,
And abstinence alone can quench the fire;
Take pain from life, and terror from the tomb,
Give peace in hand, and promise bliss to come.

O Mortal man, who livest here by toil,
Do not complain of this thy hard estate:
That like an emmet thou must ever moil,
Is a sad sentence of an ancient date;
And, certes, there is for it reason great;
For, tho' sometimes it makes thee weep and wail,
And curse thy star, and early drudge and late;
Withouten that would come an heavier bale,
Loose life, unruly passions, and diseases pale.

In lowly dale, fast by a river's side,
With woody hill o'er hill encompass'd round,
A most enchanting wizard did abide,
Than whom a fiend more fell is no where found.
It was, I ween, a lovely spot of ground:
And there a season atween June and May,
Half prankt with spring, with summer half imbrown'd,
A listless climate made, where, sooth to say,
No living wight could work, ne cared even for play.

Join'd to the prattle of the purling rills
Were heard the lowing herds along the vale,
And flocks loud-bleating from the distant hills,
And vacant shepherds piping in the dale;
And now and then sweet Philomel would wail,
Or stock-doves 'plain amid the forest deep,
That drowsy rustled to the sighing gale;
And still a coil the grasshopper did keep:
Yet all these sounds yblent inclined all to sleep.

Full in the passage of the vale above,
A sable, silent, solemn forest stood;
Where nought but shadowy forms was seen to move,
As Idless fancied in her dreaming mood:
And up the hills on either side a wood
Of blackening pines, ay waving to and fro,
Sent forth a sleepy horror thro' the blood;
And where this valley winded out below,
The murmuring main was heard, and scarcely heard, to flow.

A pleasing land of drowsy head it was,
Of dreams that wave before the half-shut eye;
And of gay castles in the clouds that pass,
For ever flushing round a summer sky:
There eke the soft delights that witchingly
Instil a wanton sweetness through the breast,
And calm the pleasures, always hover'd nigh;
But whate'er smack'd of noyance, or unrest,
Was far, far off expell'd from this delicious nest.

The landscape such, inspiring perfect ease,
Where Indolence (for so the wisard hight)
Close hid his castle 'mid embow'ring trees,
That half shut out the beams of Phœbus bright,
And made a kind of chequer'd day-and night:
Meanwhile, unceasing at the massy gate,
Beneath a spacious palm, the wicked wight
Was plac'd; and, to his lute, of cruel fate
And labour harsh complain'd, lamenting man's estate.

Thither continual pilgrims crowded still,
From all the roads of earth that pass thereby:
For, as they chanc'd to breathe on neighb'ring hill,
The freshness of this valley smote their eye,
And drew them ever and anon more nigh;
Till clustering round th' enchanter false they hung,
Ymolten with his syren melody;
While o'er th' enfeebling lute his hand he flung,
And to the trembling chords those tempting verses sung:

'Behold! ye pilgrims of this earth, behold!
'See all but man with unearn'd pleasure gay:
'See her bright robes the butterfly unfold,
'Broke from her wintry tomb in prime of May!
'What youthful bride can equal her array?
'Who can with her for easy pleasure vie?
'From mead to mead with gentle wing to stray,
'From flow'r to flow'r on balmy gales to fly,
'Is all she hath to do beneath the radiant sky.

'Behold the merry minstrels of the morn,
'The swarming songsters of the careless grove,
'Ten thousand throats! that from the flowering thorn
'Hymn their good God, and carol sweet of love,
'Such grateful kindly raptures them emove:
'They neither plough nor sow; ne, fit for flail,
'E'er to the barn the nodding-sheaves they drove;
'Yet theirs each harvest dancing in the gale,
'Whatever crowns the hill, or smiles along the vale.

'Outcast of nature, man! the wretched thrall
'Of bitter-dropping sweat, of sweltry pain,
'Of cares that eat away thy heart with gall,
'And of the vices, an inhuman train,
'That all proceed from savage thirst of gain:
'For when hard-hearted interest first began
'To poison earth, Astræa left the plain;
'Guile, violence, and murder seiz'd on man,
'And, for soft milky streams, with blood the rivers ran.

'Come, ye who still the cumbrous load of life
'Push hard up hill; but, as the farthest steep
'You trust to gain, and put an end to strife,
'Down thunders back the stone with mighty sweep,
'And hurls your labours to the valley deep,
'For ever vain; come, and withouten fee
'I in oblivion will your sorrows steep,
'Your cares, your toils; will steep you in a sea
'Of full delight: oh come, ye weary wights, to me!

'With me you need not rise at early dawn,
'To pass the joyless day in various sounds;
'Or, louting low, on upstart fortune fawn,
'And sell fair honour for some paltry pounds:
'Or thro' the city take your dirty rounds,
'To cheat, and dun, and lye, and visit pay,
'Now flattering base, now giving secret wounds;
'Or proul in courts of law for human prey,
'In venal senate thieve, or rob on broad highway.

'No cocks with me to rustic labour call,
'From village on to village sounding clear;
'To tardy swains no shrill-voic'd matrons squall;
'No dogs, no babes, no wives, to stun your ear;
'No hammers thump; no horrid blacksmith fear;
'No noisy tradesmen your sweet slumbers start,
'With sounds that are a misery to hear:
'But all is calm, as would delight the heart
'Of Sybarite of old, all nature, and all art.

'Here nought but candour reigns, indulgent ease,
'Good-natur'd lounging, saunt'ring up and down.
'They who are pleas'd themselves must always
please;
'On others ways they never squint a frown,
'Nor heed what haps in hamlet or in town.
'Thus, from the source of tender indolence,
'With milky blood the heart is overflown,
'Is sooth'd and sweeten'd by the social sense;
'For int'rest, envy, pride, and strife are banish'd hence.

tue, but
calm, that knows
of wild ambition's
ssions that this world deform,
an, a proud malignant worm!
ead, soft gales of passion play,
tir the heart, thereby to form
nse of joy; as breezes stray
lliven'd skies, and make them still
ay.

f men have ever lov'd repose;
to mingle in the filthy fray;
e soul sours, and gradual rancour grows,
'd more from peevish day to day.
se whom fame has lent her fairest ray,
st renown'd of worthy wights of yore,
a base world at last have stol'n away:
pio, to the soft Cumæan shore
t, tasted joy he never knew before.

if a little exercise you choose,
e zest for ease, 'tis not forbidden here.
id the groves you may indulge the muse;
tend the blooms, and deck the vernal year;
softly stealing, with your wat'ry gear,
long the brooks, the crimson-spotted fry
You may delude: the whilst amus'd you hear
Now the hoarse stream, and now the zephyr's sigh,
ttuned to the birds and woodland melody.

'O grievous folly! to heap up estate,
'Losing the days you see beneath the sun;
'When, sudden, comes blind unrelenting fate,
'And gives th' untasted portion you have won
'With ruthless toil, and many a wretch undone,
'To those who mock you gone to Pluto's reign,
'There with sad ghosts to pine, and shadows dun:
'But sure it is of vanities most vain,
'To toil for what you here untoiling may obtain.'

... airy portal stream.

By the smooth demon so it order'd was,
And here his baneful bounty first began;
Tho' some there were who would not further pass,
And his alluring baits suspected han.
The wise distrust the too fair spoken man;
Yet thro' the gate they cast a wishful eye:
Not to move on, forsooth, is all they can;
For, do their very best, they cannot fly;
ut often each way look, and often sorely sigh.

When this the watchful wicked wizard saw,
With sudden spring he leap'd upon them straight;
\nd, soon as touch'd by his unhallow'd paw,
hey found themselves within the cursed gate;
ll hard to be repass'd, like that of fate.
ot stronger were of old the giant crew
ho sought to pull high Jove from regal state;
o' feeble wretch he seem'd, of sallow hue,
s, who bides his grasp, will that encounter ...

Meantime the master-porter wide display'd
Great store of caps, of slippers, and of gowns;
Wherewith he those who enter'd in array'd,
Loose as the breeze that plays along the downs,
And waves the summer-woods when ev'ning frowns.
O fair undress, best dress! it checks no vein,
But every flowing limb in pleasure drowns,
And heightens ease with grace. This done, right fain,
Sir porter sat him down, and turn'd to sleep again.

Thus easy rob'd, they to the fountain sped,
That in the middle of the court up-threw
A stream, high spouting from its liquid bed,
And falling back again in drizzly dew:
There each deep draughts, as deep he thirsted, drew.
It was a fountain of Nepenthe rare:
Whence, as Dan Homer sings, huge pleasaunce grew,
And sweet oblivion of vile earthly care;
Fair gladsome waking thoughts, and joyous dreams more fair.

annoy.

ese endless numbers, swarming round,
idle moats in sunny ray,
oons in view was to be found,
an stroll'd off his own glad way.
is ample court's blank area,
lodges that thereto pertain'd,
ature could be seen to stray;
e and perfect silence reign'd:
you dream'd you almost was con-

pherd of the Hebrid Isles,
l the melancholy main,
lone fancy him beguiles;
eings sometimes deign
tled, to our senses plain)
ed hill, or valley low,
ean Phœbus dips his wain,
moving to and fro:
air dissolves the wondrous show,

and of a-

Come on, my muse, nor stoop to low despair,
Thou imp of Jove, touch'd by celestial fire!
Thou yet shalt sing of war, and actions fair,
Which the bold sons of Britain will inspire;
Of ancient bards thou yet shalt sweep the lyre;
Thou yet shalt tread in tragic pall the stage,
Paint love's enchanting woes, the hero's ire,
The sage's calm, the patriot's noble rage,
Dashing corruption down thro' ev'ry worthless age.

The doors, that knew no shrill alarming bell,
Ne cursed knocker plied by villain's hand,
Self-open'd into halls, where, who can tell
What elegance and grandeur wide expand,
The pride of Turkey and of Persian land?
Soft quilts on quilts, on carpets carpets spread,
And couches stretch around in seemly band;
And endless pillows rise to prop the head;
So that each spacious room was one full-swelling bed.

And ev'ry where huge cover'd tables stood,
With wines high flavour'd and rich viands crown'd;
Whatever sprightly juice or tasteful food
On the green bosom of this earth are found,
And all old ocean genders in his round:
Some hand unseen these silently display'd,
Ev'n undemanded by a sign or sound:
You need but wish; and, instantly obey'd,
Fair rang'd the dishes rose, and thick the glasses play'd.

Here freedom reign'd without the least alloy;
Nor gossip's tale, nor ancient maiden's gall,
Nor saintly spleen, durst murmur at our joy,
And with envenom'd tongue our pleasures pall.
For why? there was but one great rule for all;
To wit, that each should work his own desire,
And eat, drink, study, sleep, as it may fall,
Or melt the time in love, or wake the lyre,
And carol what unbid the muses might inspire.

The rooms with costly tapestry were hung,
Where was enwoven many a gentle tale;
Such as of old the rural poets sung,
Or of Arcadian or Sicilian vale:
Reclining lovers, in the lonely dale,
Pour'd forth at large the sweetly tortur'd heart;
Or, sighing tender passion, swell'd the gale,
And taught charm'd echo to resound their smart;
While flocks, woods, streams, around repose, and
peace impart.

Those pleas'd the most, where, by a cunning hand,
Depainted was the patriarchal age;
What time Dan Abraham left the Chaldee land,
And pastur'd on from verdant stage to stage,
Where fields and fountains fresh could best engage.
Toil was not then. Of nothing took they heed,
But with wild beasts the sylvan war to wage,
And o'er vast plains their herds and flocks to feed:
Blest sons of Nature they! true golden age indeed!

Sometimes the pencil, in cool airy halls,
Bade the gay bloom of vernal landscapes rise,
Or autumn's varied shades imbrown the walls:
Now the black tempest strikes th' astonish'd eyes;
Now down the steep the flashing torrent flies;
The trembling sun now plays o'er ocean blue,
And now rude mountains frown amid the skies;
Whate'er Lorrain light-touch'd with soft'ning hue,
Or savage Rosa dash'd, or learned Poussin drew.

Each sound too here to languishment inclin'd,
Lull'd the weak bosom, and induced ease.
Aërial music in the warbling wind,
At distance rising oft, by small degrees
Nearer and nearer came, till o'er the trees
It hung, and breath'd such soul-dissolving airs,
As did, alas! with soft perdition please:
Entangled deep in its enchanting snares,
The list'ning heart forgot all duties and all cares.

A certain music, never known before,
Here lull'd the pensive melancholy mind,
Full easily obtain'd. Behoves no more,
But side-long, to the gently-waving wind,
To lay the well-tun'd instrument reclin'd;
From which with airy flying fingers light,
Beyond each mortal touch the most refin'd,
The god of winds drew sounds of deep delight:
Whence, with just cause, the Harp of Æolus it hight.

Ah me! what hand can touch the strings so fine?
Who up the lofty diapason roll
Such sweet, such sad, such solemn airs divine,
Then let them down again into the soul?
Now rising love they fann'd; now pleasing dole
They breath'd, in tender musings, thro' the heart;
And now a graver sacred strain they stole,
As when seraphic hands a hymn impart:
Wild warbling nature all, above the reach of art!

Such the gay splendour, the luxurious state
Of caliphs old, who on the Tygris' shore,
In mighty Bagdat, populous and great,
Held their bright court, where was of ladies store:
And verse, love, music still the garland wore:
When sleep was coy, the bard in waiting there
Cheer'd the lone midnight with the Muse's lore;
Composing music bade his dreams be fair,
And music lent new gladness to the morning air.

Near the pavilions where we slept, still ran
Soft-tinkling streams, and dashing waters fell,
And sobbing breezes sigh'd, and oft began
(So work'd the wizard) wintry storms to swell,
As heaven and earth they would together mell:
At doors and windows, threat'ning, seem'd to call,
The demons of the tempest, growling fell,
Yet the least entrance found they none at all;
Whence sweeter grew our sleep, secure in massy hall.

And hither Morpheus sent his kindest dreams,
Raising a world of gayer tinct and grace;
O'er which were shadowy cast elysian gleams,
That play'd, in waving lights, from place to place,
And shed a roseate smile on nature's face.
Not Titian's pencil e'er could so array,
So fleece with clouds, the pure etherial space;
Ne could it e'er such melting forms display,
As loose on flow'ry beds all languishingly lay.

No, fair illusions! artful phantoms, no!
My Muse will not attempt your fairy-land:
She has no colours that like you can glow;
To catch your vivid scenes too gross her hand.
But sure it is, was ne'er a subtler band
Than these same guileful angel-seeming sprites,
Who thus in dreams voluptuous, soft, and bland;
Pour'd all th' Arabian heaven upon our nights,
And bless'd them oft besides with more refin'd delights.

They were, in sooth, a most enchanting train,
Ev'n feigning virtue; skilful to unite
With evil good, and strew with pleasure pain.
But for those fiends whom blood and broils delight,
Who hurl the wretch, as if to hell outright,
Down, down black gulphs, where sullen waters sleep,
Or hold him clamb'ring all the fearful night
On beetling cliffs, or pent in ruins deep;
They, till due time should serve, were bid far hence to keep.

Ye guardian spirits, to whom man is dear,
From these foul demons shield the midnight gloom:
Angels of fancy and of love be near,
And o'er the blank of sleep diffuse a bloom:
Evoke the sacred shades of Greece and Rome,
And let them virtue with a look impart:
But chief, awhile, oh lend us from the tomb
Those long-lost friends for whom in love we smart,
And fill with pious awe and joy-mixt woe the heart.

Or, are you sportive? Bid the morn of youth
Rise to new light, and beam afresh the days
Of innocence, simplicity, and truth,
To cares estrang'd, and manhood's thorny ways.
What transport, to retrace our boyish plays,
Our easy bliss, when each thing joy supplied;
The woods, the mountains, and the warbling maze
Of the wild brooks!—But, fondly wand'ring wide,
My Muse, resume the task that yet doth thee abide.

One great amusement of our household was,
In a huge crystal magic globe to spy,
Still as you turn'd it, all things that do pass
Upon this ant-hill earth; where constantly
Of idly-busy men the restless fry
Run bustling to and fro with foolish haste,
In search of pleasures vain that from them fly,
Or which obtain'd the caitiffs dare not taste:
When nothing is enjoy'd, can there be greater waste?

Of Vanity the mirror this was call'd.
Here you a muckworm of the town might see
At his dull desk, amid his ledgers stall'd,
Eat up with carking care and penurie;
Most like to carcase pitch'd on gallow-tree.
'A penny saved is a penny got:'
Firm to this scoundrel-maxim keepeth he,
Ne of its rigor will he bate a jot,
Till it has quench'd his fire, and banished his pot.

Straight from the filth of this low grub, behold!
Comes flutt'ring forth a gaudy spendthrift heir,
All glossy gay, enamell'd all with gold,
The silly tenant of the summer air,
In folly lost, of nothing takes he care;
Pimps, lawyers, stewards, harlots, flatterers vile
And thieving tradesmen him among them share:
His father's ghost from limbo-lake, the while,
Sees this, which more damnation does upon him pile.

. globe pourtray'd the race of learned men,
l at their books, and turning o'er the page
ckwards and forwards: oft they snatch the pen,
if inspir'd, and in a Thespian rage;
en write and blot, as would your ruth engage.
y, Authors, all this scrawl and scribbling sore?
lose the present, gain the future age,
ised to be when you can hear no more,
much enrich'd with fame when useless worldly
store.

en would a splendid city rise to view,
th carts, and cars, and coaches roaring all.
de pour'd abroad behold the giddy crew:
how they dash along from wall to wall!
ev'ry door, hark, how they thund'ring call!
od Lord! what can this giddy rout excite?
y on each other with fell tooth to fall;
eighbour's fortune, fame, or peace to blight,
make new tiresome parties for the coming night?

puzzling sons of party next appear'd,
rk cabals and nightly juntos met;
ow they whisper'd close, now shrugging rear'd
portant shoulder; then, as if to get
ight, their twinkling eyes were inward set.
ner Lucifer recals affairs,
rth they various rush in mighty fret!
lo! push'd up to pow'r, and crown'd their
s,
nother set, and kicketh them down stairs.

t most shew'd the vanity of life,
ehold the nations all on fire,
broils engag'd, and deadly strife:
stian kings, enflam'd by black desire,
rurable ruffians in their hire,
to rage, and blood around to pour:
l work when each begins to tire,
em down just where they were before,
scenes of woe peace shall their forces
k.

Of all the gentle tenants of the place,
There was a man of special grave remark:
A certain tender gloom o'erspread his face,
Pensive, not sad, in thought involv'd not dar
As soot this man could sing as morning lark,
And teach the noblest morals of the heart;
But these his talents were yburied stark;
Of the fine stores he nothing would impart,
Which or boon nature gave, or nature-painting

To noon-tide shades incontinent he ran,
Where purls the brook with sleep-inviting sou
Or when Dan Sol to slope his wheels began,
Amid the broom he bask'd him on the groun
Where the wild thyme and camomoil are fou
There would he linger, till the latest ray
Of light sat trembling on the welkin's bound;
Then homeward thro' the twilight shadows st
Sauntering and slow. So had he passed many a d

...s done.' ... Thank heaven
Here lurch'd a wretch who had not crept al
For forty years, ne face of mortal seen:
In chamber brooding like a loathly toad:
And sure his linen was not very clean.
Thro' secret loop-holes, that had practis'd bee
Near to his bed, his dinner vile he took;
Unkempt, and rough, of squalid face and mien
Our castle's shame! whence, from his filthy noo
We drove the villain out for fitter lair to look.

One day there chanc'd into these halls to rove
A joyous youth, who took you at first sight:
Him the wild wave of pleasure hither drove,
Before the sprightly tempest tossing light:
Certes, he was a most engaging wight,
Of social glee, and wit humane tho' keen,
Turning the night to day and day to night:
For him the merry bells had rung, I ween,
If in this nook of quiet bells had ever been.

But not e'en pleasure (o...
What mos...

As when in prime of June a burnish'd fly
Sprung from the meads, o'er which he sweeps along,
Cheer'd by the breathing bloom and vital sky,
Tunes up amid these airy halls his song,
Soothing at first the gay reposing throng:
And oft he sips their bowl; or nearly drown'd,
He, thence recovering, drives their beds among,
And scares their tender sleep, with tromp profound;
Then out again he flies, to wing his many round.

Another guest there was, of sense refin'd,
Who felt each worth, for every worth he had;
Serene yet warm, humane yet firm his mind,
As little touch'd as any man's with bad:
Him through their inmost walks the Muses lad,
To him the sacred love of nature lent,
And sometimes would he make our valley glad;
Whenas we found he would not here be pent,
To him the better sort this friendly message sent:

'Come, dwell with us! true son of virtue, come!
'But if, alas! we cannot thee persuade,
'To ly content beneath our peaceful dome,
'Ne ever more to quit our quiet glade;
'Yet when at last thy toils but ill apaid
'Shall dead thy fire, and damp its heavenly spark,
'Thou wilt be glad to seek the rural shade,
'There to indulge the muse, and nature mark:
'We then a lodge for thee will rear in Hagley Park.'

Here whilom ligg'd th' Esopus of the age;
But call'd by fame, in soul ypricked deep,
A noble pride restor'd him to the stage,
And rous'd him like a giant from his sleep.
Even from his slumbers we advantage reap:
With double force th' enliven'd scene he wakes,
Yet quits not nature's bounds. He knows to keep
Each due decorum: now the heart he shakes,
And now with well-urg'd sense the enlighten'd judgment *takes*.

rid forsaking with a calm ...
ugh'd he careless in his easy seat:
aff'd encircled with the joyous train,
ulsing sage: his ditty sweet
ad much to write, he cared to repeat.

ft by holy feet our ground was trod,
ths good plenty here you mote espy.
le, round, fat, oily man of God,
me I chiefly mark'd among the fry;
ad a roguish twinkle in his eye,
shone all glittering with ungodly dew,
tight damsel chanc'd to trippen by;
ch when observ'd, he shrunk into his mew,
trait would recollect his piety anew.

be forgot a tribe, who minded nought
inmates of the place) but state affairs:
y look'd, perdie, as if they deeply thought;
on their brow sat every nation's cares:
world by them is parcel'd out in shares,
... of Smoke they congress hold,
... hoard

ere hours on [illegible]
court the vapoury god soft breathing in [illegible]

w must I mark the villany we found,
it ah! too late, as shall eftsoons be shewn.
place here was, deep, dreary, under ground;
here still our inmates, when unpleasing grown,
iseas'd and loathsome, privily were thrown.
ar from the light of heaven, they languish'd there,
'npity'd uttering many a bitter groan;
'or of those wretches taken was no care:
'orc fiends, and hags of hell, there only nurses were

Alas! the change! from scenes of joy and rest,
To this dark den, where sickness toss'd alway.
Here Lethargy, with deadly sleep oppress,
Stretch'd on his back, a mighty lubbard, lay,
Heaving his sides, and snored night and day;
To stir him from his trance it was not eath,
And his half-open'd eyne he shut straightway:
He led, I wot, the softest way to death,
And taught withouten pain and strife to yield the
breath.

. lady proud she was, of ancient
Yet oft her fear her pride made c
She felt, or fancy'd in her fluttering
All the diseases which the spitties
And sought all physic which the
And still new leaches and new dr
Her humour ever wavering to and
For sometimes she would laugh, and
Then sudden waxed wroth; and all she

Fast by her side a listless maiden
With aching head, and squeamish l
Pale, bloated, cold, she seem'd to
Yet lov'd in secret all forbidden t
And here the Tertian shakes his c
The sleepless Gout here counts the
A wolf now gnaws him, now a ser
Whilst Apoplexy cramm'd Intemp
Down to the ground at once, as but

HYMN ON SOLITU

HAIL, mildly pleasing Solitude,
Companion of the wise and goo
But from whose holy piercing eye,
The herd of fools and villains fly.
Oh! how I love with thee to wall
And listen to thy whisper'd talk,
Which innocence and truth imparts,
And melts the most obdurate hearts
A thousand shapes you wear with
And still in every shape you please
Now wrapt in some mysterious dres
A lone philosopher you seem;
Now quick from hill to vale you fly
And now you sweep the vaulted sk
A shepherd next you haunt the pla
And warble forth your native strai

And while meridian fervors beat,
Thine is the woodland dumb retreat;
But chief, when evening scenes decay,
And the faint landscape swims away,
Thine is the doubtful soft decline,
And that best hour of musing thine.
  Descending angels bless thy train,
The virtues of the sage and swain;
Plain innocence in white array'd,
Before thee lifts her fearless head:
Religion's beams around thee shine,
And cheer thy glooms with light divine:
About thee sports sweet liberty;
And rapt Urania sings to thee.
  Oh, let me pierce thy secret cell,
And in thy deep recesses dwell.
Perhaps from Norwood's oak-clad hill,
When meditation has her fill,
I just may cast my careless eyes
Where London's spiry turrets rise;
Think of its crimes, its cares, its pain,

more the widow's lonely fate she feels,
shock severe that modest want conceals,
oppressor's scourge, the scorn of wealthy pride,
poverty's unnumber'd ills beside.
see! attended by the' angelic throng,
ough yonder worlds of light she glides along,
. claims the well-earn'd raptures of the sky:—
fond concern recalls the mother's eye;
seeks the helpless orphans left behind;
ardly left! so bitterly resign'd!
, still! is she my soul's divinest theme,
waking vision, and the wailing dream:
id the ruddy sun's enlivening blaze
: my dark eyes her dewy image plays,
l in the dread dominion of the night
es out again the sadly pleasing sight.
mphant virtue all around her darts,
i more than volumes every look imparts—
ks, soft, yet awful, melting, yet serene,
ere both the mother and the saint are seen.
: ah! that night—that torturing night remains;

Why was I then, ye powers, reserv'd for this?
Nor sunk that moment in the vast abyss?
Devour'd at once by the relentless wave,
And whelm'd for ever in a wat'ry grave?—
Down, ye wild wishes of unruly woe!—
I see her with immortal beauty glow,
The early wrinkle, care-contracted, gone,
Her tears all wipe'd, and all her sorrows flown;
The' exalted voice of Heav'n I hear her breathe,
To soothe her soul in agonies of death.
I see her through the mansions blest above,
And now she meets her dear expecting Love.
Heart-cheering sight! but yet, alas! o'erspread
By the damp gloom of Grief's uncheerful shade.
Come then of reason the reflecting hour,
And let me trust the kind o'er-ruling *Power*,
Who from the sight commands the shining day,
The poor man's portion, and the orphan's stay!

BYRON.

PHŒBE. A PASTORAL.

MY time, O ye Muses! was happily spent,
When Phœbe went with me wherever I went:
Ten thousand soft pleasures I felt in my breast:
Sure never fond shepherd like Colin was blest.
But now she is gone, and has left me behind,
What a marvellous change on a sudden I find!
When things were as fine as could possible be,
I thought it was Spring; but, alas! it was she.

The fountain that wont to run sweetly along,
And dance to soft murmurs the pebbles among,
Thou know'st, little Cupid, if Phœbe was there,
It was pleasant to look at, 'twas music to hear.
But, now she is absent, I walk by its side,
And, still as it murmurs, do nothing but chide:
Must you be so cheerful, whilst I go in pain?
Peace there with your bubbling, and hear me complain.

My dog I was ever well pleased to see
Come wagging his tail to my fair one and me;
And Phœbe was pleas'd too, and to my dog said,
'Come hither, poor fellow;' and patted his head.
But now, when he's fawning, I with a sour look
Cry, 'Sirrah,' and give him a blow with my crook:
And I'll give him another; for why should not Tray
Be dull as his master, when Phœbe's away?

Sweet music went with us both all the wood thro',
The lark, linnet, throstle, and nightingale too;
Winds over us whisper'd, flocks by us did bleat,
And chirp went the grasshopper under our feet.
But now she is absent, though still they sing on,
The woods are but lonely, the melody's gone:
Her voice in the concert, as now I have found,
Gives every thing else its agreeable sound.

No, Deity, bid the dear nymph to return;
For ne'er was poor shepherd so sadly forlorn.
Ah! what shall I do? I shall die with despair:
Take heed, all ye swains, how ye love one so fi

... the sun,
... that weave their thread with bones,
And skaltes with the innocence of love,
Like the old age.

Shakesp. Twelfth Night.

FAR in the windings of a vale,
Fast by a sheltering wood,
he safe retreat of Health and Peace,
a humble cottage stood:

ere beauteous Emma flourish'd fair
neath a mother's eye,
ose only wish on earth was now
see her bless'd and die.

softest blush that Nature spreads,
s colour to her cheek;
orient colour smiles through Heav'n
a vernal mornings break.

et the pride of great ones scorn
charmer of the plains;
un which bids their dia...
at our ...

His sister, who, like Envy form'd,
Like her in mischief joy'd,
To work them harm, with wicked skill
Each darker art employ'd.

The father too, a sordid man!
Who love nor pity knew,
Was all unfeeling as the clod
From whence his riches grew.

Long had he seen their secret flame,
And seen it long unmov'd,
Then with a father's frown at last
Had sternly disapprov'd.

In Edwin's gentle heart a war
Of differing passions strove;
His heart, that durst not disobey,
Yet could not cease to love.

Denied her sight, he oft behind
The spreading hawthorn crept,
To snatch a glance, to mark the spot

ame; his cold hand softly touch'd,
bathed with many a tear:
falling o'er the primrose pale
orning-dews appear.

ah! his sister's jealous care,
eal sister she!
ade what Emma came to say,—
Edwin! live for me.'

homeward as she hopeless wept
church-yard path along,
blast blew cold, the dark owl scream'd
lover's funeral song.

the falling gloom of night
startling fancy found
very bush his hovering shade,
groan in every sound.

e, appall'd, thus had she pass'd
visionary vale—

WILLIAM AND MARGARET.

'TWAS at the silent solemn hour
When night and morning meet,
In glided Margaret's grimly ghost,
And stood at William's feet.

Her face was like an April morn
Clad in a wintry cloud,
And clay-cold was her lily hand
That held her sable shroud.

So shall the fairest face appear
When youth and years are flown;
Such is the robe that kings must wear
When Death has reft their crown.

Her bloom was like the springing flow'r
That sips the silver dew;
The rose was budded in her cheek,
Just opening to the view

But Love had, like the canker-worm,
Consum'd her early prime:
The rose grew pale, and left her cheek;
She died before her time.

'Awake!' she cried, 'thy true love calls,
Come from her midnight grave;
Now let thy pity hear the maid
Thy love refus'd to save.

This is the dumb and dreary hour
When injur'd ghosts complain,
When yawning graves give up their dead
To haunt the faithless swain.

Bethink thee, William! of thy fault,
Thy pledge and broken oath,
And give me back my maiden vow,
And give me back my troth.

that heart to break:

you say my lip was sweet,
e the scarlet pale?
did I, young witless maid!
the flattering tale?

e, alas! no more is fair,
pe no longer red:
e my eyes, now clos'd in death,
ery charm is fled.

ngry worm my sister is;
inding-sheet I wear;
old and weary lasts our night,
at last morn appear.

ark! the cock has warn'd me hence;
g and late adieu!
see, false man! how low she lies
died for love of you.'

lark sung loud, the morning smil'd

HAWKINS BROWNE.

A PIPE OF TOBACCO:

In Imitation of six several Authors.

IMITATION I.

A NEW-YEAR'S ODE.

RECITATIVE.

OLD battle-array, big with horror, is fled,
And olive rob'd Peace again lifts up her head.
Sing, ye Muses, Tobacco, the blessing of peace;
Was ever a nation so blessed as this?

AIR.

When summer suns grow red with heat,
Tobacco tempers Phœbus' ire;
When wintry storms around us beat,
Tobacco chears with gentle fire.
Yellow Autumn, youthful Spring,
In thy praises jointly sing.

RECITATIVE.

Like Neptune, Cæsar guards Virginian fleets,
Fraught with Tobacco's balmy sweets;
Old Ocean trembles at Britannia's pow'r,
And Boreas is afraid to roar.

AIR.

Happy mortal, he! who knows
Pleasure which a Pipe bestows;
Curling eddies climb the room,
Wafting round a mild perfume.

RECITATIVE.

Let foreign climes the vine and orange boast,
While wastes of war deform the teeming coast;
Britannia, distant from each hostile sound,
Enjoys a Pipe, with ease and freedom crown'd:
E'en restless Faction finds itself most free;
Or, if a slave, a slave to Liberty.

AIR.

Smiling years, that gayly run
Round the zodiac, with the sun
Tell, if ever you have seen
Realms so quiet and serene.
British sons no longer, now,
Hurl the bar, or twang the bow;
Nor of crimson combat think,
But securely smoke and drink.

CHORUS.

Smiling years, that gayly run
Round the zodiac, with the sun,
Tell, if ever you have seen
Realms so quiet and serene.

IMITATION II.

LITTLE tube, of mighty power,
Charmer of an idle hour,
Object of my warm desire,
Lip of wax, and eye of fire;
And thy snowy, taper waist,
With my finger gently brac'd;
And thy pretty swelling crest,
With my little stopper prest,
And the sweetest bliss of blisses
Breathing from thy balmy kisses.
Happy thrice and thrice agen,
Happiest he of happy men,
Who, when again the night returns,
When again the taper burns;
When again the cricket's gay,
(Little cricket, full of play)
Can afford his tube to feed
With the fragrant Indian weed:

O thou, matur'd by glad Hesperian suns,
Tobacco! fountain pure of limpid truth,
That looks the very soul; whence pouring thought
Swarms all the mind; absorpt is yellow care;
And at each puff imagination burns.
Flash on thy bard, and, with exalting fires,
Touch the mysterious lip that chaunts thy praise,
In strains to mortal sons of earth unknown.
Behold an engine, wrought from tauny mines
Of ductile clay, with plastic virtue form'd,
And glaz'd magnific o'er, I grasp. I fill.
From Pætotheke with pungent pow'rs perfum'd,
Itself one tortoise all, where shines imbib'd
Each parent ray; then rudely ramm'd illume,
With the red touch of zeal-enkindling sheet,
Mark'd with Gibsonian lore; forth issue clouds,
Thought-thrilling, thirst-inciting clouds around,
And many-mining fires: I all the while,
Lolling at ease, inhale the breezy balm.
But chief, when Bacchus wont with thee to join,
In genial strife and orthodoxal ale,
Stream life and joy into the [illegible]

IMITATION IV.

ICS avaunt; Tobacco is my theme;
mble like hornets at the blasting steam.
u, court-insects, flutter not too near
t, nor buzz within the scorching sphere.
with flame like thine my verse inspire,
l the Muse from smoke elicit fire.
ibe prefer the tickling sting of snuff;
their claim to wisdom is—a puff:
»plin smokes not—for his teeth afraid:
dry smokes not—for he wears brocade.
when pipes are brought, affect to swoon;
ve no smoke, except the smoke of town:
irtiers hate the puffing tribe——no matter,
, if they love the breath that cannot flatter!
but shew their ignorance; can he
orns the leaf of knowledge, love the tree?
ated Templar (more prodigious yet)
; Tobacco, tho' it makes him——spit.
, vows it has an odious stink;
l not smoke (ye gods!)—but she will drink.
aste Prudella (blame her if you can)
pes are us'd by that vile creature Man:
wds remain, who still its worth proclaim,
»me for pleasure smoke, and some for fame:
f our actions universal spring,
ch we drink, eat, sleep, smoke,—ev'ry thing.

IMITATION V.

T leaf! whose aromatic gales dispense
Templars modesty, to Parsons sense:
ur'd priests, at fam'd Dodona's shrine,
inspiration from the steam divine.
that cures, a vapour that affords
t more solid than the smile of lords:

IMITATION VI.

BOY! bring an ounce of Freeman's best,
And bid the vicar be my guest:
Let all be plac'd in manner due;
A pot wherein to spit, or spue,
And London Journal, and Free-Briton,
Of use to light a pipe, or * *
* * * * * * * *
* * * * * * * *
This village, unmolested yet
By troopers, shall be my retreat:
Who cannot flatter, bribe, betray;
Who cannot write, or vote for *.
Far from the vermin of the town,
Here let me rather live, my own,
Doze o'er a pipe, whose vapour bland
In sweet oblivion lulls the land;
Of all, which at Vienna passes,
As ignorant as * * Brass is:
And scorning rascals to caress,
Extol the days of good queen Bess,
When first Tobacco blest our isle,
Then think of other queens——and smile.

s to compass [illegible]
n, If undone, can go,
Tobacco loves to grow.

ners imitated in these poems are, Colley Cibber,
Philips, Thomson, Young, Pope, and Swift.

vv hill,
And I at ew-milking first sey'd my young skill,
To bear the milk bowie nae pain was to me,
When I at the bughting forgather'd wi' thee.

PATIE.

When corn rigs wav'd yellow, and blue hether bells
Bloom'd bonny on muirland and sweet rising fells
Nae birns, briers, or breckens gae trouble to me,
If I found the berries right ripen'd for thee.

PEGGY.

When thou ran, or wrestled, or putted the stane
And came aff the victor, my heart was ay fain;
Thy ilka sport manly gave pleasure to me;
For nane can putt, wrestle, or run swift as thee.

PATIE.

Our Jenny sings saftly the *Cowden-broom knows*,
And Rosie lilts sweetly the *Milking the ews;*
There's few *Jenny Nettles* like Nansy can sing;
Ab *Thro' the wood, laddie*, Bess gars our lugs ring.
But when my dear [illegible]

...ver his bleeting flocks.
Healthful, and innocently gay,
He chants and whistles out the day;
Untaught to smile, and then betray,
Like courtly weathercocks.
Life happy from ambition free,
Envy and vile hypocrisy,
Where truth and love with joy agree,
Unsully'd with a crime:
Unmov'd with what disturbs the great,
A propping of their pride and state,
He lives and unafraid of fate,
Contented spends his time.

SANG.

SPEAK on, speak thus, and still my grief,
Hold up a heart that's sinking under
These fears, that soon will want relief,
When Pate must from his Peggy sunder.
Gentler face and silk attire,
Lady rich in beauty's blossom,
Ah, poor me! will now ...

SANG.

WHEN hope was quite sunk in despair,
My heart it was going to break;
My life appear'd worthless my care,
But now I will sav't for thy sake.
Where'er my love travels by day,
Wherever he lodges by night,
Wi' me his dear image shall stay,
And my soul keep him ever in sight.

Wi' patience I'll wait the lang year,
And study the gentlest charms;
Hope time away till thou appear,
To lock thee for ay in these arms.
Whilst thou wast a shepherd, I priz'd
No higher degree in this life;
But now I'll endeavour to rise
To a height that's becoming thy wife.

For beauty that's only skin deep,

... me
... love, and hid my blush,
Whilst round thou didst enfold me.

To a' our haunts I will repair,
By greenwood shaw or fountain;
Or where the simmer day I'd share
Wi' thee upon yon mountain.

There will I tell the trees and flow'rs,
From thoughts unfeign'd and tender,
By vows you're mine, by love is your's
A heart which cannot wander.

SANG.

THE bonny grey-ey'd morning begins to peep,
And darkness flies before the rising ray,
The hearty hynd starts from his lazy sleep,
To follow healthful labours of the day,
Without guilty sting to wrinkle his brow,
The lark and the linnet 'tend his levee,
nd he joins their concert, drivin...
From toil of grim...

WILLIAM COLLINS.

THE PASSIONS.

An Ode for Music.

WHEN Music, heavenly maid, was young,
While yet in early Greece she sung,
The Passions oft, to hear her shell,
Throng'd around her magic cell,
Exulting, trembling, raging, fainting,
Possest beyond the Muse's painting;
By turns they felt the glowing mind
Disturb'd, delighted, rais'd, refin'd:
Till once, 'tis said, when all were fir'd,
Fill'd with fury, rapt, inspir'd,
From the supporting myrtles round
They snatch'd her instruments of sound;
And, as they oft had heard apart
Sweet lessons of her forceful art,
Each, for Madness rul'd the hour,
Would prove his own expressive power.

First Fear, his hand its skill to try,
Amid the chords bewilder'd laid,
And back recoil'd, he knew not why,
E'en at the sound himself had made.

Next Anger rush'd, his eyes on fire,
In lightnings own'd his secret stings,
In one rude clash he struck the lyre,
And swept with hurried hand the strings.

With woeful measures, wan Despair,
Low sullen sounds, his grief beguil'd;
A solemn, strange, and mingled air,
'Twas sad by fits, by starts 'twas wild.

But thou, O Hope, with eyes so fair,
What was thy delighted measure?
Still it whisper'd promis'd pleasure,

... flown,
Revenge impatient rose,
threw his blood-stain'd sword in thunder down,
nd, with a withering look,
he war-denouncing trumpet took,
nd blew a blast so loud and dread,
Vere ne'er prophetic sounds so full of woe.
And ever and anon he beat
The doubling drum with furious heat;
nd tho' sometimes, each dreary pause between,
Dejected Pity at his side
Her soul-subduing voice applied,
t still he kept his wild unalter'd mien;
le each strain'd ball of sight seem'd bursting from
his head.

numbers, Jealousy, to nought were fix'd,
i proof of thy distressful state!
iffering themes the veering song was mix'd,
d now it courted Love, now raving call'd on
Hate.
th eyes uprais'd, as one inspir'd,
Melancholy sat retir'd

But, O, how alter'd was its sprightlier tor
When Cheerfulness, a nymph of healthies
Her bow across her shoulder flung,
Her buskins gemm'd with morning dew,
Blew an aspiring air, that dale and thicke
The hunter's call to Faun and Dryad k
The oak-crown'd sisters, and their chaste-ey
Satyrs and sylvan boys, were seen
Peeping from forth their alleys green;
Brown Exercise rejoic'd to hear,
And Sport leap'd up, and siez'd his beech

Last came Joy's ecstatic trial.
He, with viny crown advancing,
First to the lively pipe his hand address
But soon he saw the brisk-awakening viol
Whose sweet entrancing voice he lov'd
They would have thought, who heard t
They saw in Tempe's vale her native
Amidst the festal sounding shades,
To some unwearied minstrel dancing,
While, as his flying fingers kiss'd the st
Love fram'd with Mirth a gay fantastic
Loose were her tresses seen, her zone u
And he, amidst his frolic play,
As if he would the charming air repay,
Shook thousand odors from his dewy win

O Music, sphere-descended maid,
Friend of pleasure, wisdom's aid,
Why, Goddess, why, to us deny'd,
Lay'st thou thy ancient lyre aside?
As in that lov'd Athenian bower,
You learn'd an all-commanding power,
Thy mimic soul, O nymph endear'd,
Can well recal what then it heard.
Where is thy native simple heart,
Devote to virtue, fancy, art?
Arise, as in that elder time,
Warm, energetic, chaste, sublime!

... just designs of Greece,
Return in all thy simple state,
Confirm the tales her sons relate!

ODE TO FEAR.

THOU, to whom the world unknown,
With all its shadowy shapes, is shewn;
Who seest, appall'd, the unreal scene,
While Fancy lifts the veil between:
Ah Fear! ah frantic Fear!
I see, I see thee near.

I know thy hurried step; thy haggard eye!
Like thee I start; like thee disorder'd fly.
For lo, what monsters in thy train appear!
Danger, whose limbs of giant mould
What mortal eye can fix'd behold?
Who stalks his round, an hideous form,
Howling amidst the midnight storm;
Or throws him on the ridge of

Yet he, the bard who first invok'd thy name,
Disdain'd in Marathon its power to feel:
For not alone he nurs'd the poet's flame,
But reach'd from Virtue's hand the patriot's steel.

But who is he whom later garlands grace;
Who left a while o'er Hybla's dews to rove,
With trembling eyes thy dreary steps to trace,
Where thou and furies shar'd the baleful grove!

Wrapt in thy cloudy veil, th' incestuous queen
Sigh'd the sad call her son and husband heard,
When once alone it broke the silent scene,
And he the wretch of Thebes no more appear'd.

O Fear, I know thee by my throbbing heart:
Thy withering power inspir'd each mournful line:
Though gentle Pity claim her mingled part,
Yet all the thunders of the scene are thine!

ANTISTROPHE.

Thou who such weary lengths hast past,
Where wilt thou rest, mad Nymph, at last?
[illegible] haunted cell,

And, lest thou meet my blasted view
Hold each strange tale devoutly true
Ne'er be I found, by thee o'erawe'd,
In that thrice-hallow'd eve, abroad,
When ghosts, as cottage-maids believe
Their pebbled beds permitted leave;
And goblins haunt, from fire, or fen,
Or mine, or flood, the walks of men!

O thou whose spirit most possest
The sacred seat of Shakespeare's breast
By all that from thy prophet broke,
In thy divine emotions spoke;
Hither again thy fury deal,
Teach me but once like him to feel:
His cypress wreath my meed decree,
And I, O Fear, will dwell with thee!

ODE TO EVENING.

IF aught of oaten stop, or pastoral
May hope, O pensive Eve, to soot
Like thy own brawling springs,
Thy springs, and dying gales;

O nymph reserv'd, while now the bri
Sits in yon western tent, whose clou
With brede ethereal wove,
O'erhang his wavy bed:

Now air is hush'd, save where the w
With short shrill shriek flits by on le
Or where the beetle winds
His small but sullen horn,

As oft he rises 'midst the twilight pa
Against the pilgrim borne in heedles
Now teach me, maid compos'd,
To breathe some soften'd strain,

Whose numbers, stealing through thy darkening vale,
May not unseemly with its stillness suit;
As musing slow, I hail
Thy genial lov'd return!

For when thy holding-star arising shows
His paly circlet, at his warning lamp
The fragrant Hours, and Elves
Who slept in buds the day,

And many a Nymph who wreaths her brows with sedge,
And sheds with fresh'ning dew, and, lovelier still,
The pensive Pleasures sweet,
Prepare thy shadowy car.

Then let me rove some wild and heathy scene;
Or find some ruin, 'midst its dreary dells,
Whose walls more awful nod
By thy religious gleams.

Or, if chill blust'ring winds, or driving rain,
Prevent my willing feet, be mine the hut,
That, from the mountain's side,
Views wilds, and swelling floods,

And hamlets brown, and dim-discover'd spires;
And hears their simple bell; and marks o'er all
Thy dewy fingers draw
The gradual dusky veil.

While Spring shall pour his showers, as oft he wont,
And bathe thy breathing tresses, meekest Eve!
While Summer loves to sport
Beneath thy ling'ring light;

While sallow Autumn fills thy lap with leaves;
Or Winter, yelling through the troublous air,
Affrights thy shrinking train,
And rudely rends thy robes;

So long, regardful of thy quiet rule,
Shall Fancy, Friendship, Science, smiling Peace,
Thy gentlest influence own,
And love thy fav'rite name!

DIRGE IN CYMBELINE.

Sung by Guiderus and Arviragus over Fidele, supposed to be dead.

TO fair Fidele's grassy tomb
Soft maids and village hinds shall bring
Each opening sweet of earliest bloom,
And rifle all the breathing spring.

No wailing ghost shall dare appear
To vex with shrieks this quiet grove;
But shepherd lads assemble here,
And melting virgins own their love.

No wither'd witch shall here be seen;
No goblins lead their nightly crew:
The female fays shall haunt the green,
And dress thy grave with pearly dew!

The redbreast oft, at evening hours,
Shall kindly lend his little aid,
With hoary moss, and gather'd flowers,
To deck the ground where thou art laid.

When howling winds, and beating rain,
In tempests shake thy sylvan cell;
Or, 'midst the chase, on every plain,
The tender thought on thee shall dwell;

Each lonely scene shall thee restore;
For thee the tear be duly shed;
Belov'd, till life can charm no more,
And mourn'd till Pity's self be dead.

---------- in limine primo.

Imitation.

And mingled sounds and infant plaints we h
That pierce the entrance shrill, and wound th

AH me! full sorely is my heart forlorn
To think how modest worth neglect
While partial Fame doth with her blast
Such deeds alone as pride and pomp dis
Deeds of ill sort, and mischievous empri
Lend me thy clarion, Goddess! let me t
To sound the praise of Merit, ere it dies,
Such as I oft have chaunced to espy
Lost in the dreary shades of dull obscuri

In ev'ry village mark'd with little spire,
Embower'd in trees, and hardly known t
There dwells, in lowly shed and mean at
A matron old, whom we school-mistress n
Who boasts unruly brats with birch to ta
They grieven sore, in piteous durance pe
Aw'd by the pow'r of this relentless dam
And oft times on

So have I seen (who has not may conceive)
A lifeless phantom near a garden plac'd,
So doth it wanton birds of peace bereave,
Of sport, of song, of pleasure, of repast;
They start, they stare, they wheel, they look aghast;
Sad servitude! such comfortless annoy
May no bold Briton's riper age e'er taste!
Ne superstition clog his dance of joy,
Ne vision empty, vain, his native bliss destroy.

Near to this dome is found a patch so green,
On which the tribe their gambols do display,
And at the door imprisoning board is seen,
Lest weakly wights of smaller size should stray,
Eager, perdie, to bask in sunny day!
The noises intermix'd, which thence resound,
Do Learning's little tenement betray,
Where sits the dame, disguis'd in look profound,
And eyes her fairy throng, and turns her wheel around.

Her cap, far whiter than the driven snow,
Emblem right meet of decency does yield;
Her apron, dy'd in grain, as blue, I trowe,
As is the hare-bell that adorns the field;
And in her hand, for sceptre, she does wield
Tway birchen sprays, with anxious fear entwin'd,
With dark distrust and sad repentance fill'd,
And stedfast hate, and sharp affliction join'd,
And fury uncontroll'd, and chastisement unkind.

Few but have kenn'd, in semblance meet pourtray'd
The childish faces of old Æol's train,
Libs, Notus, Auster: these in frowns array'd.
How then would fare or earth, or sky, or main,
Were the stern god to give his slaves the rein?
And were not she rebellious breasts to quell,
And were not she her statutes to maintain,
The cot no more, I ween, were deem'd the cell
Where comely peace of mind, and decent order dwell.

A russet stole was o'er her shoulders thrown,
A russet kirtle fenc'd the nipping air;
'Twas simple russet, but it was her own;
'Twas her own country bred the flock so fair:
'Twas her own labor did the fleece prepare;
And, sooth, to say, her pupils, rang'd around,
Thro' pious awe did term it passing rare,
For they in gaping wonderment abound,
And think, no doubt, she been the greatest wight on ground.

Albeit ne flatt'ry did corrupt her truth,
Ne pompous title did debauch her ear,
Goody, good woman, gossip, n'aunt, forsooth,
Or dame, the sole additions she did hear;
Yet these she challeng'd, these she held right dear;
Ne would esteem him act as mought behove
Who should not honor'd eld with these revere;
For never title yet so mean could prove,
But there was eke a mind which did that title love.

One ancient hen she took delight to feed,
The plodding pattern of the busy dame,
Which, ever and anon, impell'd by need,
Into her school, begirt with chickens, came;
Such favor did her past deportment claim:
And if neglect had lavish'd on the ground
Fragment of bread, she would collect the same;
For well she knew, and quaintly could expound,
What sin it were to waste the smallest crum she found.

Herbs, too, she knew, and well of each could speak,
That in her garden sipp'd the silv'ry dew,
Where no vain flow'r disclos'd a gaudy streak,
But herbs for use, and physic, not a few,
Of grey renown, within those borders grew;
The tufted basil, pun provoking thyme,
Fresh balm, and marygold of cheerful hue,
The lowly gill, that never dares to climb,
And more I fain would sing, disdaining here to rhyme.

posie found,
pikes of azure bloom
be, erewhile, in arid bundles bound,
ark amidst the labors of her loom,
crown her kerchief clean with mickle rare perfumes.

here trim rosemarine, that whilom crown'd
dalntiest garden of the proudest peer,
driven from its envy'd site, it found
ered shelter for its branches here;
re edg'd with gold its glitt'ring skirts appear.
sel days! O customs meet and well!
his was banish'd from its lofty sphere;
lcity then sought this humble cell,
ver would she more with thane and lordling well.

ft the dame, on Sabbath's decent eve,
d such psalms as Sternhold forth did mete;
r 'twere, she to her hearth did cleave,
er garden found a summer-seat:
elody! to hear her then repeat
el's sons, beneath a [illegible]

In elbow chair, like that of Scottish stem,
By the sharp tooth of cank'ring eld defac'd,
In which, when he receives his diadem,
Our sov'reign prince and liefest liege is plac'd,
The matron sate, and some with rank she grac'd,
(The source of children's and of courtier's pride!)
Redress'd affronts, for vile affronts there pass'd,
And warn'd them not the fretful to deride,
But love each other dear, whatever them betide.

Right well she knew each temper to descry,
To thwart the proud, and the submiss to raise,
Some with vile copper prize exalt on high,
And some entice with pittance small of praise;
And other some with baleful sprig she 'frays:
E'en absent, she the reins of pow'r doth hold,
While with quaint arts the giddy crowd she sways;
Forewarn'd, if little bird their pranks behold,
'Twill whisper in her ear, and all the scene unfold.

Lo, now with state she utters the command!
Eftsoons the urchins to their tasks repair,
Their books, of stature small, they take in hand,
Which with pellucid horn secured are,
To save from finger wet the letters fair;
The work so gay, that on their back is seen
St. George's high achievements does declare;
On which thilk wight that has y-gazing been,
Kens the forth-coming rod, unpleasing sight, I ween!

Ah! luckless he, and born beneath the beam
Of evil star! it irks me whilst I write!
As erst the bard! * by Mulla's silver stream,
Oft as he told of deadly dolorous plight,
Sigh'd as he sung, and did in tears indite.
For brandishing the rod, she doth begin
To loose the brogues, the stripling's late delight!
And down they drop, appears his dainty skin,
Fair as the furry coat of whitest ermilin.

* Spenser.

ful scene! when from s
ttle sister doth his peril
playful as she sate, she g
finds full soon her wonte
e meditates a pray'r to set
for gentle pardon could this
If gentle pardon could with
To her sad grief that swells i
And wrings her so that all fo

No longer can she now her sl
And hardly she forbears, thro
To rushen forth, and, with pr
To stay harsh justice in its m
On thee she calls, on thee, h
(Ah! too remote to ward the
She sees no kind domestic vi
And soon a flood of tears beg
And gives a loose at last to t

But ah! what pen his piteou
Or what device his loud lame
The form uncouth of his disg
The pallid hue that dyes his
The plenteous show'r that dc
When he, in abject wise, imp
Ne hopeth aught of sweet re
Or when from high she level
And, thro' the thatch, his cri
proclaim.

convulsions intermitting! does declare
His grievous wrong, his dame's unjust behest,
And scorns her offer'd love, and shuns to be caress

His face besprent, with liquid crystal shines,
His blooming face, that seems a purple flow'r;
Which low to earth its drooping head declines,
All smear'd and sully'd by a vernal show'r:
O the hard bosoms of despotic pow'r!
All, all, but she, the author of his shame,
All, all, but she, regret this mournful hour;
Yet hence the youth, and hence the flow'r shall clai
If so I deem aright, transcending worth and fam

Behind some door, in melancholy thought,
Mindless of food, he, dreary caitiff! pines,
Ne for his fellows' joyaunce careth aught,
But to the wind all merriment resigns,
And deems it shame if he to peace inclines;
And many a sullen look ascance is sent,
Which for his dame's annoyance he designs;
And still the more to pleasure him she's bent

Yet nurs'd with skill, what dazzling fruits appear!
Ev'n now sagacious foresight points to show
A little bench of heedless bishops here,
And there a chancellor in embryo,
Or bard sublime, if bard may e'er be so,
As Milton, Shakespeare, names that ne'er shall die!
Tho' now he crawl along the ground so low,
Nor weeting how the Muse should soar on high,
Wisheth, poor starv'ling elf! his paper kite may fly.

And this perhaps, who, cens'ring the design,
Low lays the house which that of cards doth build,
Shall Dennis be! if rigid fates incline,
And many an epic to his rage shall yield,
And many a poet quit the Aonian field;
And, sour'd by age, profound he shall appear,
As he who now with 'sdainful fury thrill'd,
Surveys mine work, and levels many a sneer,
And furls his wrinkly front, and cries, "What stuff
is here!"

But now Dan Phœbus gains the middle sky,
And Liberty unbars her prison door,
And like a rushing torrent out they fly,
And now the grassy cirque han cover'd o'er
With boist'rous revel-rout and wild uproar;
A thousand ways in wanton rings they run,
Heav'n shield their short-liv'd pastimes, I implore!
For well may Freedom, erst so dearly won,
Appear to British elf more gladsome then the sun.

Enjoy, poor imps! enjoy your sportive trade,
And chase gay flies, and cull the fairest flow'rs,
For when my bones in grass-green sods are laid,
For never may ye taste more careless hours
In knightly castles or in ladies' bow'rs.
O vain to seek delight in earthly thing!
But most in courts, where proud Ambition tow'rs:
Deluded wight! who weens fair peace can spring
Beneath the pompous dome of kesar or of king.

Here, as each season yields a different store
Each season's stores in order ranged been,
Apples with cabbage-net y-cover'd o'er,
Galling full sore the unmoney'd wight, are :
And goosb'rie clad in liv'ry red or green;
And here of lovely dye the cath'rine pear,
Fine pear! as lovely for thy juice I ween:
O may no wight e'er pennyless come there,
Lest smit with ardent love he pine with hopele:

See! cherries here, ere cherries yet abound,
With thread so white in tempting posies ty'
Scatt'ring like blooming maid their glances
With pamper'd look draw little eyes aside,
And must be bought, tho' penury betide;
The plum all azure, and the nut all brown,
And here each season do those cakes abide
Whose honor'd names the inventive city ow
Rend'ring thro' Britain's isleSalopia's praises l

Admir'd Salopia! that with venial pride
Were her bright form in Severn's ambient v

d,
round,

n,
nown.

ave,

ave:
grave,
ay!

's
way.

Fonder wishes, warmer fires.

Love and all its joys be thine—
Yet are thou the reins resign,
Hear what Reason seems to say,
Hear attentive, and obey:—

Crimson leaves the rose adorn,
But beneath them lurks a thorn;
Fair and flow'ry is the brake,
Yet it hides the vengeful snake.

Think not she, whose empty pride
Dares the fleecy garb deride,
Think not she who, light and vain,
Scorns the sheep, can love the swain.

Artless deed and simple dress
Mark the chosen shepherdess;
Thoughts by decency controll'd,
Well conceiv'd and freely told;

[ENSTONE.

scious air,
'are;
igh
).

ide,
arms aside;
oper sphere?
a here.

pose,
fountain flows;
thful board,
ts afford.

it is vain;
in pain;
d o'er;
seek no more.

RAL BALLAD.

FOUR PARTS.

Virg.

llesque myricæ.
Explanation.
lovely shrubs.

I. ABSENCE.

so cheerful and gay,
s never carelessly roam,
s happen to stray,
or wanderers home.
se and to sigh,
e change that ye find;
so watchful as I;
ny dear Phillis behind.

hat it is to have strove
ure of doubt and desire;
dmire and to love,
her we love and admire.

I lead forth my flock in the morn,
And the damps of each ev'ning repel;
Alas! I am faint and forlorn:
—I have bade my dear Phillis farewell.

Since Phillis vouchsaf'd me a look,
I never once dream'd of my vine;
May I lose both my pipe and my crook,
If I knew of a kid that was mine.
I priz'd ev'ry hour that went by
Beyond all that had pleas'd me before;
But now they are past, and I sigh;
And I grieve that I priz'd them no more.

But why do I languish in vain?
Why wander thus pensively here?
O! why did I come from the plain,
Where I fed on the smiles of my dear?
They tell me my favorite maid,
The pride of that valley, is flown;
Alas! where with her I have stray'd
I could wander with pleasure, alone.

When forc'd the fair nymph to forego,
What anguish I felt at my heart!
Yet I thought—but it might not be so—
'Twas with pain that she saw me depart.
She gaz'd as I slowly withdrew;
My path I could hardly discern;
So sweetly she bade me adieu,
I thought that she bade me return.

The pilgrim that journies all day
To visit some far distant shrine,
If he bear but a relique away,
Is happy, nor heard to repine.
Thus widely remov'd from the fair,
Where my vows, my devotion, I owe,
Soft hope is the relique I bear,
And my solace wherever I go.

Such neatness do my fountains border,
My fountains all border'd with moss,
Where the hare-bells and violets grow.

Not a pine in my grove is there seen
But with tendrils of woodbine is bound;
Not a beech's more beautiful green,
But a sweetbriar entwines it around:
Not my fields, in the prime of the year,
More charms than my cattle unfold;
Not a brook that is limpid and clear,
But it glitters with fishes of gold.

One would think she might like to retire
To the bow'r I have labor'd to rear;
Not a shrub that I heard her admire,
But I hasten'd and planted it there.
O how sudden the jassamine strove
With the lilac to render it gay!
Already it calls for my love
To prune the wild branches away.

I have found out a gift for my fair;
I have found where the wood-pigeons breed;
But let me that plunder forbear,
She will say 'twas a barbarous deed:
For he ne'er could be true, she averr'd,
Who could rob a poor bird of its young;
And I lov'd her the more when I heard
Such tenderness fall from her tongue.

I have heard her with sweetness unfold
How that pity was due to—a dove;
That it ever attended the bold,
And she call'd it the sister of Love.
But her words such a pleasure convey,
So much I her accents adore,
Let her speak, and whatever she say,
Methinks I should love her the more.

Can a bosom so gentle remain,
Unmov'd when her Corydon sighs!
Will a nymph that is fond of the plain,
These plains and this valley despise?
Dear regions of silence and shade!
Soft scenes of contentment and ease!
Where I could have pleasingly stray'd,
If aught in her absence could please.

But where does my Phillida stray?
And where are her grots and her bow'rs?
Are the groves and the vallies as gay,
And the shepherds as gentle as ours?
The groves may perhaps be as fair,
And the face of the vallies as fine,
The swains may in manners compare,
But their love is not equal to mine.

III. SOLICITUDE.

WHY will you my passion reprove?
Why term it a folly to grieve?
Ere I shew you the charms of my love,
She is fairer than you can believe.

With her mien she enamours the brave,
  With her wit she engages the free,
With her modesty pleases the grave;
  She is ev'ry way pleasing to me.

O you that have been of her train,
  Come and join in my amorous lays!
I could lay down my life for the swain
  That will sing but a song in her praise.
When he sings, may the nymphs of the town
  Come trooping, and listen the while;
Nay, on him let not Phillida frown
  —But I cannot allow her to smile.

For when Paridel tries in the dance
  Any favor with Phillis to find,
O how with one trivial glance
  Might she ruin the peace of my mind!
In ringlets he dresses his hair,
  And his crook is bestudded around;
And his pipe—O! my Phillis, beware
  Of a magic there is in the sound!

'Tis his with mock passion to glow;
  'Tis his in smooth tales to unfold
'How her face is as bright as the snow,
  'And her bosom, be sure, is as cold:
'How the nightingales labor the strain,
  'With the notes of his charmer to vie;
'How they vary their accents in vain,
  'Repine at her triumphs, and die.'

To the grove or the garden he strays,
  And pillages every sweet,
Then suiting the wreath to his lays,
  He throws it at Phillis's feet.
'O Phillis,' he whispers, 'more fair,
  'More sweet than the jassamine's flow'r!
'What are pinks in a morn to compare?
  'What *is* eglantine after a show'r?

'Then the lily no longer is white,
'Then the rose is depriv'd of its bloom,
'Then the violets die with despite,
'And the woodbines give up their perfume.'
Thus glide the soft numbers along,
And he fancies no shepherd his peer;
—Yet I never should envy the song,
Were not Phillis to lend it an ear.

Let his crook be with hyacinths bound,
So Phillis the trophy despise;
Let his forehead with laurels be crown'd,
So they shine not in Phillis's eyes.
The language that flows from the heart
Is a stranger to Paridel's tongue;
—Yet may she beware of his art,
Or sure I must envy the song.

IV. DISAPPOINTMENT.

YE shepherds, give ear to my lay,
And take no more heed of my sheep;
They have nothing to do but to stray;
I have nothing to do but to weep.
Yet do not my folly reprove;
She was fair—and my passion begun;
She smil'd—and I could not but love;
She is faithless—and I am undone.

Perhaps I was void of all thought;
Perhaps it was plain to foresee,
That a nymph so complete would be sought
By a swain more engaging than me.
Ah! love ev'ry hope can inspire,
It banishes wisdom the while,
And the lip of the nymph we admire,
Seems for ever adorn'd with a smile.

She is faithless, and I am undone:
Ye that witness the woes I endure,
Let reason instruct you to shun
What it cannot instruct you to cure.

Beware how ye loiter in vain
  Amid nymphs of an higher degree;
It is not for me to explain
  How fair and how fickle they be.

Alas! from the day that we met
  What hope of an end to my woes?
When I cannot endure to forget
  The glance that undid my repose.
Yet time may diminish the pain:
  The flow'r, and the shrub, and the tree,
Which I rear'd for her pleasure in vain,
  In time may have comfort for me.

The sweets of a dew-sprinkled rose,
  The sound of a murmuring stream,
The peace which from solitude flows,
  Henceforth shall be Corydon's theme.
High transports are shewn to the sight,
  But we are not to find them our own;
Fate never bestow'd such delight
  As I with my Phillis had known.

O ye woods, spread your branches apace,
  To your deepest recesses I fly;
I would hide with the beasts of the chase,
  I would vanish from every eye.
Yet my reed shall resound thro' the grove
  With the same sad complaint it begun;
How she smil'd, and I could not but love!
  Was faithless, and I am undone!

THE SKYLARK.

GO, tuneful bird, that gladd'st the skies,
  To Daphne's window speed thy way;
And there on quiv'ring pinions rise,
  And there thy vocal art display.

if she deign thy notes to hear,
nd if she praise thy matin song,
ll her the sounds that soothe her ear
To Damon's native plains belong.

Tell her in livelier plumes array'd,
The bird from Indian groves may shine;
But ask the lovely partial maid,
What are his notes compar'd *to* thine?

Then bid her treat yon witless beau,
And all his flaunting race, with scorn,
And lend an ear to Damon's woe,
Who sings her praise, and sings forlorn.

JEMMY DAWSON.

A BALLAD.

Written about the Time of his Execution.

COME listen to my mournful tale,
Ye tender hearts and lovers dear!
Nor will you scorn to heave a sigh,
Nor need you blush to shed a tear.

And thou, dear Kitty, peerless maid,
Do thou a pensive ear incline;
For thou canst weep at ev'ry woe,
And pity ev'ry plaint—but mine.

Young Dawson was a gallant boy,
A brighter never trod the plain,
And well he lov'd one charming maid,
And dearly was he lov'd again.

One tender maid, she lov'd him dear;
Of gentle blood the damsel came;
And faultless was her beauteous form,
And spotless was her virgin fame.

But curse on party's hateful strife,
That led the favor'd youth astray,
The day the rebel clans appear'd;
O had he never seen that day!

' My ...
' The gracious prin...
' Would crown a never-dy...
' And ev'ry tender babe I bore
' Should learn to lisp the giver's name.
' But tho' he should be drag'd in scorn
' To yonder ignominious tree,
' He shall not want one constant friend
' To share the cruel fate's decree.'

O then her mourning coach was call'd;
The sledge mov'd slowly on before;
Tho' borne in a triumphal car,
She had not lov'd her fav'rite more.
She follow'd him, prepar'd to view
The terrible beheats of law,
And the last scene of Jemmy's woes
With calm and stedfast eye she saw.

Distorted was that blooming face
Which she had fondly lov'd so long.
And stifled was that tuneful breath
Which in her praise had sweetly sung.

.d sever'd was that beauteous neck,
Round which her arms had fondly clos'd;
And mangled was that beauteous breast,
On which her love-sick head repos'd.

And ravish'd was that constant heart
She did to ev'ry heart prefer;
For tho' it could its king forget,
'Twas true and loyal still to her.

Amid those unrelenting flames
She bore this constant heart to see;
But when 'twas moulder'd into dust,
'Yet, yet, (she cry'd,) I follow thee.

'My death, my death alone, can shew
'The pure, the lasting love I bore:
'Accept, O Heaven! of woes like ours,
'And let us, let us weep no more!'

The dismal scene was o'er and past,
The lover's mournful hearse retir'd;
The maid drew back her languid head,
And, sighing forth his name, expir'd.

Tho' justice ever must prevail,
The tear my Kitty sheds is due;
For seldom shall we hear a tale
So sad, so tender, yet so true.

SONG.

FLAVIA.

I Told my nymph, I told her true,
My fields were small, my flocks were few;
While falt'ring accents spoke my fear,
That Flavia might not prove sincere.

Of crops destroy'd by vernal cold,
And vagrant sheep that left my fold:
Of these she heard, yet bore to hear;
And is not Flavia then sincere?

How chang'd by Fortune's fickle wind,
The friends I lov'd became unkind:
She heard and shed a gen'rous tear;
And is not Flavia then sincere?

How, if she deign'd my love to bless,
My Flavia must not hope for dress:
This too she heard and smil'd to hear;
And Flavia, sure, must be sincere.

Go shear you flocks, ye jovial swains!
Go reap the plenty of your plains:
Despoil'd of all which you revere,
I know my Flavia's love sincere.

GILBERT COC

SONG.

AWAY! let nought to love c
My Winifreda, move thy
Let nought delay the heavenly
Nor squeamish pride, nor glo

What tho' no grants of royal d
With pompous titles grace o
We'll shine in more substantial
And to be noble, we'll be go

What tho' from fortune's lavish
No mighty treasures we pos
We'll find within our pittance
And be content without exc

Still shall each kind returning
Sufficient for our wishes give
For we will live a life of reas
And that's the only life to li

Our name, while virtue thus w
Shall sweetly sound where'e
And all the great ones much s
How they admire such little

Thro' youth and age, in love c
We'll hand in hand together
Sweet smiling peace shall crow
And babes, sweet smiling ba

How should I love the pretty
Whilst round my knees they
To see them look their mothe
To hear 'em lisp their moth

And when with envy time tra
Shall think to rob us of our
You'll in your girls again be c
And I'll go wooing in my h

LORD LYTTELTON.

'ADVICE TO A LADY. 1731.

E counsels of a friend, Belinda, hear,
Too roughly kind to please a lady's ear,
like the flatteries of a lover's pen,
h truths as women seldom learn from men.
r think I praise you ill, when thus I show
iat female vanity might fear to know:
me merit's mine, to dare to be sincere;
ut greater your's, sincerity to bear.
Hard is the fortune that your sex attends;
Women, like princes, find few real friends:
All who approach them their own ends pursue;
Lovers and ministers are seldom true.
Hence oft from Reason heedless Beauty strays,
And the most trusted guide the most betrays:
Hence, by fond dreams of fancied power amus'd,
When most you tyrannise, you're most abus'd.
What is your sex's earliest, latest care,
Your heart's supreme ambition?—To be fair.
For this, the toilet every thought employs,
Hence all the toils of dress, and all the joys:
For this, hands, lips, and eyes, are put to school,
And each instructed feature has its rule:
And yet how few have learnt, when this is given,
Not to disgrace the partial boon of Heav'n!
How few with all their pride of form can move!
How few are lovely, that are made for love!
Do you, my fair, endeavour to possess
An elegance of mind as well as dress;
Be that your ornament, and know to please
By graceful Nature's unaffected ease.
Nor make to dangerous wit a vain pretence,
But wisely rest content with modest sense;
For wit, like wine, intoxicates the brain,
Too strong for feeble woman to sustain:

Those who claim it more than half have none;
Of half of those, who have it are undone.
Be still superior to your sex's arts,
Or think dishonesty a proof of parts:
For you, the plainest is the wisest rule:
A *cunning woman* is a *knavish fool*.

Be good yourself, nor think another's shame
Can raise your merit, or adorn your fame.
Prudes rail at whores, as statesmen in disgrace
At ministers, because they wish their place:
Virtue is amiable, mild, serene;
Without, all beauty; and all peace within:
The honour of a prude is rage and storm,
'Tis ugliness in its most frightful form.
Fiercely it stands, defying gods and men,
As fiery monsters guard a giant's den.

Seek to be good, but aim not to be great:
A woman's noblest station is retreat;
Her fairest virtues fly from public sight,
Domestic worth, that shuns too strong a light.

To rougher man Ambition's task resign,
'Tis ours in senates or in courts to shine,
To labour for a sunk corrupted state,
Or dare the rage of Envy, and be great.
One only care your gentle breasts should move,
The important business of your life is love;
To this great point direct your constant aim,
This makes your happiness, and this your fame.

Be never cool reserve with passion join'd;
With caution chuse! but then be fond and kind,
The selfish heart, that but by halves is given,
Shall find no place in Love's delightful heaven;
Here sweet extremes alone can truly bless:
The virtue of a lover is excess.

A maid unask'd may own a well-plac'd flame;
Not loving *first*, but loving *wrong*, is shame.

Contemn the little pride of giving pain,
Nor think that conquest justifies disdain.
Short is the period of insulting power:
Offended Cupid finds his vengeful hour;

[redacted]

T

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band may be lo

aces might alone his heart allure;
nd the Virtues meeting must secure.
e'en your Prudence wear the pleasing dress
' care for Him, and anxious tenderness.
om kind concern about his weal or woe,
it each domestic duty seem to flow.
ie household sceptre if he bids you bear,
ake it your pride his servant to appear:
ndearing thus the common acts of life,
ie mistress still shall charm him in the wife;
nd wrinkled age shall unobserv'd come on,
efore his eye perceives one beauty gone:
en o'er your cold, your ever-sacred urn,
is constant flame shall unextinguish'd burn.
Thus I, Belinda, would your charms improve,
nd form your heart to all the arts of love.
ie task were harder, to secure my own
gainst the power of those already known:
or well you twist the secret chains that bind
ith gentle force the captivated mind,
kill'd every soft attraction to employ,
ach flattering hope, and each alluring joy;
own your genius, and from you receive
ie rules of pleasing, which to you I give.

MONODY

To the Memory of Lady Lyttelton. 1747.

Ipse cava solans ægrum testudine amorem,
Te dulcis conjux, te solo in littore secum,
Te veniente die, te decedente canebat.

AT length escap'd from every human eye,
From every duty, every care,
hat in my mournful thoughts might claim a share,
r force my tears their flowing stream to dry;
eneath the gloom of this embowering shade,
his lone retreat, for tender sorrow made,

But never shall y[illegible]
Nor will she now with [illegible]
And taste refin'd your rural charms explore
Clos'd are those beauteous eyes in endless night,
Those beauteous eyes where beaming us'd to shine
Reason's pure light, and Virtue's spark divine.

Oft would the dryads of these woods rejoice
To hear her heavenly voice;
For her despising, when she deign'd to sing,
The sweetest songsters of the spring:
The woodlark and the linnet pleas'd no more;
The nightingale was mute,
And every shepherd's flute
Was cast in silent scorn away,
While all attended to her sweeter lay.
Ye larks and linnets, now resume your song;
And thou, melodious Philomel,
Again thy plaintive story tell;
For Death has stopt that tuneful tongue,
Whose music could alone your warbling notes excel.

In vain I look around
O'er all the well-known ground,
My Lucy's wonted footsteps to descry!
Where oft we us'd to walk,
Where oft in tender talk
We saw the summer sun go down the sky;

... of her espy,
But the sad sacred earth where her dear re.

O shades of Hagley! where is now your b
Your bright inhabitant is lost.
You she preferr'd to all the gay resorts
Where female vanity might wish to shine,
The pomp of cities and the pride of courts.
Her modest beauties shunn'd the public eye
To your sequester'd dales
And flower-embroider'd vales
From an admiring world she chose to fly:
With Nature there retir'd, and Nature's *God*,
The silent paths of wisdom trod,
And banish'd every passion from her breast,
But those, the gentlest and the best,
Whose holy flames with energy divine
The virtuous heart enliven and improve,
The conjugal and the maternal love.

Sweet babes, who, like the little playful fawns
Were wont to trip along th...
By your ...

Not only good and kind,
But strong and elevated was her mind;
A spirit that with noble pride
Could look superior down
On Fortune's smile or frown;
That could without regret or pain
To Virtue's lowest duty sacrifice
Or Interest or Ambition's highest prize;
That, injur'd or offended, never tried
Its dignity by vengeance to maintain,
But by magnanimous disdain.
A wit that, temperately bright,
With inoffensive light
All pleasing shone; nor ever past
The decent bounds that Wisdom's sober hand,
And sweet Benevolence's mild command,
And bashful Modesty, before it cast.
A prudence undeceiving, undeceiv'd,
That nor too little nor too much believ'd,
That scorn'd unjust Suspicion's coward fear,
And without weakness knew to be sincere.
Such Lucy was, when, in her fairest days,
Amidst the' acclaim of universal praise,
In life's and glory's freshest bloom,
Death came remorseless on, and sunk her to the tomb.

So, where the silent streams of Liris glide,
In the soft bosom of Campania's vale,
When now the wintery tempests all are fled,
And genial Summer breathes her gentle gale,
The verdant orange lifts its beauteous head:
From every branch the balmy flowerets rise,
On every bough the golden fruits are seen;
With odours sweet it fills the smiling skies,
The wood-nymphs tend it, and the' Idalian queen.
But, in the midst of all its blooming pride,
A sudden blast from Apenninus blows,
Cold with perpetual snows:
The tender blighted plant shrinks up its leaves
and dies.

id hither bring the silver lyre,
by the skilful hand
oft notes of elegant desire,
which o'er many a land
ead the fame of thy disastrous love;
resign the vocal shell,
each my sorrows to relate
melancholy tale so well,
ty e'en things inanimate,
ountain oaks and desert rocks, to pity move.

ere, alas! thy woes compar'd to mine?
thy mistress in the blissful band
rmen never gave her hand;
a of wedded love were never thine.
y domestic care
ever bore a share,
with endearing art
d heal thy wounded heart
y secret grief that fester'd there:
d her fond affection on the bed
[illegible] watch thee, and thy languid head

E'en the delightful sense of well-earn'd praise,
Unshar'd by thee, no more my lifeless thoughts
could raise.

For my distracted mind
What succour can I find?
On whom for consolation shall I call?
Support me, every friend;
Your kind assistance lend,
To bear the weight of this oppressive woe.
Alas! each friend of mine,
My dear departed love, so much was thine,
That none has any comfort to bestow.
My books, the best relief
In every other grief,
Are now with your idea sadden'd all:
Each favourite author we together read
My tortur'd memory wounds, and speaks of Lucy
dead.

We were the happiest pair of human kind:
The rolling year its varying course perform'd,
And back return'd again;
Another and another smiling came,
And saw our happiness unchang'd remain:
Still in her golden chain
Harmonious Concord did our wishes bind:
Our studies, pleasures, taste, the same.
O fatal, fatal stroke,
That all this pleasing fabric Love had rais'd
Of rare felicity,
On which e'en wanton Vice with envy gaz'
And every scheme of bliss our hearts had f
With soothing hope, for many a future da
In one sad moment broke!—
Yet, O my soul, thy rising murmurs stay
Nor dare the' all-wise Disposer to arraig
Or against his supreme decree
With impious grief complain.
That all thy full-blown joys at once sh
Was his most righteous will—and be that

hy fond love his grace to her controul,
these low abodes of sin and pain
pure exalted soul
stly for thy partial good detain?
–rather strive thy groveling mind to raise
Up to that unclouded blaze,
hat heavenly radiance of eternal light,
n which enthron'd she now with pity sees
How frail, how insecure, how slight,
Is every mortal bliss;
E'en Love itself, if rising by degrees
Beyond the bounds of this imperfect state,
Whose fleeting joys so soon must end,
It does not to its sovereign good ascend.
Rise then, my soul, with hope elate,
And seek those regions of serene delight,
Whose peaceful path and ever-open gate
No feet but those of harden'd Guilt shall miss.
There Death himself thy Lucy shall restore,
There yield up all his power ne'er to divide you more.

IVI. Thy [illegible]
Thy sons, for valour [illegible]
Lie slaughter'd on their native [illegible]
Thy hospitable roofs no more
Invite the stranger to the door;
In smoky ruins sunk they lie,
The monuments of cruelty.

The wretched owner sees afar
His all become the prey of war;
Bethinks him of his babes and wife,
Then smites his breast, and curses life!
Thy swains are famish'd on the rocks
Where once they fed their wanton flocks:
Thy ravish'd virgins shriek in vain;
Thy infants perish on the plain.

What boots it then, in every clime
Through the wide spreading waste of time,
Thy martial glory, crown'd with praise,
Still shone with undiminish'd blaze?
Thy towering spirit now is broke,
Thy neck is bended to the yoke.
What foreign arms could never quell
By civil rage, and rancour fell.

The rural pipe and merry lay
No more shall cheer the happy day:
No social scenes of gay delight
Beguile the dreary winter night:
No strains, but those of sorrow flow,
And nought be heard but sounds of wo
While the pale phantoms of the slain
Glide nightly o'er the silent plain.

ful cause! oh, fatal morn,
s'd to ages yet unborn!
sons against their fathers stood,
parent shed his children's blood.
t, when the rage of battle ceas'd,
he victor's soul was not appeas'd;
The naked and forlorn must feel
Devouring flames, and murdering steel!

The pious mother, doom'd to death,
Forsaken wanders o'er the heath,
The bleak wind whistles round her head,
Her helpless orphans cry for bread;
Bereft of shelter, food, and friend,
She views the shades of night descend,
And stretch'd beneath the inclement skies,
Weeps o'er her tender babes and dies.

While the warm blood bedews my veins,
And unimpair'd remembrance reigns,
Resentment of my country's fate,
Within my filial breast shall beat;
And, spite of her insulting foe,
My sympathizing verse shall flow:
'Mourn, hapless Caledonia, mourn
Thy banish'd peace, thy laurels torn.

THE curfew tolls the knell of parting day,
The lowing herd winds slowly o'er the lea,
The ploughman homeward plods his weary way,
And leaves the world to darkness and to me.

Now fades the glimm'ring landscape on the sight,
And all the air a solemn stillness holds,
Save where the beetle wheels his droning flight,
And drowsy tinklings lull the distant folds.

Save that from yonder ivy-mantled tow'r
The moping owl does to the moon complain
Of such as, wand'ring near her secret bow'r,
Molest her ancient solitary reign.

Beneath those rugged elms, that yew-tree's shade
Where heaves the turf in many a mould'ring heap
Each in his narrow cell for ever laid,
The rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep.

The breezy call of incense-breathing morn,
The swallow twitt'ring from the straw-built shed,
The cock's shrill clarion, or the echoing horn,
No more shall rouse them from their lowly bed.

The boast of heraldry, the pomp of pow'r,
And all that beauty, all that wealth e'er gave,
Await alike th' inevitable hour:
The paths of glory lead but to the grave.

Nor you, ye Proud! impute to these the fault,
If Mem'ry o'er their tomb no trophies raise,
Where, thro' the long-drawn aisle and fretted vault,
The pealing anthem swells the note of praise.

Can storied urn or animated bust
Back to its mansion call the fleeting breath?
Can Honor's voice provoke the silent dust,
Or Flatt'ry soothe the dull cold ear of death?

Perhaps in this neglected spot is laid
Some heart once pregnant with celestial fire;
Hands that the rod of empire might have sway'd,
Or wak'd to ecstasy the living lyre.

But Knowledge to their eyes her ample page,
Rich with the spoils of Time, did ne'er unroll;
Chill Penury repress'd their noble rage,
And frose the genial current of the soul.

Full many a gem of purest ray serene
The dark unfathom'd caves of ocean bear;
Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,
And waste its sweetness on the desert air.

Some village Hampden, that with dauntless breast
The little tyrant of his fields withstood,
Some mute inglorious Milton here may rest,
Some Cromwell, guiltless of his country's blood.

Th' applause of list'ning senates to command,
The threats of pain and ruin to despise,
To scatter plenty o'er a smiling land,
And read their hist'ry in a nation's eyes,

Their lot forbad; nor circumscrib'd alone
Their growing virtues, but their crimes confin'd;
Forbad to wade thro' slaughter to a throne,
And shut the gates of mercy on mankind;

The struggling pangs of conscious Truth to hide,
To quench the blushes of ingenuous Shame,
Or heap the shrine of Luxury and Pride.
With incense kindled at the Muse's flame.

Far from the madding crowd's ignoble strife,
Their sober wishes never learn'd to stray;
Along the cool sequester'd vale of life
They kept the noiseless tenor of their way.

Yet e'en these bones from insult to protect,
Some frail memorial still erected nigh,
With uncouth rhymes and shapeless sculpture deck'd,
Implores the passing tribute of a sigh.

Their name, their years, spelt by th' unletter'd Muse,
The place of fame and elegy supply,
And many a holy text around she strews,
That teach the rustic moralist to die.

For who to dumb Forgetfulness a prey
This pleasing anxious being e'er resign'd,
Left the warm precincts of the cheerful day,
Nor cast one longing ling'ring look behind?

On some fond breast the parting soul relies,
Some pious drops the closing eye requires;
E'en from the tomb the voice of nature cries,
E'en in our ashes live their wonted fires.

For thee, who mindful of th' unhonor'd dead,
Dost in these lines their artless tale relate,
If chance, by lonely Contemplation led,
Some kindred spirit shall enquire thy fate,

Haply some hoary-headed swain may say,
"Oft have we seen him, at the peep of dawn,
Brushing with hasty steps the dews away,
To meet the sun upon the upland lawn.

There at the foot of yonder nodding beech,
That wreaths its old fantastic root so high,
His listless length at noon-tide would he stretch,
And pore upon the brook that babbles by.

Hard by yon wood, now smiling as in scorn,
Mutt'ring his wayward fancies, he would rove:
Now drooping, woeful wan! like one forlorn,
Or craz'd with care, or cross'd in hopeless love.

One morn I miss'd him on the custom'd hill,
Along the heath, and near his fav'rite tree;
Another came; nor yet beside the rill,
Nor up the lawn, nor at the wood was he!

The next, with dirges due, in sad array,
Slow thro' the churchway-path we saw him borne:
Approach, and read (for thou canst read) the lay
Grav'd on the stone beneath yon aged thorn."

THE EPITAPH.

HERE rests his head upon the lap of earth,
A youth to Fortune and to Fame unknown;
Fair Science frown'd not on his humble birth,
And Melancholy mark'd him for her own.

Large was his bounty, and his soul sincere;
Heav'n did a recompense as largely send:
He gave to mis'ry all he had, a tear;
He gain'd from Heav'n ('twas all he wish'd) a friend.

No further seek his merits to disclose,
Or draw his frailties from their dread abode,
There they alike in trembling hope repose)
The bosom of his Father and his God.

ODE.

A distant Prospect of Eton College.

YE distant Spires! ye antique Tow'rs!
That crown the wat'ry glade
Where grateful Science still adores
Her Henry's holy shade;
And ye that from the stately brow
Of Windsor's heights th' expanse below
Of grove, of lawn, of mead, survey;
Whose turf, whose shade, whose flowers, among
Wanders the hoary Thames along
His silver winding way.

Ah happy hills! ah pleasing shade!
  Ah fields belov'd in vain!
Where once my careless childhood stray'd,
  A stranger yet to pain!
I feel the gales that from ye blow
A momentary bliss bestow,
  As waving fresh their gladsome wing
My weary soul they seem to soothe,
And, redolent of joy and youth,
  To breathe a second spring.

Say, father Thames! for thou hast seen
  Full many a sprightly race,
Disporting on thy margent green,
  The paths of pleasure trace,
Who foremost now delight to cleave
With pliant arm thy glassy wave?
  The captive linnet which enthral?
What idle progeny succeed
To chase the rolling circle's speed,
  Or urge the flying ball?

While some, on earnest bus'ness bent,
  Their murm'ring labors ply
'Gainst graver hours, that bring constraint,
  To sweeten liberty;
Some bold adventurers disdain
The limits of their little reign,
  And unknown regions dare descry:
Still as they run they look behind,
They hear a voice in ev'ry wind,
  And snatch a fearful joy.

Gay hope is theirs, by fancy fed;
  Less pleasing when possest!
The tear forgot as soon as shed,
  The sunshine of the breast;
Theirs buxom health of rosy hue,
Wild wit, invention ever new,
  And lively cheer of vigor born;
The thoughtless day, the easy night,
The spirits pure, the slumbers light,
  That fly th' approach of morn.

/ yon wood, now smilin
ing his wayward fancies,
drooping, woeful wan! lik
ras'd with care, or cross'd

s morn I miss'd him on the
ong the heath, and near his
nother came; nor yet beside
Nor up the lawn, nor at the w

The next, with dirges due, in s
Slow thro' the churchway-path
Approach, and read (for thou c
Grav'd on the stone beneath y

THE EPITAP

HERE rests his head upon t
A youth to Fortune and t
Fair Science frown'd not on hi
And Melancholy mark'd him f

Large was his bounty, and his
Heav'n did a recompense as la
He gave to mis'ry all he had,
He gain'd from Heav'n ('twas all

No further seek his merits to
Or draw his frailties from their
There they alike in trembling h
The bosom of his Father and h

ODE.

A distant Prospect of E

YE distant Spires! ye antiqu
That crown the wat'ry gl
Where grateful Science still ad

To each his suff'rings; all are men
Condemn'd alike to groan,
The tender for another's pain,
Th' unfeeling for his own.
Yet ah! why should they know their fate,
Since Sorrow never comes too late,
And Happiness too swiftly flies?
Thought would destroy their paradise.
No more; where ignorance is bliss
'Tis folly to be wise.

ODE.

To Adversity.

DAUGHTER of Jove, relentless pow'r,
Thou tamer of the human breast,
Whose iron scourge and tort'ring hour
The bad affright, afflict the best!
Bound in thy adamantine chain,
The proud are taught to taste of pain!
And purple tyrants vainly groan
With pangs unfelt before, unpity'd and alone.

When first thy sire to send on earth
Virtue, his darling child, design'd,
To thee he gave the heav'nly birth,
And bade to form her infant mind:
Stern rugged nurse! thy rigid lore
With patience many a year she bore;
What sorrow was thou bad'st her know,
And, from her own, she learnt to melt at others' woe

Scar'd at thy frown terrific, fly
Self-pleasing Folly's idle brood,
With Laughter, Noise, and thoughtless Joy,
And leave us leisure to be good.
Light they disperse; and with them go
The summer friend, the flatt'ring foe;
By vain Prosperity receiv'd,
To her they vow their truth, and are again bel

THOMAS GRAY.

dom, in simple garb array'd,
mmers'd in rapt'rous thought profou
nd Melancholy, silent maid,
With leaden eye, that loves the grou
Still on thy solemn steps attend;
Warm Charity, the gen'ral friend,
With Justice, to herself severe,
And Pity, dropping soft the sadly-plea

Oh! gently on thy suppliant's head,
Dread Goddess! lay thy chast'ning h
Not in thy Gorgon terrors clad,
Nor circled with thy vengeful band:
(As by the impious thou art seen)
With thund'ring voice and threat'ning
With screaming Horror's funeral cry,
Despair, and fell Disease, and ghastly

Thy form benign, O Goddess! wear,
Thy milder influence impart,
Thy philosophic train be there,
To soften, not to wound my heart:
The gen'rous spark extinct revive;
Teach me to love and to forgive;
Exact my own defects to scan,
What others are to feel, and know my

ODE.

The Bard. Pindaric.

I. 1.

'RUIN seize thee, ruthless King!
Confusion on thy banners wait;
Tho' fann'd by conquest's crimson win
They mock the air with idle state.
Helm nor hauberk's twisted mail,
Nor e'en thy virtues, tyrant! shall av
To save thy secret soul from nightly
From Cambria's curse, from Cambri

Strug[illegible]
'Hark how ea[illegible]
Sighs to the torrent's aw[illegible]
O'er thee, O King! their hundred [illegible]
Revenge on thee in hoarser murmurs breathe;
Vocal no more, sing Cambria's fatal day,
To high-born Hoel's harp or soft Llewellyn's lay.

I. 3.

Cold is Cadwallo's tongue,
That hush'd the stormy main;
Brave Urien sleeps upon his craggy bed:
Mountains ye mourn in vain
Modred, whose magic song
Made huge Plinlimmon bow his cloud-topp'd head.
On drear, Arvon's shore they lie,
Smear'd with gore, and ghastly pale;
Far, far aloof th' affrighted ravens sail,
The famish'd eagle screams and passes by.
Dear lost companions of my tuneful art,
Dear as the light that visits these sad eyes,
Dear as the ruddy drops that warm my heart
Ye dy'd amidst your dying country's cries—

No more I weep. They do not sleep;
On yonder cliffs, a grisly band,
I see them sit; they linger yet,
Avengers of their native land;
With me in dreadful harmony they join,
And weave with bloody hands the tissue of thy line."

II. 1.

"Weave the warp and weave the woof,
The winding-sheet of Edward's race;
Give ample room, and verge enough
The characters of hell to trace.
Mark the year, and mark the night
When Severn shall re-echo with affright
The shrieks of death thro' Berkley's roofs that ring,
Shrieks of an agonizing king!
She-wolf of France, with unrelenting fangs
That tear'st the bowels of thy mangled mate,
From thee be born who o'er thy country hangs
The scourge of heaven. What terrors round him wait!
Amazement in his van, with Flight combin'd,
And Sorrow's faded form, and Solitude behind.

II. 2.

Mighty victor, mighty lord,
Low on his fun'ral couch he lies!
No pitying heart, no eye, afford
A tear to grace his obsequies!
Is the sable warrior fled?
Thy son is gone; he rests among the dead.
The swarm that in thy noontide beam were born,
Gone to salute the rising morn:
Fair laughs the morn, and soft the zephyr blows,
While proudly riding o'er the azure realm,
In gallant trim the gilded vessel goes,
Youth on the prow and pleasure at the helm,
Regardless of the sweeping whirlwind's sway,
That hush'd in grim repose expects his ev'ning prey.

Ye Tow
With many a foul
Revere his consort's faith,
And spare the meek usurper's holy he
Above, below, the Rose of snow,
Twin'd with her blushing foe, we spread;
The bristled Boar in infant gore
Wallows beneath the thorny shade.
Now, brothers! bending o'er the accursed loom,
Stamp we our vengeance deep, and ratify his doom.

III. 1.

Edward, lo to sudden fate
(Weave we the woof; the thread is spun)
Half of thy heart we consecrate;
(The web is wove the work is done.")
'Stay, oh stay! nor thus forlorn
Leave me unbless'd, unpity'd here to mourn.
In yon bright tract, that fires the western skies,
They melt, they vanish from my eyes.
But oh! what solemn scenes on Snowdon's height,
Descending slow, their glitt'ring skirts unroll!
Visions of glory! spare my aching sight,
Ye unborn ages, crowd not on my soul!
No more our long-lost Arthur we bewail;
All hail, ye genuine Kings, Britannia's issue, hail

geous dames and ------
led majesty appear;
nidst a form divine,
; proclaims her of the Briton-line,
n-port, her awe-commanding face,
er'd sweet to virgin-grace.
trings symphonious tremble in the air!
trains of vocal transport round her play!
rom the grave, great Taliessin! hear!
breathe a soul to animate thy clay.
t Rapture calls, and soaring as she sings,
s in the eye of heav'n her many-colour'd wings.

III. 3.

verse adorn again
:e War, and faithful Love,
Truth severe, by fairy fiction drest.
uskin'd measures move
; Grief, and pleasing Pain,
h Horror, tyrant of the throbbing breast.
oice as of the cherub-choir
blooming Eden bear,
ear.

Thro ...
Now rolling ...
Headlong, impetuous ...
The rocks and nodding groves ...

I. 2.

Oh! Sov'reign of the willing soul,
Parent of sweet and solemn-breathing airs,
Enchanting shell! the sullen Cares
And frantic Passions hear thy soft control.
On Tracia's hills, the Lord of War
Has curb'd the fury of his car,
And dropp'd his thirsty lance at thy command:
Perching on the sceptred hand
Of Jove, thy magic lulls the feather'd king
With ruffled plumes and flagging wing;
Quench'd in dark clouds of slumber lie
The terror of his beak and lightnings of his eye.

I. 3

Thee the voice, the dance obey,
Temper'd to thy warbled lay!
O'er Idalia's velvet green
The rosy-crowned Loves are seen
On Cytherea's day,
With antic sports and blue-eyed Pleasures
Frisking light in frolic measures;

iting strains their queen ...r.
r she turns the Graces homage pay:
ms sublime, that float upon the air,
ng state she wings her easy way:
r warm cheek and rising bosom move
om of young desire and purple light of love.

II. 1.

feeble race what ills await!
and Penury, the racks of Pain,
se, and Sorrow's weeping train,
Death, sad refuge from the storms of Fate!
ond complaint, my Song! disprove,
justify the laws of Jove.
has he given in vain the heavenly Muse?
it, and all her sickly dews,
spectres wan, and birds of boding cry,
rives to range the dreary sky,
down the eastern cliffs afar
erion's march they spy, and glitt'ring shafts of
war.

VI. 2.

Alike the[illegible]
And coward Vice[illegible]
When Latium had her [illegible] next[illegible]
They sought, Oh Albion! next thy sea-encircled coast.

III. 1.

Far from the sun and summer gale,
In thy green lap was Nature's darling laid,
What time, where lucid Avon stray'd
To him the mighty mother did unveil
Her awful face: the dauntless child
Stretch'd forth his little arms, and smil'd.
This pencil take (she said) whose colours clear
Richly paint the vernal year;
Thine too these golden keys, immortal boy!
This can unlock the gates of joy,
Of Horror that, and thrilling Fears,
Or ope the sacred source of sympathetic Tears.

III. 2.

Nor second he that rode sublime
Upon the seraph wings of ecstasy,
The secrets of th' abyss to spy,
He pass'd the flaming bounds of place and time:
The living throne, the sapphire-blaze,
Where angels tremble while they gaze,

saw, but blasted with excess
os'd his eyes in endless night.
ehold where Dryden's less pres
Wide o'er the fields of glory bea
Two coursers of etherial race,
With necks in thunder cloth'd an
pace.

III. 3.

Hark! his hands the lyre explore
Bright-ey'd Fancy, hov'ring o'er,
Scatters from her pictur'd urn
Thoughts that breathe and word
But ah! 'tis heard no more—
Oh! lyre divine! what daring spi
Wakes thee now; tho' he inherit
Nor the pride nor ample pinion
That the Theban eagle bear,
Sailing with supreme dominion
Thro' the azure deep of air,
Yet oft before his infant eyes w
Such forms as glitter in the Mus
With orient hues, unborrow'd of
Yet shall he mount and keep his
Beyond the limits of a vulgar fa
Beneath the good how far—but f

O D E.

On the Spring.

LO! where the rosy-bosom'd h
Fair Venus' train, appear,
Disclose the long expecting flow
And wake the purple year,
The attic warbler pours her thr
Responsive to the cuckoo's note
The untaught harmony of spr
While, whisp'ring pleasure as *t*
Cool sephyrs thro' the clear bl
Their gather'd fragrance flin

The slipp[illegible]
She tumbled [illegible]

Eight times emerging from [illegible]
She mew'd to ev'ry wat'ry god
Some speedy aid to send.
No Dolphin came, no Nereid stirr'd,
Nor cruel Tom or Susan heard:
A fav'rite has no friend!

From hence, ye Beauties! undeceiv'd,
Know one false step is ne'er retriev'd,
And be with caution bold:
Not all that tempts your wand'ring eyes,
And heedless hearts, is lawful prize,
Nor all that glisters gold.

SPECIME

OF THE

RITISH I

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SPECIMENS

OF THE

BRITISH POETS.

SAMUEL JOHNSON.

LONDON:

In Imitation of the Third Satire of Juvenal.

——— Quis ineptæ
Tam patiens urbis, tam ferreus ut teneat se? *Juv.*

THOUGH grief and fondness in my breast rebel,
When injur'd Thales bids the town farewell,
Yet still my calmer thoughts his choice commend,
I praise the hermit, but regret the friend,
Who now resolves, from vice and London far,
To breathe in distant fields a purer air,
And, fix'd on Cambria's solitary shore,
Give to St. David one true Briton more.
For who would leave, unbrib'd, Hibernia's land,
Or change the rocks of Scotland for the Strand?
There none are swept by sudden fate away,
But all whom hunger spares, with age decay:
Here malice, rapine, accident, conspire,
And now a rabble rages, now a fire;
Their ambush here relentless ruffians lay,
And here the fell attorney prowls for prey;
Here falling houses thunder on your head,
And here a female atheist talks you dead.
While Thales waits the wherry that contains
Of dissipated wealth the small remains,
On Thames's banks, in silent thought we stood,
Where Greenwich smiles upon the silver flood:

Struck with the seat that gave Eliza* birth,
We kneel, and kiss the consecrated earth;
In pleasing dreams the blissful age renew,
And call Britannia's glories back to view;
Behold her cross triumphant on the main,
The guard of commerce, and the dread of Spain,
Ere masquerades debauch'd, excise oppress'd,
Or English honour grew a standing jest.

A transient calm the happy scenes bestow,
And for a moment lull the sense of woe.
At length awaking, with contemptuous frown,
Indignant Thales eyes the neighbouring town.
'Since worth,' he cries, 'in these degenerate days,
Wants ev'n the cheap reward of empty praise;
In those curs'd walls, devote to vice and gain,
Since unrewarded science toils in vain;
Since hope but soothes to double my distress,
And every moment leaves my little less;
While yet my steady steps no staff sustains,
And life still vigorous revels in my veins;
Grant me, kind Heav'n, to find some happier place,
Where honesty and sense are no disgrace;
Some pleasing bank where verdant osiers play,
Some peaceful vale with Nature's painting gay;
Where once the harass'd Briton found repose,
And safe in poverty defied his foes;
Some secret cell, ye pow'rs, indulgent give,
Let —— live here, for —— has learn'd to live.
Here let those reign, whom pensions can incite
To vote a patriot black, a courtier white;
Explain their country's dear-bought rights away,
And plead for pirates in the face of day;
With slavish tenets taint our poison'd youth,
And lend a lie the confidence of truth.

'Let such raise palaces, and manors buy,
Collect a tax, or farm a lottery;
With warbling eunuchs fill a licens'd stage,
And lull to servitude a thoughtless age.

* Queen Elizabeth, born at Greenwich.

'Heroes, proceed! what bounds your pride shall hold?
What check restrain your thirst of pow'r and gold?
Behold rebellious virtue quite o'erthrown,
Behold our fame, our wealth, our lives your own.
To such, a groaning nation's spoils are giv'n,
When public crimes inflame the wrath of Heav'n:
But what, my friend, what hope remains for me,
Who start at theft, and blush at perjury?
Who scarce forbear, though Britain's court he sing,
To pluck a titled poet's borrow'd wing;
A statesman's logic unconvinc'd can hear,
And dare to slumber o'er the Gazetteer;
Despise a fool in half his pension dress'd,
And strive in vain to laugh at H——y's jest.
'Others with softer smiles, and subtler art,
Can sap the principles, or taint the heart;
With more address a lover's note convey,
Or bribe a virgin's innocence away.
Well may they rise, while I, whose rustic tongue
Ne'er knew to puzzle right, or varnish wrong,
Spurn'd as a beggar, dreaded as a spy,
Live unregarded, unlamented die.
'For what but social guilt the friend endears?
Who shares Orgilio's crimes, his fortune shares.
But thou, should tempting villany present
All Marlborough hoarded, or all Villiers spent,
Turn from the glittering bribe thy scornful eye,
Nor sell for gold, what gold could never buy,
The peaceful slumber, self-approving day,
Unsullied fame, and conscience ever gay.
'The cheated nation's happy favourites, see!
Mark whom the great caress, who frown on me!
London! the needy villain's general home,
The common sewer of Paris, and of Rome;
With eager thirst, by folly or by fate,
Sucks in the dregs of each corrupted state.
Forgive my transports on a theme like this,
I cannot bear a French metropolis.

Obsequio[illegible]
On Britain's fon[illegible]
No gainful trade their [illegible]
They sing, they dance, clean sho[illegible]
All sciences a fasting Monsieur knows,
And bid him go to hell, to hell he goes.
'Ah! what avails it, that, from slavery far,
I drew the breath of life in English air;
Was early taught a Briton's right to prize,
And lisp the tale of Henry's victories;
If the gull'd conqueror receives the chain,
And flattery subdues when arms are vain?
'Studious to please, and ready to submit,
The supple Gaul was born a parasite:
Still to his interest true, where'er he goes,
Wit, bravery, worth, his lavish tongue bestows;
In every face a thousand graces shine,
From every tongue flows harmony divine.
These arts in vain our rugged natives try,
Strain out with faltering diffidence a lie,
And gain a kick for awkward flattery.
'Besides, with justice this discerning age
Admires their wondrous talents for the stage;
Well may they venture on the mimic's art,
Who play from morn to night a borrow'd p
Practis'd their master's notions to embrace
Repeat his maxims, and reflect his face;

a every wild absurdity comply,
l view each object with another's eye;
shake with laughter ere the jest they hear,
pour at will the counterfeited tear,
d as their patron hints the cold or heat,
shake in dog-days, in December sweat.
w, when competitors like these contend,
a surly virtue hope to fix a friend?
es that with serious impudence beguile,
l lie without a blush, without a smile;
lit each trifle, every vice adore,
ur taste in snuff, your judgment in a whore;
a Balbo's eloquence applaud, and swear
gropes his breeches with a monarch's air.
For arts like these preferr'd, admir'd, caress'd,
ay first invade your table, then your breast;
plore your secrets with insidious art,
tch the weak hour, and ransack all the heart;
en soon your ill-plac'd confidence repay,
mmence your lords, and govern or betray.
By numbers here from shame or censure free,
crimes are safe, but hated poverty:
is, only this, the rigid law pursues,
is, only this, provokes the snarling muse.
e sober trader at a tatter'd cloak,
kes from his dream, and labours for a joke;
th brisker air the silken courtiers gaze,
d turn the varied taunt a thousand ways.
all the griefs that harass the distress'd,
e the most bitter is a scornful jest;
e never wounds more deep the generous heart,
an when a blockhead's insult points the dart.
Has Heaven reserv'd, in pity to the poor,
pathless waste, or undiscover'd shore?
secret island in the boundless main?
peaceful desert yet unclaim'd by Spain?
ck let us rise, the happy seats explore,
bear oppression's insolence no more.
mournful truth is every where confessed,
rises worth, by poverty depress'd:

But here more slow, where all are slaves to gold,
Where looks are merchandise, and smiles are sold;
Where won by bribes, by flatteries implor'd,
The groom retails the favours of his lord.
'But hark! the' affrighted crowd's tumultuous cries
Roll through the streets, and thunder to the skies:
Rais'd from some pleasing dream of wealth and pow'r,
Some pompous palace, or some blissful bow'r,
Aghast you start, and scarce with aching sight
Sustain the' approaching fire's tremendous light;
Swift from pursuing horrors take your way,
And leave your little all to flames a prey;
Then through the world a wretched vagrant roam,
For where can starving merit find a home?
In vain your mournful narrative disclose,
While all neglect, and most insult your woes.
'Should Heaven's just bolts Orgilio's wealth confound,
And spread his flaming palace on the ground,
Swift o'er the land the dismal rumour flies,
And public mournings pacify the skies;
The laureate tribe in servile verse relate,
How virtue wars with persecuting fate;
With well-feign'd gratitude the pension'd band
Refund the plunder of the beggar'd land.
See! while he builds, the gaudy vassals come,
And crowd with sudden wealth the rising dome;
The price of boroughs and of souls restore,
And raise his treasures higher than before:
Now bless'd with all the baubles of the great,
The polish'd marble, and the shining plate,
Orgilio sees the golden pile aspire,
And hopes from angry Heav'n another fire.
'Couldst thou resign the park and play content,
For the fair banks of Severn or of Trent;
There might'st thou find some elegant retreat,
Some hireling senator's deserted seat;
And stretch thy prospects o'er the smiling land,
For less than rent the dungeons of the Strand;

re prune thy walks, support thy drooping flow'r
rect thy rivulets, and twine thy bow'rs;
nd, while thy beds a cheap repast afford,
despise the dainties of a venal lord:
There every bush with nature's music rings,
There every breeze bears health upon its wings;
On all thy hours security shall smile,
And bless thine evening walk and morning toil.

'Prepare for death, if here at night you roam,
And sign your will before you sup from home.

'Some fiery fop, with new commission vain,
Who sleeps on brambles till he kills his man;
Some frolic drunkard, reeling from a feast,
Provokes a broil, and stabs you for a jest.

'Yet e'en these heroes, mischievously gay,
Lords of the street, and terrors of the way;
Flush'd as they are with folly, youth, and wine,
Their prudent insults to the poor confine;
Afar they mark the flambeau's bright approach,
And shun the shining train, and golden coach.

'In vain these dangers past, your doors you close,
And hope the balmy blessings of repose:
ruel with guilt, and daring with despair,
ne midnight murderer bursts the faithless bar;
vades the sacred hour of silent rest,
d plants, unseen, a dagger in your breast.
Scarce can our fields, such crowds at Tyburn die,
h hemp the gallows and the fleet supply.
pose your schemes, ye senatorian band,
se ways and means support the sinking land;
ropes be wanting in the tempting spring,
g another convoy for the k—g.
single jail, in Alfred's golden reign,
l half the nation's criminals contain;
ustice then, without constraint ador'd,
igh the steady scale, but sheath'd the sword;
s were paid, no special juries known;
el but ah! how different from our own!
could I add,—but see the boat at hand,
retiring, calls me from the land:

In angry numbers w[illegible]
Then shall thy friend, nor thou refuse [illegible]
Still foe to vice, forsake his Cambrian shade;
In virtue's cause once more exert his rage,
Thy satire point, and animate thy page.'

THE VANITY OF HUMAN WISHES.

In Imitation of the Tenth Satire of Juvenal.

LET observation with extensive view,
Survey mankind, from China to Peru;
Remark each anxious toil, each eager strife,
And watch the busy scenes of crowded life;
Then say how hope and fear, desire and hate,
O'erspread with snares the clouded maze of fate
Where wavering man, betray'd by venturous pride
To tread the dreary paths without a guide;
As treacherous phantoms in the mist delude,
Shuns fancied ills, or chases airy good.
How rarely reason guides the stubborn choice,
How [illegible] hold hand, or prompts the suppliant voi[ce]
[illegible] schemes oppress',

.th heap'd on wealth, nor truth no
dangers gather as the treasures ri
.et history tell where rival kings cc
.id dubious title shakes the madded
/hen statutes glean the refuse of the
How much more safe the vassal than
Low sculks the hind beneath the rage
And leaves the wealthy traitor in the
Untouch'd his cottage, and his slumb
Though confiscation's vultures hover r
The needy traveller, serene and gay
Walks the wild heath, and sings his t
Does envy seize thee? crush the' upb
Increase his riches, and his peace dest
New fears in dire vicissitude invade,
The rustling brake alarms, and quiver
Nor light nor darkness bring his pain
One shows the plunder, and one hide
Yet still one general cry the skies a
And gain and grandeur load the taint
Few know the toiling statesman's fear
The' insidious rival and the gaping h
Once more, Democritus, arise on ea
With cheerful wisdom and instructive
See motley life in modern trappings d
And feed with varied fools the' eterna
Thou who couldst laugh where wa
caprice,
Toil crush'd conceit, and man was of
Where wealth unlov'd without a mou
And scarce a sycophant was fed by p
Where ne'er was known the form of
Or seen a new-made mayor's unwield
Where change of favourites made no ch
And senates heard before they judg'd
How wouldst thou shake at Britain's
Dart the quick taunt, and edge the
Attentive truth and nature to decry
And pierce each scene with philos

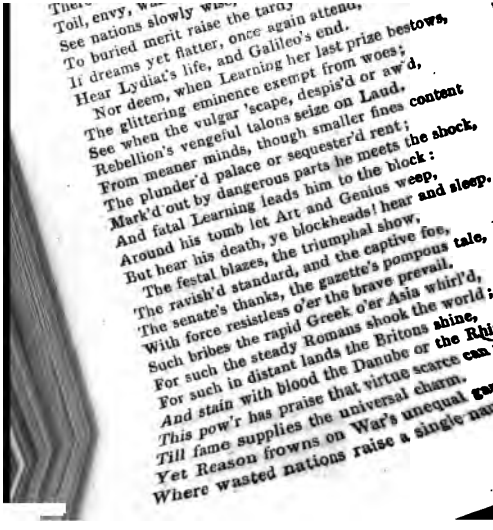
To thee w
The robes of plea
All aid the farce, and all
Whose joys are causeless, or who
Such was the scorn that fill'd the sage
Renew'd at every glance on human kind;
How just that scorn ere yet thy voice declare,
Search every state, and canvass every pray'r.
Unnumber'd suppliants crowd Preferment's gate,
Athirst for wealth, and burning to be great;
Delusive Fortune hears the' incessant call,
They mount, they shine, evaporate, and fall.
On every stage the foes of peace attend,
Hate dogs their flight, and insult mocks their end.
Love ends with hope, the sinking statesman's door
Pours in the morning-worshipper no more;
For growing names the weekly scribbler lies,
To growing wealth the dedicator flies;
From every room descends the painted face,
That hung the bright Palladium of the place,
And smok'd in kitchens, or in auctions sold,
To better features yields the frame of gold;
For now no more we trace in every line
Heroic worth, benevolence divine:
The form distorted justifies the fall,
And detestation rids the' indignant wall.
But will not Britain hear the last appeal,
Sign her foe's doom, or guard her favourite's
Through Freedom's sons no more remonstrance
Degrading nobles and controlling kings;
Our supple tribes repress their patriot thro
And ask no questions but the price of vot
With weekly libels and septennial ale,
Their wish is full to riot and to rail.
In full-blown dignity, see Wolsey stan
Law in his voice, and fortune in his he
To him the church, the realm, their po
Through him the rays of regal bounty
Still to new heights his restless wishe
Claim leads to claim, and pow'r adv

conquest unresisted ceas'd to please,
d rights submitted, left him none to seize.
t length his sovereign frowns—the train of state
Mark the keen glance, and watch the sign to hate.
Where'er he turns he meets a stranger's eye,
His suppliants scorn him, and his followers fly;
At once is lost the pride of awful state,
The golden canopy, the glittering plate,
The regal palace, the luxurious board,
The liveried army, and the menial lord.
With age, with cares, with maladies oppress'd,
He seeks the refuge of monastic rest.
Grief aids disease, remember'd folly stings,
And his last sighs reproach the faith of kings.

Speak thou, whose thoughts at humble peace repine,
Shall Wolsey's wealth, with Wolsey's end be thine?
Or liv'st thou now, with safer pride content,
The wisest justice on the banks of Trent?
For why did Wolsey, near the steeps of fate,
On weak foundations raise the enormous weight?
Why but to sink beneath misfortune's blow,
With louder ruin to the gulfs below?

What gave great Villiers to the assassin's knife,
And fix'd disease on Harley's closing life?
What murder'd Wentworth, and what exil'd Hyde,
By kings protected, and to kings allied?
What but their wish indulg'd in courts to shine,
And pow'r too great to keep, or to resign?

When first the college-rolls receive his name,
The young enthusiast quits his ease for fame;
Through all his veins the fever of renown
Spreads from the strong contagion of the gown;
O'er Bodley's dome his future labours spread,
And Bacon's mansion trembles o'er his head.
Are these thy views? proceed, illustrious youth,
And Virtue guard thee to the throne of Truth!
Yet should thy soul indulge the generous heat,
Till captive Science yields her last retreat,
Should Reason guide thee with her brightest ray,
And pour on misty Doubt resistless day;



Toil, envy, wa
See nations slowly wise,
To buried merit raise the tardy
If dreams yet flatter, once again attend,
Hear Lydiat's life, and Galileo's end.
Nor deem, when Learning her last prize bestows,
The glittering eminence exempt from woes;
See when the vulgar 'scape, despis'd or aw'd,
Rebellion's vengeful talons seize on Laud.
From meaner minds, though smaller fines content
The plunder'd palace or sequester'd rent;
Mark'd out by dangerous parts he meets the shock,
And fatal Learning leads him to the block:
Around his tomb let Art and Genius weep,
But hear his death, ye blockheads! hear and sleep.
The festal blazes, the triumphal show,
The ravish'd standard, and the captive foe,
The senate's thanks, the gazette's pompous tale,
With force resistless o'er the brave prevail.
Such bribes the rapid Greek o'er Asia whirl'd,
For such the steady Romans shook the world;
For such in distant lands the Britons shine,
And stain with blood the Danube or the Rhi
This pow'r has praise that virtue scarce can
Till fame supplies the universal
Yet Reason frowns on War's unequal
Where wasted nations raise a single

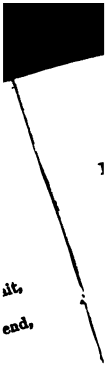
d mortgag'd states their grandsires wreaths regret,
om age to age in everlasting debt;
/reaths which at last the dear-bought right convey
To rust on medals, or on stones decay.
On what foundation stands the warrior's pride,
How just his hopes let Swedish Charles decide;
A frame of adamant, a soul of fire,
No dangers fright him, and no labours tire;
O'er love, o'er fear, extends his wide domain,
Unconquer'd lord of pleasure and of pain;
No joys to him pacific sceptres yield,
War sounds the trump, he rushes to the field;
Behold surrounding kings their pow'rs combine,
And one capitulate, and one resign;
Peace courts his hand, but spreads her charms in vain:
'Think nothing gain'd,' he cries, 'till nought remain;
On Moscow's walls till Gothic standards fly,
And all be mine beneath the polar sky.'
The march begins in military state,
And nations on his eye suspended wait;
Stern Famine guards the solitary coast,
And Winter barricades the realms of Frost;
He comes, not want and cold his course delay;—
Hide, blushing Glory, hide Pultowa's day:
The vanquish'd hero leaves his broken bands,
And shows his miseries in distant lands;
Condemn'd a needy supplicant to wait;
While ladies interpose, and slaves debate.
But did not Chance at length her error mend?
Did no subverted empire mark his end?
Did rival monarchs give the fatal wound?
Or hostile millions press him to the ground?
His fall was destin'd to a barren strand,
A petty fortress, and a dubious hand;
He left the name, at which the world grew pale,
To point a moral, or adorn a tale.
All times their scenes of pompous woes afford,
From Persia's tyrant, to Bavaria's lord.

In gay hostility, and barbarous pride,
With half mankind embattled at his side,
Great Xerxes comes to seize the certain prey,
And starves exhausted regions in his way;
Attendant Flattery counts his myriads o'er,
Till counted myriads soothe his pride no more;
Fresh praise is tried till madness fires his mind,
The waves he lashes, and enchains the wind;
New pow'rs are claim'd, new pow'rs are still bestow'd,
Till rude resistance lops the spreading god;
The daring Greeks deride the martial show,
And heap their vallies with the gaudy foe;
The' insulted sea with humbler thoughts he gains,
A single skiff to speed his flight remains;
The' incumber'd oar scarce leaves the dreaded coast
Through purple billows and a floating host.

The bold Bavarian, in a luckless hour,
Tries the dread summits of Cæsarean pow'r,
With unexpected legions bursts away,
And sees defenceless realms receive his sway;
Short sway! fair Austria spreads her mournful charms,
The queen, the beauty, sets the world in arms;
From hill to hill the beacons' rousing blaze
Spreads wide the hope of plunder and of praise;
The fierce Croatian, and the wild Hussar,
And all the sons of ravage, crowd the war;
The baffled prince in honour's flattering bloom
Of hasty greatness finds the fatal doom,
His foes' derision, and his subjects' blame,
And steals to death from anguish and from shame.

'Enlarge my life with multitude of days,'
In health, in sickness, thus the suppliant prays;
Hides from himself his state, and shuns to know,
That life protracted, is protracted woe.
Time hovers o'er, impatient to destroy,
And shuts up all the passages of joy:
In vain their gifts the bounteous Seasons pour,
The fruit autumnal, and the vernal flow'r,
With listless eyes the dotard views the store,
He views, and wonders that they please no more

Now pall the tasteless meats, and joyless wines,
And Luxury with sighs her slave resigns.
Approach, ye minstrels, try the soothing strain,
And yield the tuneful lenitives of pain:
No sounds, alas! would touch the' impervious ear,
Though dancing mountains witness'd Orpheus near;
Nor lute nor lyre his feeble pow'r attend,
Nor sweeter music of a virtuous friend,
But everlasting dictates crowd his tongue,
Perversely grave, or positively wrong.
The still-returning tale, and lingering jest,
Perplex the fawning niece and pamper'd guest,
While growing hopes scarce awe the gathering sneer,
And scarce a legacy can bribe to hear;
The watchful guests still hint the last offence,
The daughter's petulance, the son's expence,
Improve his heady rage with treacherous skill,
And mould his passions till they make his will.
Unnumber'd maladies his joints invade,
Lay siege to life, and press the dire blockade;
But unextinguish'd Avarice still remains,
And dreaded losses aggravate his pains;
He turns, with anxious heart and crippled hands,
His bonds of debt, and mortgages of lands;
Or views his coffers with suspicious eyes,
Unlocks his gold, and counts it till he dies.
But grant, the virtues of a temperate prime
Bless with an age exempt from scorn or crime;
An age that melts in unperceiv'd decay,
And glides in modest innocence away;
Whose peaceful day Benevolence endears,
Whose night congratulating Conscience cheers;
The general favourite, as the general friend:
Such age there is, and who could wish its end!
Yet ev'n on this her load Misfortune flings,
To press the weary minute's flagging wings;
New sorrow rises as the day returns,
A sister sickens, or a daughter mourns.
Now kindred Merit fills the sable bier,
Now lacerated Friendship claims a tear.



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Virtue calls,
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ıts the slipper;
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no dislike alarm, no wishes rise,
es attempt the mercies of the skies?
ar, cease! petitions yet remain,
Heav'n may hear, nor deem religion vain.
dise for good the supplicating voice,
ave to Heav'n the measure and the choice,
i His pow'r, whose eyes discern afar
ecret ambush of a specious pray'r.
re his aid, in his decisions rest,
e whate'er he gives, he gives the best.
hen the sense of sacred presence fires,
trong devotion to the skies aspires,
forth thy fervors for a healthful mind,
lent passions, and a will resign'd;
ove, which scarce collective man can fill;
atience, sovereign o'er transmuted ill;
aith, that panting for a happier seat,
its death kind Nature's signal of retreat:
e goods for man the laws of Heav'n ordain,
e goods *he* grants, who grants the pow'r to gain;
these celestial Wisdom calms the mind,

When [illegible]
And hovering death prepar'd the [illegible],
His vigorous remedy display'd
The power of art without the show.

In misery's darkest cavern known,
His useful care was ever nigh,
Where hopeless anguish pour'd his groan,
And lonely want retir'd to die.

No summons mock'd by chill delay,
No petty gain disdain'd by pride;
The modest wants of every day
The toil of every day supply'd.

His virtues walk'd their narrow round,
Nor made a pause, nor left a void;
And sure the Eternal Master found
The single talent well employ'd.

The busy day—the peaceful night,
Unfelt, uncounted, glided by;
His frame was firm—his powers were bright,
Though now his *eightieth* year was nigh.

[illegible] throbbing pain,

:e saw him spurn her bounded reign,
anting time toil'd after him in vain.
owerful strokes presiding truth impress'd,
unresisted passion storm'd the breast.
ien Jonson came, instructed from the school,
please in method, and invent by rule;
is studious patience and laborious art,
By regular approach, essay'd the heart:
Cold approbation gave the lingering bays;
For those who durst not censure, scarce could praise.
A mortal born, he met the general doom,
But left, like Egypt's kings, a lasting tomb.

The wits of Charles found easier ways to fame,
Nor wish'd for Jonson's art, or Shakspeare's flame.
Themselves they studied; as they felt, they writ:
Intrigue was plot, obscenity was wit.
Vice always found a sympathetic friend;
They pleas'd their age, and did not aim to mend.
Yet bards like these aspir'd to lasting praise,
And proudly hop'd to pimp in future days.
Their cause was general, their supports were strong;
Their slaves were willing, and their reign was long:
Till shame regain'd the post that sense betray'd,
And virtue call'd oblivion to her aid.

Then crush'd by rules, and weaken'd as refin'd,
For years the pow'r of Tragedy declin'd;
From bard to bard the frigid caution crept,
Till declamation roar'd whilst passion slept;
Yet still did Virtue deign the stage to tread,
Philosophy remain'd though Nature fled.
But forc'd, at length, her ancient reign to quit,
She saw great Faustus lay the ghost of wit;
Exulting folly hail'd the joyous day,
And pantomime and song confirm'd her sway.

But who the coming changes can presage,
And mark the future periods of the stage?
Perhaps, if skill could distant times explore,
New Behns, new Durfeys, yet remain in store;
Perhaps where Lear has rav'd, and Hamlet *d**e
On flying cars new sorcerers may ride;

With every mo...
And chase the new-blown bubbles o...
Ah! let not censure term our fate our choice,
The stage but echoes back the public voice;
The drama's laws, the drama's patrons give,
For we that live to please, must please—to live.
Then prompt no more the follies you decry,
As tyrants doom their tools of guilt to die;
'Tis yours, this night, to bid the reign commence
Of rescued nature, and reviving sense;
To chase the charms of sound, the pomp of show
For useful mirth and salutary woe;
Bid scenic virtue form the rising age,
And truth diffuse her radiance from the stage.

OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

THE TRAVELLER;

or,

A PROSPECT OF SOCIETY.

EMOTE, unfriended, melancholy, slow,
' Or by the lazy Scheld, or wandering Po;
onward, where the rude Carinthian boor
ainst the houseless stranger shuts the door;
where Campania's plain forsaken lies,
veary waste expanding to the skies;
ere'er I roam, whatever realms to see,
heart, untravell'd, fondly turns to thee:
l to my brother turns, with ceaseless pain,
l drags at each remove a lengthening chain.
ternal blessings crown my earliest friend,
l round his dwelling guardian saints attend;
st be that spot, where cheerful guests retire
pause from toil, and trim their evening fire;
st that abode, where want and pain repair,
d every stranger finds a ready chair;
st be those feasts with simple plenty crown'd,
ere all the ruddy family around
ugh at the jests or pranks that never fail,
sigh with pity at some mournful tale;
press the bashful stranger to his food,
d learn the luxury of doing good.
lut me, not destin'd such delights to share,
' prime of life in wandering spent and care:
pell'd with steps unceasing to pursue
ne fleeting good, that mocks me with the view:
it like the circle bounding earth and skies,
ures from far, yet, as I follow, flies;
fortune leads to traverse realms alone,
find no spot of all the world my own.

n now, where Alpine solitudes asceno,
me down a pensive hour to spend;
plac'd on high above the storm's career,
ok downward where a hundred realms appear.
kes, forests, cities, plains extending wide,
he pomp of kings, the shepherd's humbler pride.
When thus Creation's charms around combine,
Amidst the store, should thankless pride repine?
Say, should the philosophic mind disdain
That good which makes each humbler bosom vain?
Let school-taught pride dissemble all it can,
These little things are great to little man;
And wiser he, whose sympathetic mind
Exults in all the good of all mankind.
Ye glittering towns, with wealth and splendor crown'd;
Ye fields, where summer spreads profusion round;
Ye lakes, whose vessels catch the busy gale;
Ye bending swains, that dress the flowery vale!
For me your tributary stores combine:
Creation's heir, the world, the world is mine.
As some lone miser, visiting his store,
Bends at his treasury, counts, recounts it o'er;
Hoards after hoards his rising raptures fill,
Yet still he sighs, for hoards are wanting still:
Thus to my breast alternate passions rise,
Pleas'd with each good that Heav'n to man supplies;
Yet oft a sigh prevails, and sorrows fall,
To see the hoard of human bliss so small;
And oft I wish, amidst the scene, to find
Some spot to real happiness consign'd,
Where my worn soul, each wandering hope at r
May gather bliss to see my fellows blest.
But where to find that happiest spot below,
Who can direct, when all pretend to know?
The shudd'ring tenant of the frigid zone
Boldly proclaims that happiest spot his ow
Extols the treasures of his stormy seas,
And his long nights of revelry and ease

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naked negro, panting at the line,
its of his golden sands and palmy wine,
ks in the glare, or stems the tepid wave,
id thanks his gods for all the good they gave.
uch is the patriot's boast, where'er we roam,
His first, best country, ever is at home.
And yet, perhaps, if countries we compare,
And estimate the blessings which they share,
Tho' patriots flatter, still shall wisdom find
An equal portion dealt to all mankind:
As different good, by art or nature given,
To different nations make their blessings even.
Nature, a mother kind alike to all,
Still grants her bliss at labor's earnest call;
With food as well the peasant is supply'd
On Idra's cliffs as Arno's shelvy side;
And tho' the rocky-crested summits frown,
These rocks by custom, turn to beds of down.
From art more various are the blessings sent;
Wealth, commerce, honor, liberty, content.
Yet these each other's power so strong contest,
That either seems destructive of the rest.
Where wealth and freedom reign, contentment fails;
And honor sinks where commerce long prevails.
Hence every state to one lov'd blessing prone,
Conforms and models life to that alone.
Each to the fav'rite happiness attends,
And spurns the plan that aims at other ends;
Till carried to excess in each domain,
This fav'rite good begets peculiar pain.
But let us try these truths with closer eyes,
And trace them thro' the prospect as it lies:
Here for a while my proper cares resign'd,
Here let me sit in sorrow for mankind;
Like yon neglected shrub, at random cast,
That shades the steep, and sighs at every blast.
Far to the right, where Appenine ascends,
Bright as the summer, Italy extends;
Its uplands sloping deck the mountain's side,
Woods over woods in gay theatric pride;

's mould'ring tops between
leur mark the scene.
ıty satisfy the breast,
e surely blest.
fferent climes are found,
humbly court the ground;
torrid tracts appear,
sion decks the varied year;
lute the northern sky
that blossom but to die;
ng own the kindred soil,
from the planter's toil;
es their gelid wings expand
ace round the smiling land.
liss that sense alone bestows,
is all the nation knows.
groves and fields appear,
nly growth that dwindles here.
s thro' all his manners reign;
ious; tho' submissive, vain;
trifling; zealous, yet untrue;
nance planning sins anew.
contaminate the mind,
departed leaves behind;
as theirs, nor far remov'd the date,
rce proudly flourish'd thro' the state:
and the palace learnt to rise,
ng-fall'n column sought the skies;
glow'd, beyond e'en Nature warm,
ıt quarry teem'd with human form:
ınsteady than the southern gale,
on other shores display'd her sail;
ıht remain'd of all that riches gave,
unmann'd, and lords without a slave:
he nation found, with fruitless skill,
strength was but plethoric ill.
l the loss of wealth is here supply'd
he splendid wrecks of former pri
e the feeble heart and long-fallen
ompensation seem to find.

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ay be seen, in bloodless pomp array'd,
tebbard triumph and the cavalcade:
ions form'd for piety and love,
ces or a saint in every grove.
rts like these are all their cares beguil'd,
orts of children satisfy the child:
obler aim repress by long control,
aks at last, or feebly mans the soul;
ow delights succeeding fast behind,
ier meanness occupy the mind:
hose domes, where Cæsars once bore sway,
by time, and tott'ring in decay,
n the ruin, heedless of the dead,
alter-seeking peasant builds his shed;
ondering man could want the larger pile,
and owns his cottage with a smile.
oul, turn from them, turn we to survey
rougher climes a nobler race display,
the black Swiss their stormy mansion tread,
rce a churlish soil for scanty bread;
duct here the barren hills afford,
n and steel, the soldier and his sword.
nal blooms their torpid rocks array,
ater lingering chills the lap of May;
hyr fondly sues the mountain's breast,
teors glare, and stormy glooms invest.
till, e'en here, content can spread a charm,
the clime, and all its rage disarm.
or the peasant's hut, his feasts tho' small,
his little lot the lot of all;
contiguous palace rear its head,
ne the meanness of his humble shed;
dly lord the sumptuous banquet deal,
e him lothe his vegetable meal;
m, and bred in ignorance and toil,
ish contracting, fits him to the soil.
l at morn, he wakes from short repose,
s the keen air, and carols as he goes;
tient angle trolls the finny deep,
his vent'rous plough-share to the steep;

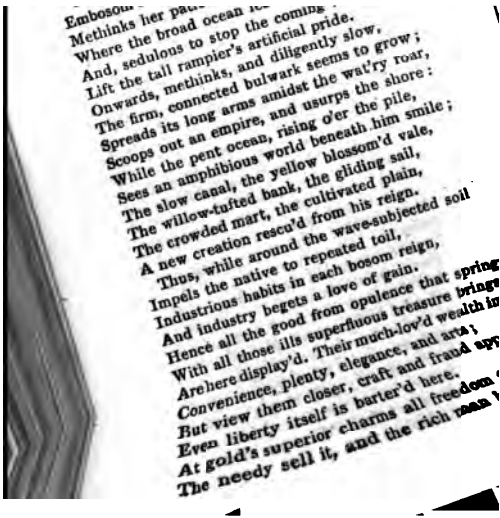
Displays her cleanly [illegible]
And haply too some pilgrim thinks [illegible]
With many a tale repays the nightly bed.
Thus every good his native wilds impart,
Imprints the patriot passion on his heart;
And e'en those ills that round his mansion rise,
Enhance the bliss his scanty fund supplies:
Dear is that shed to which his soul conforms,
And dear that hill which lifts him to the storms;
And as a child, when scaring sounds molest,
Clings close and closer to the mother's breast,
So the loud torrent, and the whirlwind's roar,
But bind him to his native mountains more.
Such are the charms to barren states assign'd;
Their wants but few, their wishes all confin'd:
Yet let them only share the praises due,
If few their wants, their pleasures are but few;
For every want that stimulates the breast,
Becomes a source of pleasure when redrest,
Whence from such lands each pleasing science flies,
That first excites desire and then supplies.
[illegible] them when sensual pleasures cloy,
[illegible] finer joy;

ament stops, from sire to son
unimprov'd, the manners run;
... and friendship's finely-pointed dart
unted from each indurated heart.
sterner virtues o'er the mountain's breast
sit, like falcons cowering on the nest;
all the gentler morals, such as play
ro' life's more cultur'd walks, and charm the way,
nese, far dispers'd on timorous pinions, fly
To sport and flutter in a kinder sky.

To kinder skies, where gentler manners reign,
I turn; and France displays her bright domain;
Gay sprightly land of mirth and social ease,
Pleas'd with thyself, whom all the world can please.
How often have I led thy sportive choir,
With tuneless pipe, beside the murmuring Loire!
Where shading elms along the margin grew,
And freshen'd from the wave the zephyr flew:
And haply, tho' my harsh touch falt'ring still,
But mock'd all tune, and marr'd the dancer's skill;
Yet would the village praise my wondrous power,
And dance forgetful of the noon-tide hour.
Alike all ages. Dames of ancient days
Have led their children thro' the mirthful maze,
And the gay grandsire, skill'd in gestic lore,
Has frisk'd beneath the burden of threescore.

So blest a life these thoughtless realms display,
Thus idly busy rolls their world away:
Theirs are those arts that mind to mind endear,
For honor forms the social temper here.
Honor, that praise which real merit gains,
Or e'en imaginary worth obtains,
Here passes current; paid from hand to hand
It shifts, in splendid traffic, round the land:
From courts to camps, to cottages it strays,
And all are taught an avarice of praise;
They please, are pleas'd, they give to get esteem,
Till, seeming blest, they grow to what they seem.

But while this softer art their bliss supplies,
It gives their follies also room to rise;


Embosom
Methinks her pa
Where the broad ocean
And, sedulous to stop the coming
Lift the tall rampier's artificial pride.
Onwards, methinks, and diligently slow,
The firm, connected bulwark seems to grow;
Spreads its long arms amidst the wat'ry roar,
Scoops out an empire, and usurps the shore:
While the pent ocean, rising o'er the pile,
Sees an amphibious world beneath him smile;
The slow canal, the yellow blossom'd vale,
The willow-tufted bank, the gliding sail,
The crowded mart, the cultivated plain,
A new creation rescu'd from his reign.
Thus, while around the wave-subjected soil
Impels the native to repeated toil,
Industrious habits in each bosom reign,
And industry begets a love of gain.
Hence all the good from opulence that springs
With all those ills superfluous treasure brings
Are here display'd. Their much-lov'd wealth imp
Convenience, plenty, elegance, and ease,
But view them closer, craft and fraud appe
Even liberty itself is barter'd here.
At gold's superior charms all freedom
The needy sell it, and the rich man

ens! how unlike their Belgic sires of old!
, poor, content, ungovernably bold;
each breast, and freedom on each brow;
such unlike the sons of Britain now!
at the sound, my genius spreads her wing,
les where Britain courts the western spring;
lawns extend that scorn Arcadian pride,
ighter streams than fam'd Hydaspis glide,
all around the gentlest breezes stray,
gentle music melts on every spray;
ion's mildest charms are there combin'd,
mes are only in the master's mind!
o'er each bosom Reason holds her state
daring aims irregularly great;
in their port, defiance in their eye,
the lords of human kind pass by;
t on high designs, a thoughtful band,
rms unfashion'd fresh from Nature's hand,
e in their native hardiness of soul,
to imagin'd right above control,
e e'en the peasant boasts these rights to scan,

Nor this the worst. As nature's ties decay,
As duty, love, and honour fail to sway,
Fictitious bonds, the bonds of wealth and law,
Still gather strength, and force unwilling awe.
Hence all obedience bows to thee alone,
And talent sinks, and merit weeps unknown;
Till time may come, when, stript of all her charms,
The land of scholars, and the nurse of arms,
Where noble stems transmit the patriot flame,
Where kings have toil'd, and poets wrote for fame,
One sink of level avarice shall lie,
And scholars, soldiers, kings, unhonour'd die.

Yet think not, thus when Freedom's ills I state,
I mean to flatter kings, or court the great;
Ye powers of truth that bid my soul aspire,
Far from my bosom drive the low desire;
And thou, fair Freedom, taught alike to feel
The rabble's rage, and tyrant's angry steel;
Thou transitory flower, alike undone
By proud contempt, or favor's fostering sun,
Still may thy blooms the changeful clime endure,
I only would repress them to secure;
For just experience tells, in every soil,
That those who think must govern those that toil;
And all that Freedom's highest aims can reach,
Is but to lay proportion'd loads on each.
Hence should one order disproportion'd grow,
Its double weight must ruin all below.

O then how blind to all that truth requires,
Who think it freedom when a part aspires!
Calm is my soul, nor apt to rise in arms,
Except when fast approaching danger warms:
But when contending chiefs blockade the throne,
Contracting regal power to stretch their own:
When I behold a factious band agree
To call it freedom when themselves are free;
Each wanton judge new penal statutes draw,
Laws grind the poor, and rich men rule the law;
The wealth of climes, where savage nations roam
Pillag'd from slaves to purchase slaves at home;

r, pity, justice, indignation start,
r off reserve, and bare my swelling heart;
half a patriot, half a coward grown,
y from petty tyrants to the throne.
en, brother, curse with me that baleful hour,
en first ambition struck at regal power;
d thus polluting honour in its source,
re wealth to sway the mind with double force.
re we not seen round Britain's peopled shore,
r useful sons exchang'd for useless ore?
n all her triumphs but destruction haste,
e flaring tapers, bright'ning as they waste;
n opulence, her grandeur to maintain,
id steru depopulation in her train,
d over fields where scatter'd hamlets rose,
barren solitary pomp repose?
re we not seen at pleasure's lordly call,
smiling long-frequented village fall?
ield the duteous son, the sire decay'd,
modest matron, and the blushing maid,
e'd from their homes, a melancholy train,
traverse climes beyond the western main;
ere wild Oswego spreads her swamps around,
d Niagara stuns with thund'ring sound?
ven now, perhaps, as there some pilgrim strays
o' tangled forests, and thro' dangerous ways,
iere beasts with man divided empire claim,
d the brown Indian marks with murd'rous aim;
ere, while above the giddy tempest flies,
d all around distressful yells arise,
e pensive exile bending with his woe,
stop too fearful, and too faint to go,
sts a long look where England's glories shine,
d bids his bosom sympathise with mine.
'ain, very vain, my weary search to find
at bliss which only centers in the mind:
y have I stray'd from pleasure and repose,
ook a good each government bestows?
very government, tho' terrors reign,
tyrant kings, or tyrant laws restrain,

With secret ...
Glides the smooth current of domestic ...
The lifted ax, the agonizing wheel,
Luke's iron crown, and Damien's bed of steel,
To men remote from power but rarely known,
Leave reason, faith, and conscience, all our own.

THE DESERTED VILLAGE.

SWEET *Auburn!* loveliest village of the plain,
Where health and plenty cheer'd the laboring swain,
Where smiling Spring its earliest visits paid,
And parting Summer's ling'ring bloom delay'd.
Dear lovely bowers of innocence and ease,
Seats of my youth, when every sport could please.
How often have I loiter'd o'er thy green,
Where humble happiness endear'd each scene!
How often have I paus'd on every charm,
The sheltered cot, the cultivated farm,
... brook, the busy mill,

The dancing pair, that simply sought renow
By holding out to tire each other down;
The swain, mistrustless of his smutted face,
While secret laughter titter'd round the plac
The bashful virgin's side-long looks of love,
The matron's glance that would those looks rep
These were thy charms, sweet village! sports
these,
With sweet succession, taught ev'n toil to ple
These round thy bowers their cheerful influence sl
These were thy charms—But all these charms are f
Sweet smiling village, loveliest of the lawn,
Thy sports are fled, and all thy charms withdrau
Amidst thy bowers the tyrant's hand is seen,
And desolation saddens all thy green:
One only master grasps the whole domain,
And half a tillage stints thy smiling plain;
No more thy glassy brook reflects the day,
But, chok'd with sedges, works its weedy way;
Along thy glades, a solitary guest,
The hollow-sounding bittern guards its nest;
Amidst thy desert walks the lapwing flies,
And tires their echoes with unvary'd cries.
Sunk are thy bowers in shapeless ruin all,
And the long grass o'ertops the mouldering wall;
And, trembling, shrinking from the spoiler's hand,
Far, far away thy children leave the land.
Ill fares the land, to hast'ning ills a prey,
Where wealth accumulates, and men decay.
Princes and lords may flourish, or may fade;
A breath can make them, as a breath has made:
But a bold peasantry, their country's pride,
When once destroy'd can never be supply'd.
A time there was, ere England's griefs began,
When every rood of ground maintain'd its man;
For him light labor spread her wholesome store,
Just gave what life requir'd, but gave no more:
His best companions, innocence and health;
And his best riches, ignorance of wealth.

Those healthful sports that grac'd the peaceful
Liv'd in each look, and brighten'd all the
These, far departing, seek a kinder shore,
And rural mirth and manners are no more
Sweet *Auburn!* parent of the blissful hou
Thy glades forlorn confess the tyrant's pow
Here, as I take my solitary rounds,
Amidst thy tangling walks, and ruin'd gro
And many a year elaps'd return to view
Where once the cottage stood, the hawthor
Remembrance wakes with all her busy tra
Swells at my breast, and turns the past to
In all my wand'rings round this world c
In all my griefs—and God has giv'n my sh
I still had hopes my latest hours to crown
Amidst these humble bowers to lay me do
To husband out life's taper at the close,
And keep the flame from wasting by repo
I still had hopes—for pride attends us still
Amidst the swains to shew my book-learn
Around my fire an evening group to draw

Im no wretches, born to work and weep,
ore the mine, or tempt the dangerous deep;
surly porter stands in guilty state,
spurn imploring Famine from the gate;
ut on he moves to meet his latter end,
Angels around befriending virtue's friend;
Sinks to the grave with unperceiv'd decay,
While resignation gently slopes the way;
And, all his prospects bright'ning to the last,
His heaven commences ere the world be past.

Sweet was the sound, when oft at ev'ning's close,
Up yonder hill the village murmur rose;
There, as I past with careless steps and slow,
The mingling notes came soften'd from below;
The swain responsive as the milk-maid sung,
The sober herd that low'd to meet their young;
The noisy geese that gabbled o'er the pool,
The playful children just let loose from school;
The watch-dog's voice that bay'd the whisp'ring wind,
And the loud laugh that spoke the vacant mind;
These all in sweet confusion sought the shade,
And fill'd each pause the nightingale had made,
But now the sounds of population fail,
No cheerful murmurs fluctuate in the gale,
No busy steps the grass-grown foot-way tread,
But all the blooming flush of life is fled,
All but yon widow'd solitary thing,
That feebly bends beside the plashy spring:
She, wretched matron, forc'd, in age, for bread,
To strip the brook with mantling cresses spread;
To pick her wintry faggot from the thorn,
To seek her nightly shed, and weep till morn;
She only left of all the harmless train,
The sad historian of the pensive plain.

Near yonder copse, where once a garden smil'd,
And *still* where many a garden-flower grows wild;
There, where a few torn shrubs the place disclose,
The village-preacher's modest mansion rose.
A man he was, to all the country dear,
And passing rich with forty pounds a year;

Remote from towns he ran his godly race,
Nor e'er had chang'd, nor wish'd to change his place:
Unskilful he to fawn, or seek for power,
By doctrines fashion'd to the varying hour;
Far other aims his heart had learn'd to prize,
More bent to raise the wretched than to rise.
His house was known to all the vagrant train,
He chid their wand'rings, but reliev'd their pain;
The long-remember'd beggar was his guest,
Whose beard descending swept his aged breast:
The ruin'd spendthrift, now no longer proud,
Claim'd kindred there, and had his claims allow'd;
The broken soldier kindly bade to stay,
Sat by his fire, and talk'd the night away,
Wept o'er his wounds, or tales of sorrow done,
Shoulder'd his crutch, and shew'd how fields were won.
Pleas'd with his guests, the good man learn'd to glow,
And quite forgot their vices in their woe;
Careless their merits or their faults to scan,
His pity gave ere charity began.

Thus to relieve the wretched was his pride,
And even his failings lean'd to Virtue's side;
But in his duty prompt, at every call
He watch'd and wept, he pray'd and felt, for all.
And as a bird each fond endearment tries,
To tempt its new-fledg'd offspring to the skies,
He try'd each art, reprov'd each dull delay,
Allur'd to brighter worlds, and led the way.

Beside the bed, where parting life was laid,
And sorrow, guilt, and pain, by turns dismay'd,
The rev'rend champion stood. At his control,
Despair and anguish fled the struggling soul;
Comfort came down the trembling wretch to raise,
And his last falt'ring accents whisper'd praise.

At church, with meek and unaffected grace,
His looks adorn'd the venerable place;
Truth from his lips prevail'd with double sway,
And fools, who came to scoff, remain'd to pray.
The service past, around the pious man,
With steady zeal, each honest rustic ran;

Even children follow'd, with endearing wile,
And pluck'd his gown to share the good man's smile.
His ready smile a parent's warmth exprest,
Their welfare pleas'd him, and their cares distrest;
To them his heart, his love, his griefs were given,
But all his serious thoughts had rest in heaven.
As some tall cliff that lifts its awful form,
Swells from the vale, and midway leaves the storm,
Tho' round its breast the rolling clouds are spread,
Eternal sunshine settles on its head.

Beside yon straggling fence that skirts the way
With blossom'd furze unprofitably gay,
There in his noisy mansion, skill'd to rule,
The village-master taught his little school;
A man severe he was, and stern to view,
I knew him well, and every truant knew;
Well had the boding tremblers learn'd to trace
The day's disasters in his morning face;
Full well they laugh'd with counterfeited glee
At all his jokes, for many a joke had he;
Full well the busy whisper circling round,
Convey'd the dismal tidings when he frown'd;
Yet he was kind, or if severe in aught,
The love he bore to learning was in fault;
The village all declar'd how much he knew:
'Twas certain he could write and cypher too;
Lands he could measure, terms and tides presage,
And even the story ran that he could guage;
In arguing too the parson own'd his skill,
For even tho' vanquish'd, he could argue still!
While words of learned length, and thund'ring sound,
Amaz'd the gaping rustics rang'd around,
And still they gaz'd, and still the wonder grew,
That one small head should carry all he knew.
But past is all his fame. The very spot
Where many a time he triumph'd, is forgot.

Near yonder thorn, that lifts its head on high,
Where once the sign-post caught the passing eye

Low lies that house where nut-brown draughts inspir'd,
Where grey-beard mirth, and smiling toil retir'd,
Where village-statesmen talk'd with looks profound,
And news much older than their ale went round.
Imagination fondly stoops to trace
The parlour splendors of that festive place;
The white-wash'd wall, the nicely sanded floor,
The varnish'd clock that click'd behind the door:
The chest contriv'd a double debt to pay,
A bed by night, a chest of drawers by day;
The pictures plac'd for ornament and use,
The Twelve Good Rules, the Royal Game of Goose;
The hearth, except when winter chill'd the day,
With aspin boughs, and flowers, and fennel gay,
With broken tea-cups, wisely kept for show,
Rang'd o'er the chimney, glisten'd in a row.

Vain, transitory splendors! could not all
Reprieve the tottering mansion from its fall!
Obscure it sinks, nor shall it more impart
An hours importance to the poor man's heart;
Thither no more the peasant shall repair,
To sweet oblivion of his daily care;
No more the farmer's news, the barber's tale,
No more the woodman's ballad shall prevail;
No more the smith, his dusky brow shall clear,
Relax his ponderous strength, and lean to hear;
The host himself no longer shall be found
Careful to see the mantling bliss go round;
Nor the coy maid, half willing to be prest,
Shall kiss the cup to pass it to the rest.

Yes! let the rich deride, the proud disdain,
These simple blessings of the lowly train,
To me more dear, congenial to my heart,
One native charm, than all the gloss of art,
Spontaneous joys, where Nature has its play,
The soul adopts, and owns their first-born sway;
Lightly they frolic o'er the vacant mind,
Unenvy'd, unmolested, unconfin'd.

But the long pomp, the midnight masquerade,
With all the freaks of wanton wealth array'd,
In these, ere trifiers half their wish obtain,
The toiling pleasure sickens into pain;
And, even while fashion's brightest arts decoy,
The heart distrusting asks, if this be joy?

Ye friends to truth, ye statesmen who survey
The rich man's joys increase, the poor's decay,
'Tis yours to judge, how wide the limits stand
Between a splendid and a happy land.
Proud swells the tide with loads of freighted ore,
And shouting Folly hails them from her shore;
Hoards, even beyond the miser's wish abound,
And rich men flock from all the world around.
Yet count our gains. This wealth is but a name
That leaves our useful products still the same.
Not so the loss. The man of wealth and pride,
Takes up a space that many poor supply'd;
Space for his lake, his park's extended bounds,
Space for his horses, equipage and hounds;
The robe that wraps his limbs in silken sloth,
Has robb'd the neighb'ring fields of half their growth;
His seat, where solitary sports are seen,
Indignant spurns the cottage from the green;
Around the world each needful product flies,
For all the luxuries the world supplies.
While thus the land adorn'd for pleasure, all
In barren splendor feebly waits the fall.

As some fair female, unadorn'd and plain,
Secure to please while youth confirms her reign,
Slights every borrow'd charm that dress supplies,
Nor shares with art the triumph of her eyes;
But when those charms are past, for charms are frail,
When time advances, and when lovers fail,
She then shines forth, solicitous to bless,
In all the glaring impotence of dress.
Thus fares the land, by luxury betray'd,
In nature's simplest charms at first array'd,
But verging to decline, its splendors rise,
Its vistas strike, its palaces surprise;

While, scourg'd by famine from the smiling land,
The mournful peasant leads his humble band;
And while he sinks, without one arm to save,
The country blooms—a garden and a grave.
Where then, ah! where shall poverty reside,
To 'scape the pressure of contiguous pride?
If to some common's fenceless limits stray'd,
He drives his flock to pick the scanty blade,
Those fenceless fields the sons of wealth divide,
And even the bare-worn common is deny'd.
If to the city sped—What waits him there?
To see profusion that he must not share;
To see ten thousand baneful arts combin'd
To pamper luxury, and thin mankind;
To see each joy the sons of pleasure know,
Extorted from his fellow-creature's woe.
Here, while the courtier glitters in brocade,
There the pale artist plies the sickly trade;
Here, while the proud their long-drawn pomps display,
There, the black gibbet glooms beside the way;
The dome where pleasure holds her midnight reign,
Here richly deckt, amid the gorgeous train;
Tumultuous grandeur crowds the blazing square,
The rattling chariots clash, the torches glare.
Sure scenes like these no trouble e'er annoy!
Sure these denote one universal joy!
Are these thy serious thoughts!—Ah! turn thine eyes
Where the poor houseless shiv'ring female lies.
She once, perhaps, in village-plenty blest,
Has wept at tales of innocence distrest;
Her modest looks the cottage might adorn,
Sweet as the primrose peeps beneath the thorn,
Now lost to all; her friends, her virtue fled,
Near her betrayer's door she lays her head,
And, pinch'd with cold, and shrinking from the shower,
With heavy heart deplores that luckless hour

When idly first, ambitious of the town,
She left her wheel and robes of country brown.
Do thine, sweet *Auburn*, thine, the loveliest train,
Do thy fair tribes participate her pain?
Even now, perhaps, by cold and hunger led,
At proud men's doors they ask a little bread!
Ah, no. To distant climes, a dreary scene,
Where half the convex world intrudes between,
Thro' torrid tracts with fainting steps they go,
Where wild Altama murmurs to their woe.
Far different there from all that charm'd before,
The various terrors of that horrid shore;
Those blazing suns that dart a downward ray,
And fiercely shed intolerable day;
Those matted woods where birds forget to sing,
But silent bats in drowsy clusters cling;
Those pois'nous fields with rank luxuriance crown'd,
Where the dark scorpion gathers death around;
Where at each step the stranger fears to wake
The rattling terrors of the vengeful snake;
Where crouching tygers wait their hapless prey,
And savage men more murd'rous still than they;
While oft in whirls the mad tornado flies,
Mingling the ravag'd landscape with the skies.
Far different these from every former scene,
The cooling brook, the grassy vested green,
The breezy covert of the warbling grove,
That only shelter'd thefts of harmless love.
Good Heaven! what sorrows gloom'd that parting day
That call'd them from their native walks away;
When the poor exiles, every pleasure past,
Hung round the bowers, and fondly look'd their last,
And took a long farewell, and wish'd in vain,
For seats like these beyond the western main;
And shudd'ring still to face the distant deep,
Return'd and wept, and still return'd to weep.
The good old sire the first prepar'd to go,
To new-found worlds, and wept for others' woe

But for himself, in conscious virtue brave,
He only wish'd for worlds beyond the grave.
His lovely daughter, lovelier in her tears,
The fond companion of his helpless years,
Silent went next, neglectful of her charms,
And left a lover's for her father's arms.
With louder plaints the mother spoke her woes,
And blest the cot where every pleasure rose;
And kiss'd her thoughtless babes with many a tea
And clasp'd them close, in sorrow doubly dear;
Whilst her fond husband strove to lend relief
In all the silent manliness of grief.

O, luxury! thou curs'd by heav'n's decree,
How ill exchang'd are things like these for thee
How do thy potions with insidious joy,
Diffuse their pleasures only to destroy!
Kingdoms by thee, to sickly greatness grown,
Boast of a florid vigor not their own.
At every draught more large and large they gro
A bloated mass of rank unwieldy woe,
Till sapp'd their strength, and every part unsoun
Down, down they sink, and spread a ruin round
Even now the devastation is begun,
And half the business of destruction done;
Even now, methinks, as pond'ring here I stand,
I see the rural virtues leave the land.
Down where yon anchoring vessel spreads the s
That idly waiting flaps with every gale,
Downward they move, a melancholy band,
Pass from the shore, and darken all the strand.
Contented toil, and hospitable care,
And kind connubial tenderness, are there;
And piety with wishes plac'd above,
And steady loyalty, and faithful love.
And thou, sweet Poetry, thou loveliest maid,
Still first to fly where sensual joys invade;
Unfit in these degen'rate times of shame,
To catch the heart, or strike for honest fame;
Dear charming nymph, neglected and decry'd
My shame in crowds, my solitary pride.

Thou source of all my bliss and all my woe,
That foundst me poor at first, and keep'st me so;
Thou guide, by which the nobler arts excel,
Thou nurse of every virtue, fare thee well;
Farewell, and O! where'er thy voice be try'd,
On Torno's cliff, or Pambamarca's side,
Whether where equinoctial fervors glow,
Or winter wraps the polar world in snow,
Still let thy voice, prevailing over time,
Redress the rigors of th' inclement clime;
Aid slighted truth, with thy persuasive strain;
Teach erring man to spurn the rage of gain;
Teach him, that states of native strength possest,
Tho' very poor, may still be very blest;
That trade's proud empire hastes to swift decay,
As ocean sweeps the labor'd mole away;
While self-dependent power can time defy,
As rocks resist the billows and the sky.

THE HERMIT.

"TURN, gentle Hermit of the dale,
And guide my lonely way,
To where yon taper cheers the vale
With hospitable ray.

For here forlorn and lost I tread,
With fainting steps and slow;
Where wilds, immeasurable spread,
Seem length'ning as I go."

"Forbear, my son," the Hermit cries,
"To tempt the dangerous gloom;
For yonder faithless phantom flies
To lure thee to thy doom.

Here, to the houseless child of want,
My door is open still;
And tho' my portion is but scant,
I give it with good will.

ırn to-night, and freely share
ıe'er my cell bestows;
ıshy couch and frugal fare,
blessing and repose.

flocks that range the valley free,
o slaughter I condemn:
ught by that Power that pities me,
I learn to pity them.

But from the mountain's grassy side,
A guiltless feast I bring;
A scrip with herbs and fruits supply'd,
And water from the spring.

Then, pilgrim, turn, thy cares forego;
All earth-born cares are wrong:
Man wants but little here below,
Nor wants that little long."

Soft as the dew from heaven descends,
His gentle accents fell;
The modest stranger lowly bends
And follows to the cell.

Far in a wilderness obscure
The lonely mansion lay;
A refuge to the neighb'ring poor,
And strangers led astray!

No stores beneath its humble thatch
Requir'd a master's care;
The wicket op'ning with a latch,
Receiv'd the harmless pair.

And now, when busy crowds retire
To take their evening rest,
The Hermit trimm'd his little fire,
And cheer'd his pensive guest:

And spread his vegetable store,
And gaily prest, and smil'd;
And, skill'd in legendary lore,
The lingering hours beguil'd.

round in sympathetic mirth
Its tricks the kitten tries;
The cricket chirrups in the hearth;
The crackling faggot flies.

But nothing could a charm impart
To soothe a stranger's woe;
For grief was heavy at his heart,
And tears began to flow.

His rising cares the Hermit spy'd,
With answering care oppress:
"And whence, unhappy youth," he cry'd,
"The sorrows of thy breast?

From better habitations spurn'd,
Reluctant dost thou rove:
Or grieve for friendship unreturn'd,
Or unregarded love?

Alas! the joys that fortune brings,
Are trifling and decay;
And those who prize the paltry things,
More trifling still than they.

And what is friendship but a name,
A charm that lulls to sleep;
A shade that follows wealth or fame,
And leaves the wretch to weep!

And love is still an emptier sound,
The modern fair-one's jest:
On earth unseen, or only found
To warm the turtle's nest.

For shame, fond youth, thy sorrows hush,
And spurn the sex," he said:
But while he spoke, a rising blush
His love-lorn guest betray'd.

Surpris'd he sees new beauties rise,
Swift mantling to the view:
Like colours o'er the morning skies,
As bright, as transient too.

The bashful look, the rising breast,
Alternate spread alarms:
The lovely stranger stands confest
A maid in all her charms.

"And, ah, forgive a stranger rude,
A wretch, forlorn," she cry'd;
"Whose feet unhallow'd thus intrude
Where heaven and you reside.

But let a maid thy pity share,
Whom love has taught to stray:
Who seeks for rest, but finds despair
Companion of her way.

My father liv'd beside the Tyne,
A wealthy lord was he;
And all his wealth was mark'd as mine,
He had but only me.

To win me from his tender arms,
Unnumber'd suitors came;
Who prais'd me for imputed charms,
And felt, or feign'd a flame.

Each hour a mercenary crowd
With richest proffers strove;
Among the rest young Edwin bow'd,
But never talk'd of love.

In humble, simplest habit clad,
No wealth or power had he;
Wisdom and worth were all he had,
But these were all to me.

The blossom opening to the day,
The dews of heav'n refin'd,
Could nought of purity display,
To emulate his mind.

The dew, the blossoms of the tree,
With charms inconstant shine;
Their charms were his, but woe to me,
Their constancy was mine.

For still I try'd each fickle art,
Importunate and vain;
And while his passion touch'd my heart,
I triumph'd in his pain.

Till quite dejected with my scorn,
He left me to my pride;
And sought a solitude forlorn,
In secret where he dy'd.

But mine the sorrow, mine the fault,
And well my life shall pay;
I'll seek the solitude he sought,
And stretch me where he lay.

And there forlorn, despairing, hid,
I'll lay me down and die!
'Twas so for me that Edwin did,
And so for him will I."

"Forbid it, heaven!" the Hermit cry'd,
And clasp'd her to his breast;
The wondering fair-one turn'd to chide;
'Twas Edwin's self that prest.

"Turn, Angelina, ever dear;
My charmer, turn to see
Thy own, thy long-lost Edwin here,
Restor'd to love and thee!

Thus let me hold thee to my heart,
And every care resign:
And shall we never, never part,
My life—my all that's mine!

No, never, from this hour to part,
We'll live and love so true,
The sigh that rends thy constant heart
Shall break thy Edwin's too."

The fat was so white, and [illegible]
Tho' my stomach was sharp, I could scarce keep
regretting,
To spoil such a delicate picture by eating:
I had thoughts, in my chambers to place it in view,
To be shown to my friends as a piece of virtu;
As in some Irish houses, where things are so so,
One gammon of bacon hangs up for a show;
But for eating a rasher of what they take pride in,
They'd as soon think of eating the pan it is fry'd in.
But hold—let me pause—don't I hear you pronounce,
This tale of the bacon's a damnable bounce;
Well, suppose it a bounce—sure a poet may try,
By a bounce now and then to get courage to fly.
But, my lord it's no bounce: I protest in my turn,
It's a truth—and your lordship may ask Mr. Burn.*
To go on with my tale—as I gas'd on the haunch,
I thought of a friend that was trusty and staunch;
So I cut it, and sent it to Reynolds undrest,
To paint it, or eat it, just as he lik'd best.
Of the neck and the breast I had next to dispose;
[illegible] breast that might rival Monro's;

Such dainties to them their health it might hurt,
It's like sending them ruffles, when wanting a shirt.
While thus I debated, in reverie center'd,
An acquaintance, a friend as he call'd himself, enter'd;
An under-bred, fine-spoken fellow was he,
And he smil'd as he look'd at the venison and me.
"What have we got here?—Why this is good eating!
Your own, I suppose—or is it in waiting?"
"Why whose should it be?" cried I, with a flounce:
"I get these things often"—but that was a bounce;
"Some lords, my acquaintance, that settle the nation,
Are pleas'd to be kind—but I hate ostentation."
"If that be the case then," cried he, very gay,
"I'm glad I have taken this house in my way.
To-morrow you take a poor dinner with me;
No words—I insist on't—precisely at *three*:
We'll have Johnson and Burke, all the wits will be there;
My acquaintance is slight, or I'd ask my lord Clare.
And, now that I think on't, as I am a sinner!
We wanted this venison to make out a dinner.
What say you—a pasty; it shall, and it must,
And my wife, little Kitty, is famous for crust.
Here, porter—this venison with me to Mile-end;
No stirring—I beg—my dear friend—my dear friend!"
Thus snatching his hat, he brush'd off like the wind,
And the porter and eatables follow'd behind.
Left alone to reflect, having emptied my shelf,
And "nobody with me at sea but myself."
Tho' I could not help thinking my gentleman hasty,
Yet Johnson, and Burke, and a good venison pasty,
Were things that I never dislik'd in my life,
Tho' clogg'd with a coxcomb, and Kitty his wife.
So next day in due splendor to make my approach,
I *drove to his door* in my own hackney coach.
When come to the place where we were all to dine,
(*A chair-lumber'd* closet, just twelve feet by nine)

My friend bade me welcome, but struck me quite dumb,
With tidings that Johnson and Burke would not come;
" For I knew it," he cry'd, " both eternally fail,
The one with his speeches, and t' other with Thrale;
But no matter, I'll warrant we'll make up the party,
With two full as clever, and ten times as hearty.
The one is a Scotchman, the other a Jew,
They both of them merry, and authors like you;
The one writes the Snarler, the other the Scourge;
Some think he writes Cinna—he owns to Panurge."
While thus he describ'd them by trade and by name,
They enter'd, and dinner was serv'd as they came.
At the top a fry'd liver and bacon were seen,
At the bottom was tripe in a swinging tureen;
At the sides there were spinage and pudding made hot;
In the middle a place where the pasty—was not.
Now, my lord, as for tripe it's my utter aversion,
And your bacon I hate like a Turk or a Persian;
So there I sat stuck, like a horse in a pound,
While the bacon and liver went merrily round:
But what vex'd me most, was that d—'d Scottish rogue,
With his long-winded speeches, his smiles and his brogue:
And, " madam," quoth he, " may this bit be my poison,
A prettier dinner I never set eyes on;
Pray a slice of your liver, tho' may I be curst,
But I've eat of your tripe, till I'm ready to burst."
" The tripe, quoth the Jew, with his chocolate cheek,
I could dine on this tripe seven days in a week:
I like these here dinners so pretty and small;
But your friend there, the doctor, eats nothing at all."
" O—ho! quoth my friend, he'll come on in a trice,
He's keeping a corner for something that's nice:
There's a pasty"—" a pasty!" repeated the Jew;
" I don't care if I keep a corner for't too."
" What the de'il, mon, a pasty!" re-echo'd the Scot;
" Tho' splitting, I'll still keep a corner for that."

" We'll all keep a corner," the lady cry'd out;
" We'll all keep a corner, was echo'd about."
While thus we resolv'd and the pasty delay'd,
With looks that quite petrified, enter'd the maid;
A visage so sad, and so pale with affright,
Wak'd Priam in drawing his curtains by night;
But we quickly found out, for who could mistake her,
That she came with some terrible news from the baker:
And so it fell out, for that negligent sloven,
Had shut out the pasty on shutting his oven.
Sad Philomel thus—but let similies drop—
And now that I think on't the story may stop.
To be plain, my good lord, it's but labour misplac'd,
To send such good verses to one of your taste;
You've got an odd something—a kind of discerning—
A relish—a taste—sicken'd over by learning;
At least, it's your temper, as very well known,
That you think very slightly of all that's your own:
So perhaps, in your habits of thinking amiss,
You may make a mistake and think slightly of this.

CUTHBERT SHAW.

MONODY,

To the Memory of a young Lady.

YET do I live! O how shall I sustain
This vast unutterable weight of woe?
This worse than hunger, poverty, or pain,
Or all the complicated ills below?
She, in whose life my hopes were treasur'd all,
Is gone—for ever fled—
My dearest Emma's dead;
These eyes, these tear-swoln eyes beheld her fall.
Ah, no—she lives on some far happier shore,
She lives—but, cruel thought! she lives for me no more.

I, who the tedious absence of a day
Remov'd, would languish for my charmer's sight;
Would chide the ling'ring moments for delay,
And fondly blame the slow return of night;
How, how shall I endure
(O misery past a cure!)
Hours, days, and years, successively to roll,
Nor ever more behold the comfort of my soul?

Was she not all my fondest wish could frame?
Did ever mind so much of heaven partake?
Did she not love me with the purest flame?
And give up friends and fortune for my sake?
Tho' mild as evening skies,
With downcast, streaming eyes,
Stood the stern frown of supercilious brows,
Deaf to their brutal threats, and faithful to her vows.

ome then, some Muse, the saddest of the train
(No more your bard shall dwell on idle lays,)
'each me each moving melancholy strain,
And, oh! discard the pageantry of phrase:
ll suits the flowers of speech with woes like mine!
Thus, haply, as I paint
The source of my complaint,
Iy soul may own th' impassion'd line;
flood of tears may gush to my relief,
nd from my swelling heart discharge this load of grief.

orbear, my fond officious friends, forbear
To wound my ears with the sad tales you tell;
'How good she was, how gentle, and how fair!"
In pity cease—alas! I know too well
low in her sweet expressive face
Beam'd forth the beauties of her mind,
et heighten'd by exterior grace,
Of manners most engaging, most refin'd.

Io piteous object could she see,
But her soft bosom shar'd the woe,
Vhile smiles of affability
Endear'd whatever boon she might bestow.
Vhate'er the emotions of her heart,
Still shone conspicuous in her eyes,
tranger to every female art,
Alike to feign or to disguise:
And, oh! the boast how rare!
he secret in her faithful breast repos'd
he ne'er with lawless tongue disclos'd,
In secret silence lodg'd inviolate there.
h, feeble words—unable to express
ier matchless virtues, or my own distress.

elentless death! that, steel'd to human woe,
With murderous hands deals havock on mankind,
Vhy (cruel!) strike this deprecated blow,
And leave such wretched multitudes behind?

When Virtue shall renounce thy power;
When thou no more shalt blot the face of day,
Nor mortals tremble at thy rigid sway.
Alas, the day! where'er I turn my eyes,
Some sad memento of my loss appears;
I fly the fatal house—suppress my sighs,
Resolv'd to dry my unavailing tears:
But, ah! in vain—no change of time or
The memory can efface
Of all that sweetness, that enchanting air,
Now lost; and nought remains but anguish
despair.

Where were the delegates of heaven, oh, whe
Appointed Virtue's children safe to keep?
Had Innocence or Virtue been their care,
She had not died, nor had I liv'd to weep:
Mov'd by my tears, and by her patience mov
To see her force the endearing smile,
My sorrows to beguile,
When Torture's keenest rage she prov'd;
Sure they had warded that untimely dart,

t, oh! if e'er thy Emma's name was dear,
e'er thy vows have charm'd my ravish'd ear;
from thy lov'd embrace my heart to gain,
nd friends have frown'd, and fortune smil'd in
vain;
it has been my sole endeavour still
act in all obsequious to thy will;
watch thy very smiles, thy wish to know,
en only truly blest when thou wert so;
I have doated with that fond excess,
r Love could add, nor Fortune make it less;
this I've done, and more—oh! then be kind
the dear lovely babe I leave behind.
ien time my once lov'd memory shall efface,
ne happier maid may take thy Emma's place,
th envious eyes thy partial fondness see,
d hate it for the love thou bor'st to me!
r dearest Shaw, forgive a woman's fears;
t one word more—I cannot bear thy tears—
mise—and I will trust thy faithful vow
't have I tried, and ever found thee true)
at to some distant spot thou wilt remove
is fatal pledge of hapless Emma's love,
iere safe thy blandishments it may partake,
id, oh! be tender for its mother's sake.
ilt thou?—
:now thou wilt—sad silence speaks assent;
id in that pleasing hope thy Emma dies content."

who with more than manly strength have bore
The various ills impos'd by cruel Fate,
stain the firmness of my soul no more;
But sink beneath the weight;
st Heaven! I cried, from Memory's earliest day
No comfort has thy wretched suppliant known;
isfortune still with unrelenting sway,
Has claim'd me for her own.
it, oh! in pity to my grief, restore
is only source of bliss; I ask—I ask no more—

Vain hope—the irrevocable doom is past,
Ev'n now she looks—she sighs her last—
Vainly I strive to stay her fleeting breath,
And, with rebellious heart, protest against her death.

When the stern tyrant clos'd her lovely eyes,
How did I rave, untaught to bear the blow!
With impious wish to tear her from the skies,
How curse my fate in bitterness of woe!
But whither would this dreadful phrensy lead?
Fond man, forbear,
Thy fruitless sorrow spare,
Dare not to tax what heaven's high will decreed;
In humble rev'rence kiss the afflictive rod,
And prostrate bow to an offended God.

Perhaps kind Heaven in mercy dealt the blow,
Some saving truth thy roving soul to teach;
To wean thy heart from groveling views below,
And point out bliss beyond Misfortune's reach:
To shew that all the flattering schemes of joy,
Which towering Hope so fondly builds in air,
One fatal moment can destroy,
And plunge the exulting maniac in despair.
Then, oh! with pious fortitude sustain
Thy present loss—haply thy future gain;
Nor let thy Emma die in vain:
Time shall administer its wonted balm,
And hush this storm of grief to no unpleasing calm.

Thus the poor bird by some disastrous fate
Caught and imprison'd in a lonely cage,
Torn from its native fields, and dearer mate,
Flutters awhile, and spends its little rage:
But finding all its efforts weak and vain,
No more it pants and rages for the plain:
Moping awhile, in sullen mood
Droops the sweet mourner—but ere long
Prunes its light wings, and pecks its food,
And meditates the song:
Serenely sorrowing, breathes its piteous care,
And with its plaintive warbling saddens all the plac

Forgive me, Heav'n!—yet, yet the tears will flow,
To think how soon my scene of bliss is past!
My budding joys, just promising to blow,
All nipt and wither'd by one envious blast!
My hours that laughing wont to fleet away,
Move heavily along;
Where's now the sprightly jest, the jocund song?
Time creeps, unconscious of delight:
How shall I cheat the tedious day;
And, oh!—the joyless night!
Where shall I rest my weary head?
How shall I find repose on a sad widow'd bed?

Come, Theban drug,* the wretch's only aid,
To my torn heart its former peace restore;
Thy votary, wrapp'd in thy Lethean shade,
Awhile shall cease his sorrows to deplore:
Haply, when lock'd in sleeps embrace,
Again I shall behold my Emma's face;
Again with transport hear
Her voice oft whispering in my ear;
May steal once more a balmy kiss,
And taste at least of visionary bliss.

But, ah! the unwelcome morn's obtruding light
Will all my shadowy schemes of bliss depose,
Will tear the dear illusion from my sight,
And wake me to the sense of all my woes:
If to the verdant fields I stray,
Alas! what pleasures now can these convey?
Her lovely form pursues where'er I go,
And darkens all the scene with woe.
By Nature's lavish bounties cheer'd no more,
Sorrowing I rove
Thro' valley, grot, and grove;
Nought can their beauties or my loss restore;
No herb, no plant, can med'cine my disease,
And my sad sighs are borne on every passing breeze.

Sickness and sorrow hovering round my bed,
Who now with anxious haste shall bring relief,
With lenient hand support my drooping head,
Assuage my pains, and mitigate my grief?
Should worldly business call away,
Who now, shall in my absence fondly mourn,
Count every minute of the loitering day,
Impatient for my quick return?
Should aught my bosom discompose,
Who now, with sweet complacent air,
Shall smoothe the rugged brow of Care,
And soften all my woes?
Too faithful Memory—cease, oh! cease—
How shall I e'er regain my peace?
(Oh, to forget her!)—but how vain each art,
Whilst every virtue lives imprinted on my heart!

And thou, my little cherub, left behind
To hear a father's plaints, to share his woes,
When Reason's dawn informs thy infant mind,
And thy sweet lisping tongue shall ask the cause,
How oft with sorrow shall mine eyes run o'er,
When, twining round my knees, I trace
Thy mother's smile upon thy face!
How oft to my full heart shalt thou restore
Sad memory of my joys—ah, now no more!
By blessings ence enjoy'd now more distress'd,
More beggar by the riches once possess'd,
My little darling!—dearer to me grown
By all the tears thou'st caus'd—oh! strange to hear!
Bought with a life yet dearer than thy own,
Thy cradle purchas'd with thy mother's bier:
Who now shall seek with fond delight
Thy infant steps to guide aright?
She, who with doating eyes would gaze
On all thy little artless ways,
By all thy soft endearments blest,
And clasp thee oft with transport to her breast,
Alas! is gone—yet shalt thou prove
A father's dearest, tenderest love;

ıd, O sweet senseless smiler (envied state!)
ɜ yet unconscious of thy hapless fate,
When years thy judgment shall mature,
And Reason shews those ills it cannot cure,
Wilt thou, a father's grief t' assuage,
For virtue prove the Phœnix of the earth
(Like her, thy mother died to give thee birth,)
And be the comfort of my age?

When sick and languishing I lie,
Wilt thou my Emma's wonted care supply?
And, oft as to thy listening ear,
Thy mother's virtues and her fate I tell,
Say, wilt thou drop the tender tear,
Whilst on the mournful theme I dwell?
Then fondly stealing to thy father's side,
Whene'er thou seest the soft distress,
Which I would vainly seek to hide,
Say, wilt thou strive to make it less?
To soothe my sorrows all thy cares employ,
And in my cup of grief infuse one drop of joy?

AN EVENING ADDRESS TO A NIGHTINGALE.

SWEET bird! that, kindly perching near,
Pourest thy plaints melodious in mine ear,
Not, like base worldlings, tutor'd to forego
The melancholy haunts of woe;
Thanks for thy sorrow-soothing strain:
For, surely, thou hast known to prove,
Like me, the pangs of hapless love;
Else why so feelingly complain,
And with thy piteous notes thus sadden all the grove?

Say, dost thou mourn thy ravish'd mate,
That oft enamour'd on thy strains has hung?
Or has the cruel hand of Fate
Bereft thee of thy darling young?
Alas! for both I weep;

In all the pride of youthful charms,
A beauteous bride torn from my circling arms!
A lovely babe that should have liv'd to bless,
And fill my doating eyes with frequent tears,
At once the source of rapture and distress,
The flattering prop of my declining years!
In vain from death to rescue I essay'd,
By ev'ry art that science could devise;
Alas! it languish'd for a mother's aid,
And wing'd its flight to seek her in the skies.
Then, oh! our comforts be the same,
At evening's peaceful hour,
To shun the noisy paths of wealth and fame,
And breathe our sorrows in this lonely bow'r.

But why, alas! to thee complain,
To thee—unconscious of my pain?
Soon shalt thou cease to mourn thy lot severe,
And hail the dawning of a happier year:
The genial warmth of joy-renewing spring
Again shall plume thy shatter'd wing;
Again thy little heart shall transport prove,
Again shall flow thy notes responsive to thy love.
But, oh! for me in vain may seasons roll,
Nought can dry up the fountain of my tears:
Deploring still the comfort of my soul,
I count my sorrows by increasing years.

Tell me, thou Syren Hope, deceiver, say,
Where is the promis'd period of my woes?
Full three long, lingering years have roll'd away,
And yet I weep, a stranger to repose:
O what delusion did thy tongue employ!
"That Emma's fatal pledge of love,
Her last bequest, with all a mother's care,
The bitterness of sorrow should remove,
Soften the horrors of despair,
And cheer a heart long lost to joy!"

How oft, when fondling in my arms,
Gazing enraptur'd on its angel-face,
My soul the maze of Fate would vainly trace,
And burn with all a father's fond alarms!
And oh what flattering scenes had fancy feign'd!
How did I rave of blessings yet in store!
Till ev'ry aching sense was sweetly pain'd,
And my full heart could bear, nor tongue could utter more.
"Just Heaven!" I cried, with recent hopes elate,
"Yet will I live—will live, tho' Emma's dead;
So long bow'd down beneath the storms of fate,
Yet will I raise my woe-dejected head!
My little Emma, now my all,
Will want a father's care;
Her looks, her wants, my rash resolves recal,
And for her sake the ills of life I'll bear:
And oft together wo'll complain,
Complaint the only bliss my soul can know.
From me my child shall learn the mournful strain,
And prattle tales of woe.
And, oh! in that auspicious hour,
When Fate resigns her persecuting pow'r,
With duteous zeal her hand shall close,
No more to weep, my sorrow-streaming eyes,
When death gives misery repose,
And opes a glorious passage to the skies."

Vain thought! it must not be—she too is dead;
The flatt'ring scene is o'er;
My hopes for ever, ever fled;
And vengeance can no more.
Crush'd by misfortune, blasted by disease,
And none—none left to bear a friendly part!
To meditate my welfare, health, or ease,
Or soothe the anguish of an aching heart!
Now all one gloomy scene, till welcome death,
With lenient hand (oh falsely deem'd severe),
Shall kindly stop my grief-exhausted breath,
And dry up ev'ry tear.

Perhaps, obsequious to my will,
But, ah! from my affections far remov'd!
The last sad office strangers may fulfil,
As if I ne'er had been belov'd;
As if, unconscious of poetic fire,
I ne'er had touch'd the trembling lyre;
As if my niggard hand ne'er dealt relief,
Nor my heart melted at another's grief.

Yet, while this weary life shall last,
While yet my tongue can form th' impassion'd strain,
In piteous accents shall the muse complain,
And dwell with fond delay on blessings past:
For oh how grateful to a wounded heart,
The tale of misery to impart!
From others' eyes bid artless sorrows flow,
And raise esteem upon the base of woe!
Even He,* the noblest of the tuneful throng,
Shall deign my love-lorn tale to hear,
Shall catch the soft contagion of my song,
And pay my pensive Muse the tribute of a tear.

* Lord Lyttelton.

JOHN LANGHORNE.

OWEN OF CARRON.

ON Carron's side the primrose pale,
  Why does it wear a purple hue?
Ye maidens fair of Marlivale,
  Why stream your eyes with Pity's dew?

'Tis all with gentle Owen's blood
  That purple grows the primrose pale;
That Pity pours the tender flood
  From each fair eye in Marlivale.

The evening star sate in his eye,
  The sun his golden tresses gave,
The north's pure morn her orient dye,
  To him who rests in yonder grave!

Beneath no high, historic stone,
  Though nobly born, is Owen laid,
Stretch'd on the green wood's lap alone,
  He sleeps beneath the waving shade.

There many a flowery race hath sprung,
  And fled before the mountain gale,
Since first his simple dirge ye sung;
  Ye maidens fair of Marlivale!

Yet still, when May with fragrant feet
  Hath wander'd o'er your meads of gold,
That dirge I hear so simply sweet
  Far echoed from each evening fold.

II.

'Twas in the pride of William's* day,
  When Scotland's honours flourish'd still,
That Moray's earl, with mighty sway,
  Bore rule o'er many a Highland hill.

* William the Lion, king of Scotland.

And far for him their fruitful store
The fairer plains of Carron spread;
In fortune rich, in offspring poor,
An only daughter crown'd his bed.

Oh! write not poor—the wealth that flows
In waves of gold round India's throne,
All in her shining breast that glows,
To Ellen's charms, were earth and stone.

For her the youth of Scotland sigh'd,
The Frenchman gay, the Spaniard grave,
And smoother Italy applied,
And many an English baron brave.

In vain by foreign arts assail'd,
No foreign loves her breast beguile,
And England's honest valour fail'd,
Paid with a cold, but courteous smile.

'Ah! woe to thee, young Nithisdale,
That o'er thy cheek those roses stray'd;
Thy breath, the violet of the vale,
Thy voice, the music of the shade!

'Ah! woe to thee, that Ellen's love
Alone to thy soft tale would yield!
For soon those gentle arms shall prove
The conflict of a ruder field.'

'Twas thus a wayward sister spoke,
And cast a rueful glance behind,
As from her dim wood-glen she broke,
And mounted on the moaning wind.

She spoke and vanish'd—more unmov'd
Than Moray's rocks, when storms invest,
The valiant youth by Ellen lov'd
With aught that fear, or fate suggest.

For Love, methinks, hath power to raise
The soul beyond a vulgar state;
The' unconquer'd banners he displays
Control our fears, and fix our fate.

III.

'Twas when, on summer's softest eve,
Of clouds that wander'd west away,
Twilight with gentle hand did weave
Her fairy robe of night and day.

When all the mountain gales were still,
And the wave slept against the shore,
And the sun, sunk beneath the hill,
Left his last smile on Lemmermore:

Led by those waking dreams of thought
That warm the young unpractis'd breast,
Her wonted bower sweet Ellen sought,
And Carron murmur'd near, and soothed her into rest.

IV.

There is some kind and courtly sprite
That o'er the realm of Fancy reigns,
Throws sunshine on the mask of night,
And smiles at Slumber's powerless chains:

'Tis told, and I believe the tale,
At this soft hour that sprite was there,
And spread with fairer flowers the vale,
And fill'd with sweeter sounds the air.

A bower he fram'd (for he could frame
What long might weary mortal wight;
Swift as the lightning's rapid flame
Darts on the unsuspecting sight:)

Such bower he fram'd with magic hand,
As well that wizard bard hath wove,
In scenes where fair Armida's wand
Wav'd all the witcheries of love.

Yet it was wrought in simple show;
Nor Indian mines nor orient shores
Had lent their glories here to glow,
Or yielded here their shining stores.

The woodbine lent [illegible]
That loves to weave the lover's bow'r.

The ash, that courts the mountain-air,
In all her painted blooms array'd,
The wilding's blossom blushing fair,
Combin'd to form the flowery shade.

With thyme that loves the brown hill's breast,
The cowslip's sweet reclining head,
The violet of sky-woven vest,
Was all the fairy ground bespread.

But, who is he, whose locks so fair
Adown his manly shoulders flow?
Beside him lies the hunter's spear,
Beside him sleeps the warrior's bow.

He bends to Ellen—(gentle sprite,
Thy sweet seductive arts forbear)
He courts her arms with fond delight,
And instant vanishes in air.

V.

[illegible]nd at early dawn

Scarce had one pale moon pass'd away,
And fill'd her silver urn again,
When in the devious chase to stray,
Afar from all his woodland train,

To Carron's banks his fate consign'd,
And, all to shun the fervid hour,
He sought some friendly shade to find,
And found the visionary bower.

VI.

Led by the golden star of Love,
Sweet Ellen took her wonted way,
And in the deep-defending grove
Sought refuge from the fervid day—

Oh!—Who is he whose ringlets fair
Disorder'd o'er his green vest flow,
Reclin'd in rest—whose sunny hair
Half hides the fair cheek's ardent glow?

'Tis he, that sprite's illusive guest,
(Ah me! that sprites can fate control!)
That lives still imag'd on her breast,
That lives still pictur'd in her soul.

As when some gentle spirit fled
From earth to breathe elysian air,
And, in the train whom we call dead,
Perceives its long-lov'd partner there;

Soft, sudden pleasure rushes o'er,
Resistless, o'er its airy frame,
To find its future fate restore
The object of its former flame.

So Ellen stood—less power to move
Had he, who, bound in Slumber's chain,
Seem'd haply, o'er his hills to rove,
And wind his woodland chase again.

She stood, but trembled—mingled fear,
And fond delight, and melting love,
Sies'd all her soul; she came not near,
She came not near that fated grove.

She strives to fly—from wizard's wand
As well might powerless captive fly—
The new-cropt flower falls from her hand—
Ah! fall not with that flower to die!

VII.

Hast thou not seen some azure gleam
Smile in the morning's orient eye,
And skirt the reddening cloud's soft beam
What time the sun was hasting nigh?

Thou hast—and thou canst fancy well
As any Muse that meets thine ear,
The soul-set eye of Nithisdale,
When wak'd, it fix'd on Ellen near.

Silent they gaz'd—that silence broke;
'Hail goddess of these groves, (he cried,)
O let me wear thy gentle yoke!
O let me in thy service bide!

'For thee I'll climb the mountain steep,
Unwearied chase the destin'd prey;
For thee I'll pierce the wild-wood deep,
And part the sprays that vex thy way;

'For thee'—'O stranger, cease, (she said,)
And swift away, like Daphne, flew;
But Daphne's flight was not delay'd
By aught that to her bosom grew.

'Twas Atalanta's golden fruit,
The fond idea that confin'd
Fair Ellen's steps, and blest'd his suit,
Who was not far, not far behind.

VIII.

O Love! within those golden vales,
Those genial airs where thou wast born,
Where Nature, listening thy soft tales,
Leans on the rosy breast of Morn:

Where the sweet Smiles, the Graces dwell,
And tender sighs the heart remove,
In silent eloquence to tell
Thy tale, O soul-subduing Love!

Ah! wherefore should grim Rage be nigh,
And dark Distrust, with changeful face,
And Jealousy's reverted eye
Be near thy fair, thy favour'd place?

IX.

Earl Barnard was of high degree,
And lord of many a lowland hind;
And long for Ellen love had he,
Had love, but not of gentle kind.

From Moray's halls her absent hour
He watch'd with all a miser's care;
The wide domain, the princely dower
Made Ellen more than Ellen fair.

Ah, wretch! to think the liberal soul
May thus with fair affection part!
Though Lothian's vales thy sway control,
Know, Lothian is not worth one heart.

Studious he marks her absent hour,
And, winding far where Carron flows,
Sudden he sees the fated bower,
And red rage on his dark brow glows.

For who is he?—'Tis Nithisdale!
And that fair form with arm reclin'd
On his?—'Tis Ellen of the vale,
'Tis she (O powers of vengeance!) kind.

Should he that vengeance swift pursue?
No—that would all his hopes destroy;
Moray would vanish from his view,
And rob him of a miser's joy.

Unseen to Moray's halls he hies—
He calls his slaves, his ruffian band,
And, 'Haste to yonder groves, (he cries)
And ambush'd lie by Carron's strand.

'What time ye mark from bower or glen
A gentle lady take her way,
To distance due, and far from ken,
Allow her length of time to stray;

'Then ransack straight that range of groves:—
With hunter's spear, and vest of green,
If chance, a rosy stripling roves,—
Ye well can aim your arrows keen.'

And now the ruffian slaves are nigh,
And Ellen takes her homeward way:
Though stay'd by many a tender sigh,
She can no longer, longer stay.

Pensive, against yon poplar pale
The lover leans his gentle heart,
Revolving many a tender tale,
And wondering still how they could part.

Three arrows pierc'd the desert air,
Ere yet his tender dreams depart;
And one struck deep his forehead fair,
And one went through his gentle heart.

Love's waking dream is lost in sleep—
He lies beneath yon poplar pale;
Ah! could we marvel ye should weep;
Ye maidens fair of Marlivale!

X.

When all the mountain gales were still,
And the wave slept against the shore,
And the sun, sunk beneath the hill,
Left his last smile on Lemmermore;

Sweet Ellen takes her wonted way
Along the fairy-featur'd vale:
Bright o'er his wave does Carron play,
And soon she'll meet her Nithisdale.

She'll meet him soon—for at her sight
Swift as the mountain deer he sped;
The evening shades will sink in night,—
Where art thou, loitering lover, fled?

O! she will chide thy trifling stay,
Ev'n now the soft reproach she frames:
'Can lovers brook such long delay?
Lovers that boast of ardent flames!'

He comes not—weary with the chase,
Soft Slumber o'er his eyelids throws
Her veil—we'll steal one dear embrace,
We'll gently steal on his repose.

This is the bower—we'll softly tread—
He sleeps beneath yon poplar pale—
Lover, if e'er thy heart has bled,
Thy heart will far forego my tale!

XI.

Ellen is not in princely bower,
She's not in Moray's splendid train;
Their mistress dear, at midnight hour,
Her weeping maidens seek in vain.

Her pillow swells not deep with down;
For her no balms their sweets exhale;
Her limbs are on the pale turf thrown,
Press'd by her lovely cheek as pale.

On that fair cheek, that flowing hair,
The broom its yellow leaf hath shed,
And the chill mountain's early air
Blows wildly o'er her beauteous head.

As the soft star of orient day,
When clouds involve his rosy light,
Darts thro' the gloom a transient ray,
And leaves the world once more to night;

Returning life illumes her eye,
And slow its languid orb unfolds—
What are those bloody arrows nigh?
Sure, bloody arrows she beholds!

What was that form so ghastly pale,
That low beneath the poplar lay?—
'Twas some poor youth—Ah, Witheddale,
She said, and silent sunk away.

XII.

The morn is on the mountains spread,
The woodlark trills his liquid strain—
Can morn's sweet music rouse the dead?
Give the set eye its soul again?

A shepherd of that gentler mind
Which Nature not profusely yields,
Seeks in these lonely shades to find
Some wanderer from his little fields.

Aghast he stands—and simple fear
O'er all his paly visage glides—
'Ah me! what means this misery here?
What fate this lady fair betides?'

He bears her to his friendly home,
When life, he finds, has but retir'd;—
With haste he frames the lover's tomb,
For his is quite, is quite expir'd!

XIII.

'O hide me in thy humble bower,'
(Returning late to life she said;)
'I'll bind thy crook with many a flower;
With many a rosy wreath thy head.

'Good shepherd, haste to yonder grove,
And, if my love asleep is laid,
Oh! wake him not; but softly move
Some pillow to that gentle head.

'Sure, thou wilt know him, shepherd swain,
Thou know'st the sun rise o'er the sea—
But oh! no lamb in all thy train
Was e'er so mild, so mild as he.'

'His head is on the wood-moss laid;
I did not wake his slumber deep—
Sweet sings the redbreast o'er the shade—
Why, gentle lady, would you weep?

As flowers that fade in burning day,
At evening find the dew-drop dear,
But fiercer feel the noon-tide ray,
When soften'd by the nightly tear;

Returning in the flowing tear,
This lovely flower, more sweet than they,
Found her fair soul, and, wandering near,
The stranger, Reason, cross'd her way.

Found her fair soul—Ah! so to find
Was but more dreadful grief to know!
Ah! sure, the privilege of mind
Can not be worth the wish of woe.

XIV.

On Melancholy's silent urn
A softer shade of sorrow falls,
But Ellen can no more return,
No more return to Moray's halls.

Beneath the low and lonely shade
The slow-consuming hour she'll weep,
Till Nature seeks her last-left aid,
In the sad, sombrous arms of sleep.

'These jewels, all unmeet for me,
Shalt thou (she said) good shepherd, take;
These gems will purchase gold for thee,
And these be thine for Ellen's sake.

'So fail thou not, at eve and morn,
The rosemary's pale bough to bring—
Thou know'st where I was found forlorn—
Where thou hast heard the redbreast sing.

'Heedful I'll tend thy flocks the while,
Or aid thy shepherdess's care,
For I will share her humble toil,
And I her friendly roof will share.'

XV.

w two longsome years are past
xury of lonely pain—
vely mourner, found at last,
loray's halls is borne again.

las she left one object dear,
it wears Love's sunny eye of joy—
ithisdale reviving here?
is it but a shepherd's boy?

Carron's side, a shepherd's boy,
le binds his vale-flowers with the reed;
e wears Love's sunny eye of joy,
And birth he little seems to heed.

XVI.

But ah! no more his infant sleep
Closes beneath a mother's smile,
Who, only when it clos'd, would weep,
And yield to tender woe the while.

No more, with fond attention dear,
She seeks the' unspoken wish to find;
No more shall she, with pleasure's tear,
See the soul waxing into mind.

XVII.

Does Nature bear a tyrant's breast?
Is she the friend of stern control?
Wears she the despot's purple vest?
Or fetters she the free-born soul?

Where, worst of tyrants, is thy claim
In chains thy children's breasts to bind?
Gav'st thou the Promethéan flame?
The incommunicable mind?

Thy offspring are great Nature's—free,
And of her fair dominion heirs;
Each privilege she gives to thee;
Know, that each privilege is theirs.

re thy feature, wear thine eye,
s some feelings of thy heart;
t thou their lov'd hearts deny
their fair, their proper part?

XVIII.

of Lothian's fertile vale
d Ellen, claims thy hand;
ow'st not that thy Nithisdale
w laid by his ruffian-band:

ay, with unfather'd eyes,
n fair Lothian's fertile dale,
ais human sacrifice,
t the Grecian painter's veil.

d Love! thy bard shall own,
two congenial souls unite,
en chain inlaid with down,
np with Heaven's own splendo

radiant star of love,
en! smile on thy fair rite,
a wretched weight shall prov
np a sad sepulchral light.

XIX.

has Time's slow wandering wi
nany a year unmark'd with spe
the boy by Carron's spring,
und his vale-flowers with the r

hose flowers he binds no more
y charm returns again;
it, Nature, keeps in store
t joys for her little train.

r heed the sun-beam bright
ays on Carron's breast he can,
as lent her quivering light,
own the chequer'd field of man

XX.

As the first human heir of earth
With pensive eye himself survey'd,
And, all unconscious of his birth,
Sat thoughtful oft in Eden's shade;

In pensive thought so Owen stray'd
Wild Carron's lonely woods among,
And once, within their greenest glade,
He fondly fram'd this simple song:

XXI.

'Why is this crook adorn'd with gold?
Why am I tales of ladies told?
Why does no labour me employ,
If I am but a shepherd's boy?

'A silken vest like mine so green
In shepherd's hut I have not seen—
Why should I in such vesture joy,
If I am but a shepherd's boy?

'I know it is no shepherd's art
His written meaning to impart—
They teach me, sure, an idle toy,
If I am but a shepherd's boy.

'This bracelet bright that binds my arm—
It could not come from shepherd's farm;
It only would that arm annoy,
If I were but a shepherd's boy.

'And, O thou silent picture fair!
That lov'st to smile upon me there,
O say, and fill my heart with joy,
That I am not a shepherd's boy.'

XXII.

Ah, lovely youth! thy tender lay
May not thy gentle life prolong:
See'st thou yon nightingale a prey
The fierce hawk hovering o'er his s

His little heart is large with love:
He sweetly hails his evening star,
And Fate's more pointed arrows move,
Insidious, from his eye afar.

XXIII.

The shepherdess, whose kindly care
Had watch'd o'er Owen's infant breath,
Must now their silent mansions share,
Whom Time leads calmly down to Death:

'O tell me, parent if thou art,
What is this lovely picture dear?
Why wounds its mournful eye my heart,
Why flows from mine the' unbidden tear?'—

'Ah! youth! to leave thee loth am I,
Though I be not thy parent dear;
And wouldst thou wish, or ere I die,
The story of thy birth to hear?

'But it will make thee much bewail,
And it will make thy fair eye swell'—
She said, and told the woesome tale,
As sooth as shepherdess might tell.

XXIV.

The heart that, sorrow doom'd to share,
Has worn the frequent seal of woe,
Its sad impressions learns to bear,
And finds, full oft, its ruin slow:

But when that seal is first imprest,
When the young heart its pain shall try,
From the soft, yielding, trembling breast,
Oft seems the startled soul to fly.

Yet fled not Owen's—wild amaze
In paleness cloth'd, and lifted hands,
And horror's dread, unmeaning gaze,
Mark the poor statue, as it stands.

The simple guardian of his life
Look'd wistful for the tear to glide;
But, when she saw his tearless strife,
Silent, she lent him one,—and died.

XXV.

'No, I am not a shepherd's boy,'
Awaking from his dream, he said,
'Ah! where is now the promis'd joy
Of this?—for ever, ever fled!

'O picture dear!—for her lov'd sake
How fondly could my heart bewail!
My friendly shepherdess, O wake,
And tell me more of this sad tale.

'O tell me more of this sad tale—
No; thou enjoy thy gentle sleep!
And I will go to Lothian's vale,
And more than all her waters weep.'

XXVI.

Owen to Lothian's vale is fled—
Earl Barnard's lofty towers appear—
'O! art thou there,' the full heart said,
'O! art thou there, my parent dear?'

Yes, she is there: from idle state
Oft has she stole her hour to weep;
Think how she 'by thy cradle sate,'
And how she 'fondly saw thee sleep.'

Now tries his trembling hand to frame
Full many a tender line of love;
And still he blots the parent's name,
For that, he fears, might fatal prove.

XXVII.

O'er a fair fountain's smiling side
Reclin'd a dim tower, clad with ma
Where every bird was wont to bide
That languish'd for its partner's l

ɔene he chose, this scene assign'd
ırent's first embrace to wait,
nany a soft fear fill'd his mind,
ious for his fond letter's fate.

and that bore those lines of love,
well-informing bracelet bore—
ıay they not unprosperous prove!
safely pass yon dangerous door!

XXVIII.

omes not;—can she then delay?'
i the fair youth, and dropt a tear—
ever filial love could say,
er I said, and call'd her *dear*.

ɔomes—Oh! no—encircled round
some rude chief with many a spear:
pless tale that earl has found—
ne! my heart!—for her I fear.'

nder tale that earl had read,
re it reach'd his lady's eye,
ırk brow wears a cloud of red,
ıge he deems a rival nigh.

XXIX.

er—those locks that wav'd in gold,
: wav'd adown those cheeks so fair,
h'd in the gloomy tyrant's hold,
g from the sever'd head in air;

ıtreaming head he joys to bear
orrid guise to Lothian's halls;
ıis grim ruffians place it there,
:t upon the frowning walls.

ıtal tokens forth he drew—
ow'st thou these—Ellen of the vale?'
ictur'd bracelet soon she knew,
. soon her lovely cheek grew pale.—

embling victim straight he led,
yet her soul's first fear was o'er:
ɔinted to the ghastly head—
saw—and *sunk*, to rise no more.

THOMAS PENROSE.

TO MISS SLOCOCK,

OF NEWBURY, BERKS,

Written on board the Ambuscade, Jan. 6th. 1763, a short time before the attack of Nova Colonia de Sacramento, in the river of Plate.

THE Fates ordain, we must obey;
This, this is doom'd to be the day;
The hour of war draws near:
The eager crew with busy care
Their instruments of death prepare,
And banish every fear.

The martial trumpets call to arms,
Each breast with such an ardour warms,
As Britons only know:
The flag of battle waving high,
Attracts with joy each Briton's eye;
With terror strikes the foe.

Amidst this nobly awful scene,
Ere yet fell slaughter's rage begin,
Ere Death his conquests swell;
Let me to Love this tribute pay,
For Polly frame the parting lay;
Perhaps, my last farewell:

For since, full low among the dead,
Must many a gallant youth be laid,
Ere this day's work be o'er;
Perhaps e'en I, with joyful eyes
Who saw this morning's sun arise,
Shall see it set no more.

My love, that ever burnt so true,
That but for thee no wishes knew;
My heart's fond, best desire!
Shall be remember'd e'en in death,
And only with my latest breath,
With life's last pang expire.

And when, dear maid, my fate you hear,
(Sure love like mine demands one tear,
Demands one heart-felt sigh)
My past sad errors, O forgive!
Let my few virtues only live,
My follies with me die.

But hark! the voice of battle calls;
Loud thundering from the towery walls
Now roars the hostile gun;
Adieu, dear maid!—with ready feet,
I go prepar'd the worst to meet,
Thy will, O God, be done!

ELEGY ON LEAVING THE RIVER OF PLATE,

After the unsuccessful attack of Nova Colonia do Sacramento, by the Lord Clive of 64 guns, the Ambuscade of 40, and the Gloria of 32, in which the former was unfortunately burned, with the greatest part of her crew;* and the two latter obliged to retire in a very shattered condition.

WHILE the torn vessel stems her labouring way,
Ere yon blue hills sink ever from my view;
Let me to sorrow raise the tribute-lay;
And take of them my long, my last adieu!

Adieu! ye walls; thou fatal stream farewell;
By war's sad chance beneath whose muddy wave
Full many a gallant youth untimely fell,
Full many a *Briton* found an early grave.

* *Out of 340 persons* on board, only 78 escaped.

Beneath thy tide, ah! silent now they
Or strew with mangled limbs thy san
The trumpet's call no more awakes the
The battle's voice they now shall hea

In vain the constant wife and feeble si
Expectant, wish their lov'd return to
In vain their infant's lisping tongues in
And wait the story on their father's

Ah! nought avails their anxious, busy
Far, far they lie, on hostile seas they
The wife's, sire's, infant's joy, no more
The tale of glorious deeds no more t

Learn then, ye Fair, for others' woes t
Let the soft tear bedew the sparkling
When the brave perish for their countr
'Tis pity's debt to heave the heartfelt

Ah! glorious Drake! far other lot was
Fate gave to thee to quell the hostil
To seize the treasures of Potosi's mine,
And sail triumphant o'er La Plata's

But Providence, on secret wonders bet
Conceals its purposes from mortal vi
And Heaven, no doubt with some all-w
Denied to numbers what it gave to f

IR WILLIAM BLACKSTONE.

FAREWELL TO THE MUSE.

by some tyrant's stern command,
A wretch forsakes his native land,
reign climes condemn'd to roam,
odless exile from his home:
ve he treads the destin'd way,
dreads to go, nor dares to stay;
n some neighb'ring mountain's brow
tops and turns his eyes below;
melting at the well-known view,
s a last tear and bids adieu!
thus doom'd from thee to part,
Queen of Fancy and of Art:
ctant move with doubtful mind,
top and often look behind!
anion of my tender age,
ely gay and sweetly sage;
blithesome were we wont to rove,
erdant hill or shady grove;
e fervent bees with humming voice,
nd the honied oak rejoice;
aged elms with awful bend,
ng cathedral walks extend.
d by the lapse of gliding floods—
r'd by the warbling of the woods;
blest my days, my thoughts how free,
weet society with thee!
all was joyous—all was young,
years unheeded roll'd along.
now the pleasing dream is o'er,
e scenes must charm me now no more!
to the field and torn from you—
well!—a long—a last adieu!
wrangling courts and stubborn *Law*,
moke and crowds, and cities draw;

There selfish faction rules the day,
And Pride and Av'rice throng the way;
Diseases taint the murky air,
And midnight conflagrations glare:
Loose Revelry and Riot bold,
In frighted streets their orgies hold;
Or when in silence all is drown'd,
Fell Murder walks her lonely round:
No room for peace—no room for you,
Adieu, celestial nymphs, adieu!

THE LAW.

SHAKESPEARE no more thy sylvan son,
Nor all the art of Addison,
Pope's heav'n-strung lyre, nor Waller's ease,
Nor Milton's mighty self must please.
Instead of these—a formal band
In furs and coifs around me stand,
With sounds uncouth, and accents dry,
That grate the soul of harmony.
Each pedant sage unlocks his store,
Of mystic dark discordant lore:
And points with tott'ring hand the ways
That lead me to the thorny maze.

There in a winding close retreat
Is Justice doom'd to fix her seat:
There fenc'd by bulwarks of the Law,
She keeps the wond'ring world in awe:
And there from vulgar sight retir'd,
Like eastern queens is more admir'd:
O let me pierce the secret shade,
Where dwells the venerable maid!
There humbly mark, with rev'rend awe,
The guardian of Britannia's law,
Unfold with joy her sacred page,
(Th' united boast of many an age,)

Where mix'd, yet uniform, appears
The wisdom of a thousand years!
In that pure spring the bottom view,
Clear, deep, and regularly true,
And other doctrines thence imbibe,
Than lurk within the sordid scribe:
Observe how parts with parts unite
In one harmonious rule of right;
See countless wheels distinctly tend
By various laws to one great end;
While mighty Alfred's piercing soul
Pervades and regulates the whole.
Then welcome business, welcome strife,
Welcome the cares, the thorns of life;
The visage wan, the pur-blind sight,
The toil by day, the lamp at night;
The tedious forms, the solemn prate,
The pert dispute, the dull debate;
The drowzy bench, the babbling hall;
For thee, fair Justice, welcome all!

Thus tho' my noon of life be pass'd,
Yet let my setting sun, at last,
Find out the still, the rural cell,
Where sage Retirement loves to dwell!
There let me taste the home-felt bliss
Of innocence, and inward peace;
Untainted by the guilty bribe;
Uncurs'd amid the harpy tribe;
No orphan's cry to wound my ear;
My honour, and my conscience clear:
Thus may I calmly meet my end,
Thus to the grave in peace descend!

The stormy howlings of the wind
And warm o'er ether western br

Of genial heat and cheerful light
From southern climes, beneath
The sun, returning, wheels his gol
Before his beams all noxious va

Far to the north grim Winter dra
To his own clime, to Zembla's fi
Where, thron'd on ice, he holds e
Where whirlwinds madden, and
roar.

Loos'd from the bands of frost, the
Again puts on her robe of cheerf
Again puts forth her flowers; and
Smiling, the cheerful face of Spri

Behold! the trees new deck their
Their ample leaves, the hospitabl
The taper elm, and lofty ash, disc
The blooming

On the green furze, clothed o'er with golden blooms
That fill the air with fragrance all around,
The linnet sits, and tricks his glossy plumes,
While o'er the wild his broken notes resound.

While the sun journeys down the western sky,
Along the green sward, mark'd with Roman mound,
Beneath the blithsome shepherd's watchful eye,
The cheerful lambkins dance and frisk around.

Now is the time for those who wisdom love,
Who love to walk in Virtue's flowery road,
Along the lovely paths of Spring to rove,
And follow Nature up to Nature's God.

Thus Zoroaster studied Nature's laws;
Thus Socrates, the wisest of mankind;
Thus heav'n-taught Plato trac'd the' Almighty cause,
And left the wondering multitude behind.

Thus Ashley gather'd academic bays;
Thus gentle Thomson, as the Seasons roll,
Taught them to sing the great Creator's praise,
And bear their poet's name from pole to pole.

Thus have I walk'd along the dewy lawn;
My frequent foot the blooming wild hath worn;
Before the lark I've sung the beauteous dawn,
And gather'd health from all the gales of morn.

And, ev'n when Winter chill'd the aged year,
I wander'd lonely o'er the hoary plain:
Though frosty Boreas warn'd me to forbear,
Boreas, with all his tempests, warn'd in vain.

Then, sleep my nights, and quiet bless'd my days;
I fear'd no loss, my Mind was all my store;
No anxious wishes e'er disturb'd my ease;
Heav'n gave content and health—I ask'd no more.

Now, Spring returns: but not to me returns
The vernal joy my better years have known;
Dim in my breast life's dying taper burns,
And all the joys of life with health are flown.

Starting and shivering in the' inconstant wind,
Meagre and pale, the ghost of what I was,
Beneath some blasted tree I lie reclin'd,
And count the silent moments as they pass:

The winged moments, whose unstaying speed
No art can stop, or in their course arrest;
Whose flight shall shortly count me with the dead,
And lay me down in peace with them that rest.

Oft morning-dreams presage approaching fate;
And morning-dreams, as poets tell, are true:
Led by pale ghosts, I enter Death's dark gate,
And bid the realms of light and life adieu.

I hear the helpless wail, the shriek of woe;
I see the muddy wave, the dreary shore,
The sluggish streams that slowly creep below,
Which mortals visit, and return no more.

Farewell, ye blooming fields! ye cheerful plains!
Enough for me the church-yard's lonely mound,
Where melancholy with still silence reigns,
And the rank grass waves o'er the cheerless ground.

There let me wander at the shut of eve,
When sleep sits dewy on the labourer's eyes;
The world and all its busy follies leave,
And talk with Wisdom where my Daphnis lies.

There let me sleep forgotten in the clay,
When death shall shut these weary aching eyes;
Rest in the hopes of an eternal day,
Till the long night is gone, and the last morn arise.

THOMAS WARTON.

THE SUICIDE.

BENEATH the beech, whose branches bare,
Smit with the lightning's livid glare,
O'erhang the craggy road,
And whistle hollow as the wave;
Within a solitary grave,
A Slayer of himself holds his accurs'd abode.

Lour'd the grim morn, in murky dies
Damp mists involv'd the scowling skies,
And dimm'd the struggling day;
As by the brook, that lingering laves
Yon rush-grown moor with sable waves,
Full of the dark resolve he took his sullen way.

I mark'd his desultory pace,
His gestures strange, and varying face,
With many a mutter'd sound;
And ah! too late aghast I view'd
The reeking blade, the hand embrued;
He fell, and groaning grasp'd in agony the ground.

Full many a melancholy night
He watch'd the slow return of light;
And sought the powers of sleep,
To spread a momentary calm
O'er his sad couch, and in the balm
Of bland oblivion's dews his burning eyes to steep.

Full oft, unknowing and unknown,
He wore his endless noons alone,
Amid the' autumnal wood:
Oft was he wont, in hasty fit,
Abrupt the social board to quit,
And gaze with eager glance upon the tumbling flood.

Beckoning the wretch to torments new,
Despair, for ever in his view,
A spectre pale, appear'd;
While, as the shades of eve arose,
And brought the day's unwelcome close,
More horrible and huge her giant-shape she rear'd.

'Is this,' mistaken Scorn will cry,
'Is this the youth whose genius high
Could build the genuine rhyme?'
Whose bosom mild the favouring Muse
Had stor'd with all her ample views,
Parent of fairest deeds, and purposes sublime.

Ah! from the Muse that bosom mild
By treacherous magic was beguil'd,
To strike the deathful blow:
She fill'd his soft ingenuous mind
With many a feeling too refin'd,
And rous'd to livelier pangs his wakeful sense of woe.

Though doom'd hard penury to prove,
And the sharp stings of hopeless love:
To griefs congenial prone,
More wounds than nature gave he knew,
While misery's form his fancy drew
In dark ideal hues, and horrors not its own.

Then wish not o'er his earthly tomb
The baleful nightshade's lurid bloom
To drop its deadly dew:
Nor oh! forbid the twisted thorn,
That rudely binds his turf forlorn,
With Spring's green-swelling buds to vegetate anew.

What though no marble-piled bust
Adorn his desolated dust,
With speaking sculpture wrought?
Pity shall woo the weeping Nine,
To build a visionary shrine,
Hung with unfading flowers, from fairy regions brought.

THOMAS WARTON.

What though refus'd each chaunted
Here viewless mourners shall deligl
To touch the shadowy shell:
And Petrarch's harp, that wept the
Of Laura, lost in early bloom,
In many a pensive pause shall seem to ri

To soothe a lone, unhallow'd shade,
This votive dirge sad duty paid,
Within an ivied nook:
Sudden the half-sunk orb of day
More radiant shot its parting ray,
And thus a cherub-voice my charm'd attent

'Forbear, fond bard, thy partial praise;
Nor thus for guilt in specious lays
The wreath of glory twine:
In vain with hues of gorgeous glow
Gay Fancy gives her vest to flow,
Unless Truth's matron-hand the floating folds

'Just Heaven, man's fortitude to prove,
Permits through life at large to rove
The tribes of hell-born Woe:
Yet the same power that wisely sends
Life's fiercest ills, indulgent lends
Religion's golden shield to break the' embattled

'Her aid divine had lull'd to rest
Yon foul self-murderer's throbbing breast,
And stay'd the rising storm:
Had bade the sun of hope appear
To gild his darken'd hemisphere,
And give the wonted bloom to nature's blasted fo

'Vain man! 'tis Heaven's prerogative
To take, what first it deign'd to give,
Thy tributary breath:
In awful expectation plac'd,
Await thy doom, nor impious haste
To pluck from God's right hand his instrume
death.

THE PLEASURES OF MELANCHOLY. 1745.

——Præcipe lugubres
Cantus, Melpomene!—

MOTHER of musings, Contemplation sage,
Whose grotto stands upon the topmost rock
Of Teneriff; 'mid the tempestuous night,
On which, in calmest meditation held,
Thou hear'st with howling winds the beating rain
And drifting hail descend; or if the skies
Unclouded shine, and through the blue serene
Pale Cynthia rolls her silver-axled car,
Whence gazing stedfast on the spangled vault
Raptur'd thou sitt'st, while murmurs indistinct
Of distant billows soothe thy pensive ear
With hoarse and hollow sounds; secure, self-blest,
There oft thou listen'st to the wild uproar
Of fleets encountering, that in whispers low
Ascends the rocky summit, where thou dwell'st
Remote from man, conversing with the spheres!
O lead me, queen sublime, to solémn glooms
Congenial with my soul; to cheerless shades,
To ruin'd seats, to twilight cells and bow'rs,
Where thoughtful Melancholy loves to muse,
Her favourite midnight haunts. The laughing scenes
Of purple Spring, where all the wanton train
Of Smiles and Graces seem to lead the dance
In sportive round, while from their hands they show'r
Ambrosial blooms and flowers, no longer charm;
Tempé, no more I court thy balmy breeze,
Adieu, green vales! ye broider'd meads, adieu!
Beneath yon ruin'd abbey's moss-grown piles
Oft let me sit, at twilight hour of eve,
Where through some western window the pale moon
Pours her long-levell'd rule of streaming light;
While sullen sacred silence reigns around,
Save the lone screech-owl's note, who builds his bow'r

Amid the mouldering caverns dark and damp,
Or the calm breeze, that rustles in the leaves
Of flaunting ivy, that with mantle green
Invests some wasted tow'r. Or let me tread
Its neighbouring walk of pines, where mus'd of old
The cloister'd brothers: through the gloomy void
That far extends beneath their ample arch
As on I pace, religious horror wraps
My soul in dread repose. But when the world
Is clad in Midnight's raven-colour'd robe,
'Mid hollow charnel let me watch the flame
Of taper dim, shedding a livid glare
O'er the wan heaps; while airy voices talk
Along the glimmering walls; or ghostly shape
At distance seen, invites with beck'ning hand
My lonesome steps, through the far-winding vaults.
Nor undelightful is the solemn noon
Of night, when haply wakeful from my couch
I start: lo, all is motionless around!
Roars not the rushing wind; the sons of men
And every beast in mute oblivion lie;
All nature's hush'd in silence and in sleep.
O then how fearful is it to reflect,
That through the still globe's awful solitude,
No being wakes but me! till stealing sleep
My drooping temples bathes in opiate dews.
Nor then let dreams, of wanton folly born,
My senses lead through flowery paths of joy;
But let the sacred Genius of the night
Such mystic visions send, as Spenser saw,
When through bewildering Fancy's magic maze,
To the fell house of Busyrane, he led
The' unshaken Britomart; or Milton knew
When in abstracted thought he first conceiv'd
All Heav'n in tumult, and the Seraphim
Come towering, arm'd in adamant and gold.
Let others love soft Summer's evening smiles,
As listening to the distant water-fall,
They mark the blushes of the streaky west;
I choose the pale December's foggy glooms.

Then, when the sullen shades of evening c
Where through the room a blindly-glimmerin
The dying embers scatter, far remote
From Mirth's mad shouts that through the' il
roof
Resound with festive echo, let me sit,
Blest with the lowly cricket's drowsy dirge
Then let my thought contemplative explore
This fleeting state of things, the vain deligh
The fruitless toils. that still our search eluc
As through the wilderness of life we rove.
This sober hour of silence will unmask
False Folly's smile, that like the dazzling s
Of wily Comus cheat the' unweeting eye
With blear illusion, and persuade to drink
That charmed cup, which Reason's mintag
Unmoulds, and stamps the monster on the
Eager we taste, but in the luscious draught
Forget the poisonous dregs that lurk benea
Few know that elegance of soul refin'd,
Whose soft sensation feels a quicker joy
From Melancholy's scenes, than the dull p
Of tasteless splendor and magnificence
Can e'er afford. Thus Eloise, whose mind
Had languish'd to the pangs of melting lov
More genuine transport found, as on some
Reclin'd, she watch'd the tapers of the dea
Or through the pillar'd aisles, amid pale sh
Of imag'd saints, and intermingled graves,
Mus'd a veil'd votaress; than Flavia feels,
As through the mazes of the festive ball,
Proud of her conquering charms, and beauty'
She floats amid the silken sons of dress,
And shines the fairest of the' assembled fai
When asure noontide cheers the dædal gl
And the blest regent of the golden day
Rejoices in his bright meridian tower,
How oft my wishes ask the night's return
That best befriends the melancholy mind
Hail, sacred Night! thou too shalt share

Sister of ebon-sceptred Hecat, hail!
Whether in congregated clouds thou wrapp'st
Thy viewless chariot, or with silver crown
Thy beaming head encirclest, ever hail!
What though beneath thy gloom the sorceress-train,
Far in obscured haunt of Lapland moors,
With rhymes uncouth the bloody cauldron bless;
Though Murder wan beneath thy shrouding shade
Summons her slow-ey'd votaries to devise
Of secret slaughter, while by one blue lamp
In hideous conference sit the listening baud,
And start at each low wind, or wakeful sound:
What though thy stay the pilgrim curseth oft,
As all benighted in Arabian wastes
He hears the wilderness around him howl
With roaming monsters, while on his hoar head
The black-descending tempest ceaseless beats;
Yet more delightful to my pensive mind
Is thy return, than blooming Morn's approach,
Even then, in youthful pride of opening May,
When from the portals of the saffron east
She sheds fresh roses, and ambrosial dews.
Yet not ungrateful is the morn's approach,
When dropping wet she comes, and clad in clouds,
While through the damp air scowls the louring
south,
Blackening the landscape's face, that grove and hill
In formless vapours undistinguish'd swim:
The' afflicted songsters of the sadden'd groves
Hail not the sullen gloom; the waving elms
That, hoar through time, and rang'd in thick array,
Enclose with stately row some rural hall,
Are mute, nor echo with the clamors hoarse
Of rooks rejoicing on their airy boughs;
While to the shed the dripping poultry crowd,
A mournful train: secure the village-hind
Hangs o'er the crackling blaze, nor tempts the storm;
Fix'd in the' unfinish'd furrow rests the plough:
Rings not the high wood with enliven'd shouts

And happiest ...
Yet does my mind with sweetest ...
As at the root of mossy trunk reclin'd,
In magic Spenser's wildly-warbled song
I see deserted Una wander wide
Through wasteful solitudes, and lurid heaths,
Weary, forlorn; than when the fated fair
Upon the bosom bright of silver Thames
Launches in all the ... of brocade,
Amid the splendors of the laughing Sun.
The gay description palls upon the sense,
And coldly strikes the mind with feeble bliss.
Ye youths of Albion's beauty-blooming isle,
Whose brows have worn the wreath of luckless love,
Is there a pleasure like the pensive mood,
Whose magic wont to soothe your soften'd souls?
O tell how rapturous the joy, to melt
To Melody's assuasive voice; to bend
The' uncertain step along the midnight mead,
And pour your sorrows to the pitying moon,
By many a slow trill from the bird of woe
... interrupted; in embowering woods
... muse, and there forget

By frolic Zephyr's hand, her tender cheek
Graceful she lifts, and blushing from her bow'r
Issues to clothe in gladsome-glistering green
The genial globe, first met my dazzled sight:
These are delights unknown to minds profane,
And which alone the pensive soul can taste.
The taper'd choir, at the late hour of pray'r,
Oft let me tread, while to the' according voice
The many-sounding organ peals on high,
The clear slow-dittied chaunt, or varied hymn,
Till all my soul is bath'd in ecstasies,
And lapp'd in Paradise. Or let me sit
Far in sequester'd aisles of the deep dome,
There lonesome listen to the sacred sounds,
Which, as they lengthen through the gothic vaults
In hollow murmurs reach my ravish'd ear.
Nor when the lamps expiring yield to night,
And solitude returns, would I forsake
The solemn mansion, but attentive mark
The due clock swinging slow with sweepy sway,
Measuring Time's flight with momentary sound.
Nor let me fail to cultivate my mind
With the soft thrillings of the tragic Muse,
Divine Melpomene, sweet Pity's nurse,
Queen of the stately step, and flowing pall.
Now let Monimia mourn with streaming eyes
Her joys incestuous, and polluted love:
Now let soft Juliet in the gaping tomb
Print the last kiss on her true Romeo's lips,
His lips yet reeking from the deadly draught:
Or Jaffier kneel for one forgiving look.
Nor seldom let the Moor on Desdemone
Pour the misguided threats of jealous rage.
By soft degrees the manly torrent steals
From my swoln eyes; and at a brother's woe
My big heart melts in sympathizing tears.
What are the splendors of the gaudy court,
Its tinsel trappings, and its pageant pomps?
To me far happier seems the banish'd lord,

Amid Siberia's unrejoicing wilds
Who pines all lonesome, in the chambers hoar
Of some high castles shut, whose windows dim
In distant ken discover trackless plains,
Where Winter ever whirls his icy car;
While still repeated objects of his view,
The gloomy battlements, and ivied spires,
That crown the solitary dome, arise;
While from the topmost turret the slow clock,
Far heard along the' inhospitable wastes,
With sad-returning chime awakes new grief;
Ev'n he far happier seems than is the proud,
The potent Satrap, whom he left behind
'Mid Moscow's golden palaces, to drown
In ease and luxury the laughing hours.
Illustrious objects strike the gazer's mind
With feeble bliss, and but allure the sight,
Nor rouse with impulse quick the' unfeeling heart.
Thus seen by shepherd from Hymettus' brow,
What dædal landscapes smile! here palmy groves,
Resounding once with Plato's voice, arise,
Amid whose umbrage green her silver head
The' unfading olive lifts; here vine-clad hills
Lay forth their purple store, and sunny vales
In prospect vast their level laps expand,
Amid whose beauties glistering Athens towers.
Though through the blissful scenes Ilissus roll
His sage-inspiring flood, whose winding marge
The thick-wove laurel shades; though roseate Morn
Pour all her splendors on the' empurpled scene;
Yet feels the hoary hermit truer joys,
As from the cliff, that o'er his cavern hangs,
He views the piles of fall'n Persepolis
In deep arrangement hide the darksome plain.
Unbounded waste! the mouldering obelisk
Here, like a blasted oak, ascends the clouds;
Here Parian domes their vaulted halls disclose
Horrid with thorn, where lurks the ungilt'ring thief,
Whence flits the twilight-loving bat at eve,
And the deaf adder wreathes her spotted train.

..., arches, domes, and palaces,
h his brother Horror, Ruin sits.
:n, Melancholy, queen of thought!
th saintly look, and stedfast step,
thy cave embower'd with mournful yew,
r to the curfew's solemn sound
hou sitt'st, and with thy cypress bind
's hair, and seal him for thy son.
let Euphrosyne beguile
)f wanton mirth my fixed mind,
path her primrose-garland cast,
l her train the dimpled Hebe bare
om to the' enamour'd view;
is, mother of the Smiles and Loves,
, ivy-crown'd, in citron bow'r
nectar-streaming fruitage feast:
'tis hers to calm the lowering skies,
esence mild the' embattled clouds
', and o'er the face of Heav'n
ive gleam at her approach;
oys that Melancholy ...

Far in a hollow glade of Mona's woods;
And piteous bore with hospitable hand
To the close shelter of his oaken bow'r.
There soon the sage admiring mark'd the dawn
Of solemn musing in your pensive thought;
For when a smiling babe, you lov'd to lie
Oft deeply listening to the rapid roar
Of wood-hung Menai, stream of druids old.

INSCRIPTION

In a Hermitage, at Ansley Hall in Warwickshire.

BENEATH this stony roof reclin'd,
I soothe to peace my pensive mind;
And while, to shade my lowly cave,
Embowering elms their umbrage wave;
And while the maple dish is mine,
The beechen cup, unstain'd with wine;
I scorn the gay licentious crowd,
Nor heed the toys that deck the proud.

Within my limits lone and still
The blackbird pipes in artless trill;
Fast by my couch, congenial guest,
The wren has wove her mossy nest;
From busy scenes, and brighter skies,
To lurk with innocence, she flies;
Here hopes in safe repose to dwell,
Nor aught suspects the silvan cell.

At morn I take my custom'd round,
To mark how buds yon shrubby mound;
And every opening primrose count,
That trimly paints my blooming mount:
Or o'er the sculptures, quaint and rude,
That grace my gloomy solitude,
I teach in winding wreaths to stray
Fantastic ivy's gadding spray.

/e, within yon studious nook,
e my brass-embossed book,
ırtray'd with many a holy deed
martyrs, crown'd with heavenly meed:
hen, as my taper waxes dim,
Chant, ere I sleep, my measur'd hymn;
And, at the close, the gleams behold
Of parting wings bedropt with gold.

While such pure joys my bliss create,
Who but would smile at guilty state?
Who but would wish his holy lot
In calm Oblivion's humble grot?
Who but would cast his pomp away,
To take my staff, and amice gray;
And to the world's tumultuous stage
Prefer the blameless hermitage?

ODE TO SLEEP.

ON this my pensive pillow, gentle sleep!
Descend, in all thy downy plumage drest:
Wipe with thy wing these eyes that wake to weep,
And place thy crown of poppies on my breast.

O steep my senses in oblivion's balm,
And soothe my throbbing pulse with lenient hand;
This tempest of my boiling blood becalm!—
Despair grows mild at thy supreme command.

Yet ah! in vain, familiar with the gloom,
And sadly toiling through the tedious night,
I seek sweet slumber, while that virgin bloom,
For ever hovering haunts my wretched sight.

Nor would the dawning day my sorrows charm:
Black midnight and the blaze of noon alike
To me appear, while with uplifted arm
Death stands prepar'd, but still delays, to strike

JOSEPH WARTON.

ODE TO FANCY.

O Parent of each lovely Muse!
Thy spirit o'er my soul diffuse;
O'er all my artless songs preside,
My footsteps to thy temple guide;
To offer at thy turf-built shrine,
In golden cups no costly wine;
No murder'd fatling of the flock,
But flowers and honey from the rock.
O nymph! with loosely-flowing hair,
With buskin'd leg, and bosom bare;
Thy waist with myrtle-girdle bound,
Thy brows with Indian feathers crown'd;
Waving in thy snowy hand
An all-commanding magic wand;
Of pow'r to bid fresh gardens blow
'Mid cheerless Lapland's barren snow;
Whose rapid wings thy flight convey,
Through air, and over earth and sea:
While the vast, various landscape lies
Conspicuous to thy piercing eyes;
O lover of the desert, hail!
Say, in what deep and pathless vale,
Or on what hoary mountain's side,
'Midst falls of water, you reside;
'Midst broken rocks, a rugged scene,
With green and grassy dales between;
'Midst forests dark of aged oak,
Ne'er echoing with the woodman's stroke;
Where never human art appear'd,
Nor ev'n one straw-rooft cot was rear'd;
Where Nature seems to sit alone,
Majestic on a craggy throne.
Tell me the path, sweet wanderer, tell,
To thy unknown sequester'd cell;

JOSEPH WARTON.

Where woodbines cluster round the door,
Where shells and moss o'erlay the floor;
And on whose top a hawthorn blows,
Amid whose thickly-woven boughs
Some nightingale still builds her nest,
Each evening warbling thee to rest.
Then lay me by the haunted stream,
Wrapt in some wild, poetic dream;
In converse while methinks I rove
With Spenser through a fairy grove;
Till suddenly awak'd, I hear
Strange whisper'd music in my ear;
And my glad soul in bliss is drown'd,
By the sweetly-soothing sound!
Me, Goddess, by the right-hand lead,
Sometimes through the yellow mead,
Where Joy, and white-rob'd Peace resort,
And Venus keeps her festive court,
Where Mirth and Youth each evening meet,
And lightly trip with nimble feet,
Nodding their lily-crowned heads,
Where Laughter rose-lipp'd Hebe leads:
Where Echo walks steep hills among,
List'ning to the shepherd's song:
Yet not these flowery fields of joy
Can long my pensive mind employ;
Haste, Fancy, from the scenes of folly,
To meet the matron Melancholy!
Goddess of the tearful eye,
That loves to fold her arms and sigh;
Let us with silent footsteps go
To charnels, and the house of woe;
To Gothic churches, vaults, and tombs,
Where each sad night some virgin comes,
With throbbing breast, and faded cheek,
Her promis'd bridegroom's urn to seek.
Or to some Abbey's mouldering tow'rs,
Where, to avoid cold wintry show'rs,
The naked beggar shivering lies,
While whistling tempests round her rise,

And trembles lest the tottering wall
Should on her sleeping infants fall.
Now let us louder strike the lyre,
For my heart glows with martial fire;
I feel, I feel, with sudden heat,
My big tumultuous bosom beat;
The trumpet's clangors pierce my ear,
A thousand widows' shrieks I hear:
Give me another horse, I cry,
Lo, the base Gallic squadrons fly;
Whence is this rage?—what spirit say,
To battle hurries me away?
'Tis Fancy, in her fiery car,
Transports me to the thickest war;
There whirls me o'er the hills of slain,
Where tumult and destruction reign;
Where mad with pain, the wounded steed
Tramples the dying and the dead;
Where giant Terror stalks around,
With sullen joy surveys the ground,
And pointing to the' ensanguin'd field
Shakes his dreadful Gorgon-shield.
O guide me from this horrid scene
To high-arch'd walks, and alleys green,
Which lovely Laura seeks, to shun
The fervors of the mid-day sun.
The pangs of absence, O remove,
For thou canst please-me near my love;
Canst fold in visionary bliss,
And let me think I steal a kiss;
While her ruby lips dispense
Luscious nectar's quintessence!
When young-ey'd Spring profusely throws
From her green lap the pink and rose;
When the soft turtle of the dale
To Summer tells her tender tale;
When Autumn cooling caverns seeks,
And stains with wine his jolly cheeks;
When Winter, like poor pilgrim old,
Shakes his silver beard with cold;

eason let my ear
n whispers, Fancy, hear.
nthusiastic maid,
by powerful, vital aid,
hes an energy divine,
a soul to every line,
I strive with lips profane,
n unhallow'd strain;
te touch the sacred string,
with smiles thou bid'st me sing.
r prayer, O hither come,
lamented Shakspeare's tomb,
thou lov'st to sit at eve,
er thy darling's grave:
f numbers, once again
ome chosen swain,
with inexhausted fire,
ly smite the sounding lyre,
some new, unequall'd song,
above the rhyming throng;
ar listening passions reign,
a our souls with joy and pain:
r shake, with pity move,
h revenge, or melt with love.
o' attend his evening walk,
in groves and grottos talk;
a to scorn with frigid art,
touch the' enraptur'd heart;
tning, let his mighty verse
n's inmost foldings pierce;
ive beauties win applause,
old critic's studied laws:
h Muse's fame increase,
ritannia rival Greece!

ODE TO EVENING.

HAIL! meek-ey'd maiden, clad in sober gr
Whose soft approach the weary woodman l
As homeward bent to kiss his prattling babes
Jocund he whistles through the twilight grov

When Phœbus sinks behind the gilded hills,
You lightly o'er the misty meadows walk;
The drooping daisies bathe in honey dews,
And nurse the nodding violet's slender stalk.

The panting dryads, that in day's fierce heat
To inmost bowers, and cooling caverns ran;
Return to trip in wanton ev'ning-dance,
Old Silvan too returns, and laughing Pan.

To the deep wood the clamorous rooks repai
Light skims the swallow o'er the watery scen
And from the sheep-cote, and fresh-furrow'd
Stout ploughmen meet, to wrestle on the gre

The swain, that artless sings on yonder rock,
His supping sheep, and lengthening shadow
Pleas'd with the cool, the calm, refreshful ho
And with hoarse humming of unnumber'd fli

Now every passion sleeps; desponding Love
And pining Envy, ever-restless Pride;
An holy calm creeps o'er my peaceful soul,
Anger, and mad Ambition's storms subside.

O modest Evening! oft let me appear
A wandering votary in thy pensive train;
Listening to every wildly-warbling throat
That fills with farewell sweet thy darkening

JOHN LOGAN.

ODE TO SLEEP.

IN vain I court till dawning light,
The coy divinity of night;
Restless, from side to side I turn,
Arise, ye musings of the morn!

Oh, Sleep! though banish'd from those eyes,
In visions fair to Delia rise;
And o'er a dearer form diffuse
Thy healing balm, thy lenient dews.

Blest be her night as infant's rest,
Lull'd on the fond maternal breast,
Who, sweetly-playful, smiles in sleep,
Nor knows that he is born to weep.

Remove the terrors of the night,
The phantom-forms of wild affright,
The shrieks from precipice or flood,
And starting scene that swims with blood.

ead her aloft to blooming bowers,
nd beds of amaranthine flowers,
nd golden skies, and glittering streams,
at paint the paradise of dreams.

nus! present a lover near,
d gently whisper in her ear
woes, who, lonely and forlorn,
nts the slow clock from night till morn.

let no portion of my pain,
just a tender trace, remain;
ep consenting to be kind,
wake with Daphnis in her mind.

JOHN SCOTT.

ODE.

Written in Winter.

WHILE in the sky black clouds impend,
And fogs arise, and rains descend,
And one brown prospect opens round
Of leafless trees and furrow'd ground;
Save where unmelted spots of snow
Upon the shaded hill-side show;
While chill winds blow, and torrents roll,
The scene disgusts the sight, depresses all the soul

Yet worse what polar climates share—
Vast regions, dreary, bleak, and bare!—
There, on an icy mountain's height,
Seen only by the moon's pale light,
Stern Winter rears his giant form,
His robe a mist, his voice a storm:
His frown the shivering nations fly,
And hid for half the year in smoky caverns lie.

Yet there the lamp's perpetual blaze
Can pierce the gloom with cheering rays;
Yet there the heroic tale or song
Can urge the lingering hours along;
Yet there their hands with timely care
The kajak* and the dart prepare,
On summer seas to work their way,
And wage the wat'ry war, and make the seals their prey.

Too Delicate! reproach no more
The seasons of thy native shore—
There soon shall Spring descend the sky,
With smiling brow and placid eye;
A primrose-wreath surrounds her hair,
Her green robe floats upon the air;
And, scatter'd from her liberal hand,
Fair blossoms deck the trees, fair flowers o the land.

* A Greenland fishing-boat.

SIR JOHN HENRY MOORE, BART.

ABSENCE.—AN ELEGY.

THE gairish sunbeams slowly fade away,
The dew-drop hangs upon the moisten'd
Soft twilight thinly spreads her mantle grey,
And brings to patient poverty repose.

But not on me the night's still shades bestow
Peace or repose; while, banish'd from thy
I brood in silence o'er my secret woe,
And count the day's slow hours, and live-long

But thou, for whose dear sake unheard I gri
Say, does my Delia deign one thought on
That gentle softness sure could ne'er deceive
The faithful heart, that throbs alone for th

No, my soul's treasure, thou art good as fair
Forget, forgive thy lover's frantic fear;
Who doats, adores thee,—yet, with jealous ca
Starts! and beholds some happier rival nea

O, dearer far than fortune, fame, or friends,
Dearer than life, than health, than liberty;
Reflect, that on thy will alone depends
All of my future bliss or misery.

Believe these heartfelt sighs, these speaking
Pity the pangs of maddening jealousy;
And think, ah think! who never felt these f
Has never lov'd—or never lov'd like me.

But oh! my Delia, will thy tender care
Dispel each doubt that clouds my anxious
Say, will my Delia's lips again declare,
That she is ever constant, ever kind?

Yes, yes, they will:—Ev'n now, with kind
She chides the slow-pac'd loit'ring hou
And gently blames her lover's slow ret
And looks, and wists, and wonders

Each air-form'd spectre anxious absence drew,
When fondly musing on thy heavenly charms;
Malicious fancy to my tortur'd view
Gave those sweet beauties to another's arms.—

——One smile from thee shall give them to the wind;—
My raptur'd heart, from storms of passion free,
Again adore thee, lovely, good, and kind,
Nor own another wish, when bless'd with thee.

THE DEBTOR.

CHILDREN of Affluence, hear a poor man's pray'r;
O haste, and free me from this dungeon's gloom!
Let not the hand of comfortless despair
Sink my grey hairs with sorrow to the tomb!

Unus'd Compassion's tribute to demand,
With clamorous din wake Charity's dull ear,
Wring the slow aid from Pity's loitering hand,
Weave the feign'd tale, or drop the ready tear:

Far different thoughts employ'd my early hours,
To views of bliss, to scenes of affluence born;
The hand of pleasure strew'd my path with flow'rs,
And every blessing hail'd my youthful morn.

But ah, how quick the change!—the morning gleam,
That cheer'd my fancy with her magic ray,
Fled like the gairish pageant of a dream,
And sorrow clos'd the evening of my day.

Such is the lot of human bliss below!
Fond hope awhile the trembling floweret rears;
Till unforeseen descends the blight of woe,
And withers in an hour the pride of years.

In evil hour, to specious wiles a prey,
I trusted:—(who from faults is always free!)
And the short progress of one fatal day
Was all the space 'twixt wealth and poverty.

Where could I seek for comfort, or for aid?
To whom the ruins of my state commend?
Left to myself, abandon'd, and betray'd,
Too late I found, the wretched have no friend!

E'en he amid the rest, the favour'd youth,
Whose vows had met the tenderest warm return,
Forgot his oaths of constancy and truth,
And left my child in solitude to mourn.

Pity in vain stretch'd forth her feeble hand
To guard the sacred wreaths that Hymen wove,
While pale-eyed Avarice, from his sordid stand,
Scowl'd o'er the ruins of neglected love.

Though deeply hurt, yet, sway'd by decent pride,
She hush'd her sorrows with becoming art,
And faintly strove with sickly smiles to hide
The canker-worm that prey'd upon her heart.

Nor blam'd his cruelty—nor wish'd to hate
Whom once she lov'd—but pitied, and forgave:
Then unrepining yielded to her fate,
And sunk in silent anguish to the grave.

Children of affluence, hear a poor man's pray'r!
O haste, and free me from this dungeon's gloom!
Let not the hand of comfortless despair
Sink my grey hairs with sorrow to the tomb!

SIR WILLIAM JONES.

LAURA,

An Elegy from Petrarch.

IN this fair season, when the whispering gales
Drop showers of fragrance o'er the bloomy vales,
From bower to bower the vernal warblers play;
The skies are cloudless, and the meads are gay;
The nightingale in many a melting strain
Sings to the groves, 'Here Mirth and Beauty reign.'
But me, for ever bath'd in gushing tears,
No mirth enlivens, and no beauty cheers:
The birds that warble, and the flowers that bloom,
Relieve no more this solitary gloom.
I see where late the verdant meadow smil'd,
A joyless desert, and a dreary wild:—
For those dear eyes, that pierc'd my heart before,
Are clos'd in death, and charm the world no more:
Lost are those tresses, that outshone the morn,
And pale those cheeks, that might the skies adorn.
Ah, death! thy hand has cropp'd the fairest flower,
That shed its smiling rays in beauty's bower;
Thy dart has laid on yonder sable bier
All my soul lov'd, and all the world held dear;
Celestial sweetness, love-inspiring youth,
Soft-ey'd benevolence, and white-rob'd truth.
Hard fate of man, on whom the heavens bestow
A drop of pleasure for a sea of woe!
Ah, life of care, in fears or hopes consum'd,
Vain hopes, that wither ere they well have bloom'd!
How oft, emerging from the shades of night,
Laughs the gay morn, and spreads a purple light:
But soon the gathering clouds o'ershade the skies,
Red lightnings play, and thundering storms arise
How oft a day, that fair and mild appears,
Grows dark with fate, and mars the toil of ye

SIR WILLIAM JONES.

Not far remov'd, yet hid from distant ey
Low in her secret grot, a Naiad lies.
Steep arching rocks, with verdant moss o'
Form her rude diadem, and native throne
There, in a gloomy cave her waters sleep,
Clear as a brook, but as an ocean deep.
Yet, when the waking flowers of April blo
And warmer sunbeams melt the gather'd s
Rich with the tribute of the vernal rains,
The nymph, exulting, bursts her silver cha
Her living waves in sparkling columns ris
And shine like rainbows to the sunny skie
From cliff to cliff the falling waters roar;
Then die in murmurs, and are heard no m
Hence, softly flowing in a dimpled stream
The crystal Sorga spreads a lively gleam;
From which a thousand rills in mazes glid
And deck the banks with summer's gayest
Brighten the verdure of the smiling plains
And crown the labour of the joyful swain

First, on these banks, (ah, dream of short
The charms of Laura struck my dazzled si
Charms, that the bliss of Eden might rest
That heaven might envy, and mankind ad
I saw—and O! what heart could long reb
I saw, I lov'd, and bade the world farewe
Where'er she mov'd, the meads were fresh
And every bower exhal'd the sweets of M
Smooth flow'd the streams, and softly blew
The rising flowers impurpled every dale;
Calm was the ocean, and the sky serene;
An universal smile o'erspread the shining
But when in Death's cold arms entranc'd
(Ah, ever dear, yet ever fatal day!)
O'er all the air a direful gloom was sprea
Pale were the meads, and all their blosson
The clouds of April shed a baleful dew:
All nature wore a veil of deadly hue.

Go, plaintive breeze! to Laura's flower
Heave the warm sigh, and shed the ten

And softly [illegible]
'Say, envied earth! that [illegible]
Where are those cheeks, and where those locks [illegible]
Where are those eyes, which oft the Muse has sung?
Where those sweet lips, and that enchanting tongue?
Ye radiant tresses! and thou, nectar'd smile!
Ye looks that might the melting skies beguile!
You robb'd my soul of rest, my eyes of sleep:
You taught me how to love, and how to weep.'
No shrub o'erhangs the dew-bespangled vale,
No blossom trembles to the dying gale,
No floweret blushes in the morning rays,
No stream along the winding valley plays,
But knows what anguish thrills my tortur'd breast,
What pains consume me, and what cares infest.
At blush of dawn, and in the gloom of night,
Her pale-eyed phantom swims before my sight,
Sits on the border of each purling rill,
Crowns every bower, and glides o'er every hill.
Flows the loud rivulet down the mountain's brow
Or pants the zephyr on the waving bough?
[illegible] the labouring bee her balmy dews,
[illegible] her fragrant toil pursues?

SIR WILLIAM JONES.

ıds: the Fates, that will no more re
. her closing lips their sacred seal.
ırn, sweet shade!' I wake, and fondly
cheer my gloom with one far-beaming r
arn: thy charms my sorrow will dispel,
d snatch my spirit from her mortal cell;
ıen, mix'd with thine, exulting she shall fl
ınd bound enraptur'd through her native s
She comes no more: my pangs more fierce i
Tears gush in streams, and sighs my bosom
Ye banks, that oft my weary limbs have bo
Ye murmuring brooks, that learnt of me to r
Ye birds, that tune with me your plaintive
Ye groves, where love once taught my steps to
You, ever sweet and ever fair, renew
Your strains melodious, and your blooming
But not in my sad heart can bliss remain,
My heart the haunt of never-ceasing pain!
Henceforth,—to sing in smoothly-warbled
The smiles of youth, and beauty's heavenly
To see the morn her early charms unfold,
Her cheeks of roses, and her curls of gold;
Led by the sacred Muse, at noon to rove
O'er tufted mountain, vale, or shady grove;
To watch the stars, that gild the lucid pole
And view yon orbs in many order roll;
To hear the tender nightingale complain,
And warble to the woods her amorous strai
No more shall these my pensive soul deligl
But each gay vision melts in endless night.
Nymphs! who in glimmering glades by
light dance,
And ye, who through the liquid crystal gla
Who oft have heard my sadly-pleasing moa
Behold me now a lifeless marble grown.
Ah! lead me to the tomb where Laura lie
Clouds! fold me round; and, gather'd dark
Bear me, ye gales! in death's soft slumb
And, ye bright realms, receive my feet

AN ODE OF PETRARCH,

To the Fountain of Valchiusa.

YE clear and sparkling streams!
(Warm'd by the sunny beams)
Through whose transparent crystal Laura play'd;
Ye boughs, that deck the grove,
Where Spring her chaplets wove,
While Laura lay beneath the quivering shade;
Sweet herbs! and blushing flowers!
That crown yon vernal bowers,
For ever fatal, yet for ever dear;
And ye, that heard my sighs
When first she charm'd my eyes,
Soft-breathing gales! my dying accents hear.
If Heaven has fix'd my doom,
That Love must quite consume
My bursting heart, and close my eyes in death;
Ah! grant this slight request,—
That, here my urn may rest,
When to its mansion flies my vital breath.
This pleasing hope will smooth
My anxious mind, and soothe
The pangs of that inevitable hour;
My spirit will not grieve
Her mortal veil to leave
In these calm shades, and this enchanting bow'r.
Haply, the guilty maid
Thro' yon accustom'd glade
To my sad tomb will take her lonely way;
Where first her beauty's light
O'erpower'd my dazzled sight,
When love on this fair border bade me stray:
There, sorrowing, shall she see,
Beneath an aged tree,
Her true, but hapless, lover's lowly bier;
Too late, her tender sighs
Shall melt the pitying skies,
And her soft veil shall hide the gushing tear.

well-remember'd day,
hen on yon bank she lay,
ek in her pride, and in her rigour mild;
The young and blooming flowers,
Falling in fragrant showers,
Shone on her neck, and on her bosom smil'd:
Some on her mantle hung,
Some in her locks were strung,
Like orient gems in rings of flaming gold;
Some, in a spicy cloud
Descending, call'd aloud,
'Here Love and Youth the reins of empire hold.'
I view'd the heavenly maid;
And, rapt in wonder, said—
'The groves of Eden gave this angel birth;'
Her look, her voice, her smile,
That might all Heaven beguile,
Wafted my soul above the realms of earth:
The star-bespangled skies
Were open'd to my eyes;
Sighing I said, 'Whence rose this glittering scene?'
Since that auspicious hour,
This bank, and odorous bower,
My morning couch, and evening haunt have been.
Well may'st thou blush, my song,
To leave the rural throng,
And fly thus artless to my Laura's ear;
But, were thy poet's fire
Ardent as his desire,
Thou wert a song that Heaven might stoop to hear.

SOLIMA,

An Arabian Eclogue. Written in 1768.

'YE maids of Aden! hear a loftier tale
Than e'er was sung in meadow, bower, or dale.
—The smiles of Abelah, and Maia's eyes,
Where beauty plays, and love in slumber lies,

The fragrant hyacinths of Azza's hair,
That wanton with the laughing summer-air;
Love-tinctur'd cheeks, whence roses seek their bloom,
And lips, from which the Zephyr steals perfume;
Invite no more the wild unpolish'd lay,
But fly like dreams before the morning ray.
Then farewell, love! and farewell, youthful fires!
A nobler warmth my kindled breast inspires.
Far bolder notes the listening wood shall fill;
Flow smooth, ye rivulets; and, ye gales, be still.
'See yon fair groves that o'er Amana rise,
And with their spicy breath embalm the skies;
Where every breeze sheds incense o'er the vales,
And every shrub the scent of musk exhales!
See through yon opening glade a glittering scene,
Lawns ever gay, and meadows ever green;
Then ask the groves, and ask the vocal bow'rs,
Who deck'd their spiry tops with blooming flow'r
Taught the blue stream o'er sandy vales to flow
And the brown wild with liveliest hues to glow
Fair Solima! the hills and dales will sing;
Fair Solima! the distant echoes ring.
But not with idle shows of vain delight,
To charm the soul, or to beguile the sight;
At noon on banks of pleasure to repose,
Where bloom intwin'd the lily, pink, and ro
Not in proud piles to heap the nightly feas
Till morn with pearls has deck'd the glowing
Ah! not for this she taught those bowers
And bade all Eden spring before our eyes
Far other thoughts her heavenly mind em
(Hence, empty pride! and hence, delusiv
To cheer with sweet repast the fainting
To lull the weary on the couch of rest;
To warm the traveller numb'd with wi
To warm the young to cherish, to support the o
The sad to comfort, and the weak pro
The poor to shelter, and the lost di
These are her cares, and this her g
Can Heaven a nobler give, or mo

to these groves, and these life-breathing glades,
friendless orphans, and ye dowerless maids,
h eager haste your mournful mansions leave,
weak, that tremble; and, ye sick, that grieve;
ere shall soft tents, o'er flowery lawns display'd,
At night defend you, and at noon o'ershade;
Here rosy health the sweets of life will shower,
And new delights beguile each varied hour.
Mourns there a widow, bath'd in streaming tears?
Stoops there a sire beneath the weight of years?
Weeps there a maid, in pining sadness left,
Of tender parents, and of hope, bereft?
To Solima their sorrows they bewail;
To Solima they pour their plaintive tale.
She hears; and, radiant as the star of day,
Through the thick forest gains her easy way:
She asks what cares the joyless train oppress,
What sickness wastes them, or what wants distress;
And, as they mourn, she steals a tender sigh,
Whilst all her soul sits melting in her eye:
Then with a smile the healing balm bestows,
And sheds a tear of pity o'er their woes,
Which, as it drops, some soft-eyed angel bears
Transform'd to pearl, and in his bosom wears.
'When, chill'd with fear, the trembling pilgrim roves
Through pathless deserts and through tangled groves,
Where mantling darkness spreads her dragon wing,
And birds of death their fatal dirges sing,
While vapours pale a dreadful glimmering cast,
And thrilling horror howls in every blast;
She cheers his gloom with streams of bursting light,
By day a sun, a beaming moon by night;
Darts through the quivering shades her heavenly ray
And spreads with rising flowers his solitary way.
'Ye heavens, for this in showers of sweetness sh
Your mildest influence o'er her favour'd head!
Long may her name, which distant climes
praise,
In our notes, and blossom in our

And, like an odorous plant, whose blushing flow'r
Paints every dale, and sweetens every bow'r,
Borne to the skies in clouds of soft perfume
For ever flourish, and for ever bloom!
These grateful songs, ye maids and youths, renew,
While fresh-blown violets drink the pearly dew;
O'er Azib's banks while love-lorn damsels rove,
And gales of fragrance breathe from Hagar's grove.'
So sung the youth, whose sweetly warbled strains
Fair Mena heard, and Saba's spicy plains.
Sooth'd with his lay, the ravish'd air was calm,
The winds scarce whisper'd o'er the waving palm;
The camels bounded o'er the flowery lawn,
Like the swift ostrich, or the sportful fawn;
Their silken bands the listening rose-buds rent,
And twin'd their blossoms round his vocal tent:
He sung, till on the bank the moonlight slept,
And closing flowers beneath the night-dew wept;
Then ceas'd, and slumber'd in the lap of rest
Till the shrill lark had left his low-built nest,
Now hastes the swain to tune his rapturous tales
In other meadows, and in other vales.

TO LADY JONES:

From the Arabic. Written in 1783.

WHILE sad suspense and chill delay
Bereave my wounded soul of rest,
New hopes, new fears, from day to day,
By turns assail my labouring breast.

My heart, which ardent love consumes,
Throbs with each agonizing thought;
So flutters with entangled plumes,
The lark in wily meshes caught.

There she, with unavailing strain,
Pours through the night her warbled grief:
The gloom retires, but not her pain;
The dawn appears, but not relief.

ounglings wait the parent bird,
: thrilling sorrows to appease :
mes—ah! no: the sound they heard
but a whisper of the breeze.

A PERSIAN SONG OF HAFIZ.

ST maid, if thou wouldst charm my sight,
id bid these arms thy neck infold;
at rosy cheek, that lily hand,
give thy poet more delight
all Bocara's vaunted gold,
an all the gems of Samarcand.

let yon liquid ruby flow,
bid thy pensive heart be glad,
ıate'er the frowning zealots say:—
ıem their Eden cannot show
ream so clear as Rocnabad,
bower so sweet as Mosellay.

ıen these fair, perfidious maids,
se eyes our secret haunts infest,
eir dear destructive charms display;—
glance my tender breast invades,
robs my wounded soul of rest;
Tartars seize their destin'd prey.

n with love our bosoms glow:
all our tears, can all our sighs,
ew lustre to those charms impart?
heeks, where living roses blow,
ıre nature spreads her richest dyes,
quire the borrow'd gloss of art?

not of fate:—ah! change the theme,
talk of odours, talk of wine,
lk of the flowers that round us bloom:—
l a cloud, 'tis all a dream:
ve and joy thy thoughts confine,
· *hope to pierce the sacred gloom.*

L. R.

Beauty has such resistless power,
That ev'n the chaste Egyptian dame
Sigh'd for the blooming Hebrew boy;
For her how fatal was the hour,
When to the banks of Nilus came
A youth so lovely and so coy!

But ah, sweet maid! my counsel hear,—
(Youth should attend when those advise
Whom long experience renders sage)
While music charms the ravish'd ear;
While sparkling cups delight our eyes,
Be gay; and scorn the frowns of age.

What cruel answer have I heard!
And yet, by heaven, I love thee still:
Can aught be cruel from thy lip?
Yet say, how fell that bitter word
From lips which streams of sweetness fill,
Which nought but drops of honey sip?

Go boldly forth, my simple lay,
Whose accents flow with artless ease,
Like orient pearls at random strung:
Thy notes are sweet, the damsels say;
But O! far sweeter, if they please,
The nymph for whom these notes are sung

A SONG,

From the Persian.

Paraphrased in the Measure of the Original.

SWEET as the rose that scents the gale,
Bright as the lily of the vale,
Yet with a heart like summer hail,
Marring each beauty thou bearest.

Beauty like thine, all nature thrills;
And when the moon her circle fills,
Pale she beholds those rounder hills,
Which on the breast thou wearest.

Where could those peerless flowerets blow?
Whence are the thorns that near them grow?
Wound me, but smile, O lovely foe,
Smile on the heart thou tearest.

Sighing, I view that cypress waist,
Doom'd to afflict me till embrac'd;
Sighing, I view that eye too chaste,
Like the new blossom smiling.

Spreading thy toils with hands divine,
Softly thou wavest like a pine,
Darting thy shafts at hearts like mine,
Senses and soul beguiling.

See at thy feet no vulgar slave,
Frantic, with love's enchanting wave,
Thee, ere he seek the gloomy grave,
Thee, his bless'd idol styling.

SONG.

WAKE, ye nightingales, oh, wake!
Can ye, idlers, sleep so long?
Quickly this dull silence break;
Burst enraptur'd into song:
Shake your plumes, your eyes unclose,
No pretext for more repose.

Tell me not, that Winter drear
Still delays your promis'd tale,
That *no blossoms yet appear*,
Save the snow-drop in the dale:
Tell me not the woods are bare;—
Vain excuse! prepare! prepare!

View the hillock, view the meads:
All are verdant, all are gay:
Julia comes, and with her leads
Health, and Youth, and blooming May:
When she smiles, fresh roses blow;
Where she treads, fresh lilies grow.

Hail! ye groves of Bagly, hail!
Fear no more the chilling air;
Can your beauties ever fail?
Julia has pronounc'd you fair.
She could cheer a cavern's gloom,
She could make a desert bloom.

MASON.

ODE TO TRUTH.

SAY, will no white-rob'd Son of Light,
Swift-darting from his heavenly height,
Here deign to take his hallow'd stand;
Here wave his amber locks; unfold
His pinions cloth'd with downy gold;
Here smiling stretch his tutelary wand?
And you, ye host of Saints, for ye have known
Each dreary path in Life's perplexing maze,
Tho' now ye circle yon eternal throne
With harpings high of inexpressive praise,
Will not your train descend in radiant state,
To break with Mercy's beam this gathering cloud
of Fate?

'Tis silence all. No Son of Light
Darts swiftly from his heavenly height:
No train of radiant Saints descend.
"Mortals, in vain ye hope to find,
"If guilt, if fraud has stain'd your mind,
"Or Saint to hear, or Angel to defend."
So *Truth* proclaims. I hear the sacred sound
Burst from the centre of her burning throne:
Where aye she sits with star-wreath'd lustre
crown'd:
A bright Sun clasps her adamantine zone.
So *Truth* proclaims: her awful voice I hear:
With many a solemn pause it slowly meets my ear.

"Attend, ye Sons of Men; attend, and say,
Does not enough of my refulgent ray
Break thro' the veil of your mortality?
Say, does not reason in this form descry
Unnumber'd, nameless glories, that surpass
The Angel's floating pomp, the Seraph's glowing
grace?

Shall then your earth-born daughters vie
With me? Shall she, whose brightest eye
But emulates the diamond's blaze,
Whose cheek but mocks the peach's bloom,
Whose breath the hyacinth's perfume,
Whose melting voice the warbling woodlark's lays,
Shall she be deem'd my rival? Shall a form
Of elemental dross, of mould'ring clay,
Vie with these charms empyrial? The poor worm
Shall prove her contest vain. Life's little day
Shall pass, and she is gone: while I appear
Flush'd with the bloom of youth thro' Heav'n's
eternal year.

Know, Mortals know, ere first ye sprung,
Ere first these orbs in æther hung,
I shone amid the heavenly throng,
These eyes beheld Creation's day,
This voice began the choral lay,
And taught Archangels their triumphant song.
Pleas'd I survey'd bright Nature's gradual birth,
Saw infant Light with kindling lustre spread,
Soft vernal fragrance clothe the flow'ring earth,
And Ocean heave on his extended bed;
Saw the tall pine aspiring pierce the sky,
The tawny lion stalk, the rapid eagle fly.

Last, Man arose, erect in youthful grace,
Heaven's hallow'd image stamp'd upon his face,
And, as he rose, the high behest was giv'n,
'That I alone, of all the host of heav'n,
'Should reign Protectress of the godlike youth:'
Thus the Almighty spake: he spake and call'd me
Truth."

EPITAPH ON MRS. MASON.

TAKE, holy Earth! all that my soul holds dear!
Take that best gift which heav'n so lately gave!
To Bristol's fount I bore, with trembling care,
Her faded form:—she bow'd to taste the wave,

d! Does youth, does Beauty read the line?
, sympathetic Fear their breasts alarm?
, dead Maria,—breathe a strain divine:
m from the grave thou shalt have power to
charm!

d them be chaste, be innocent like thee;
Bid them in Duty's sphere as meekly move;
id if so fair—from Vanity as free;—
As firm in friendship, and as fond in love—

ll them, tho' 'tis an awful thing to die,
'Twas e'en to thee!) yet the dread path once
trod,
sav'n lifts its everlasting portals high,
And bids the pure in heart behold their God!

ROBERT BURNS.

THE COTTER'S SATURDAY NIGHT.

Inscribed to Robert Aiken, Esq.

Let not ambition mock their useful toil,
Their homely joys, and destiny obscure;
Nor grandeur hear, with a disdainful smile,
The short but simple annals of the poor.

MY lov'd, my honour'd, much respecte
No mercenary bard his homage P
With honest pride, I scorn each selfish
My dearest meed a friend's esteem a
To you I sing, in simple *Scottish* lays,
The lowly train in life's sequester'd
The native feelings strong, the guilele
What Aiken in a cottage would ha
Ah! though his worth unknown, far h
I ween!

November chill blaws loud wi' angr
The shortening winter-day is nea
The miry beasts retreating frae the
The blackening trains o' craws t
The toil-worn Cotter frae his labo
This night his weekly moil is a
Collects his spades, his mattocks,
Hoping the morn in ease and
And weary, o'er the moor, his co
ward bend.

At length his lonely cot appe
Beneath the shelter of an
The' expectant wee-things,
To meet their Dad, wi' fl

His wee bit ingle, blinkin bonnily,
His clean hearth-stane, his thriftie wifie's smile,
The lisping infant prattling on his knee,
Does a' his weary carking cares beguile,
An' makes him quite forget his labour an' his toil.

Belyve the elder bairns come drapping in,
At service out, amang the farmers' roun';
Some ca' the pleugh, some herd, some tentie rin
A cannie errand to a neebor town:
Their eldest hope, their Jenny, woman grown,
In youthfu' bloom, love sparkling in her e'e,
Comes hame, perhaps, to shew a braw new gown,
Or deposite her sair-won penny-fee,
To help her parents dear, if they in hardship be.

Wi' joy unfeign'd brothers and sisters meet,
An' each for other's weelfare kindly spiers:
The social hours, swift-wing'd, unnotic'd fleet;
Each tells the uncos that he sees or hears;
The parents, partial, eye their hopeful years;
Anticipation forward points the views
The mother, wi' her needle an' her sheers,
Gars anld claes look amaist as weel's the new:
The father mixes a' wi' admonition due.

Their master's an' their mistress's command,
The younkers a' are warned to obey;
'An' mind their labours wi' an eydent hand,
An' ne'er, tho' out o' sight, to jauk or play;
An' O! be sure to fear the *Lord* alway!
An' mind your duty, duly, morn an' night!
Lest in temptation's path ye gang astray,
Implore his counsel and assisting might:
They never sought in vain that sought the *Lord* aright!'

But hark! a rap comes gently to the door;
Jenny, wha kens the meaning o' the same,
Tells how a neebor lad cam o'er the moor,
To do some errands, and convoy her hame.

The wily mother sees the conscious flame
Sparkle in Jenny's e'e, and flush her cheek;
With heart-struck anxious care, inquires his name,
While Jenny hafflins is afraid to speak;
Weel pleas'd, the mother hears, its nae wild, worthless rake.

Wi' kindly welcome Jenny brings him ben;
A strappan youth; he takes the mother's eye;
Blythe Jenny sees the visit's no ill ta'en;
The father cracks of horses, pleughs, and kye.
The youngster's artless heart o'erflows wi' joy.
But blate and laithfu', scarce can weel behave;
The mother, wi' a woman's wiles, can spy
What makes the youth sae bashfu' an' sae grave;
Weel pleas'd to think her bairn's respected like the lave.

O, happy love! where love like this is found!
O, heart-felt raptures! bliss beyond compare!
I've paced much this weary mortal round,
And sage experience bids me this declare—
'If Heaven a draught of heavenly pleasure spare,
One cordial in this melancholy vale,
'Tis when a youthful, loving, modest pair,
In other's arms breathe out the tender tale,
Beneath the milk-white thorn that scents the evening gale.'

Is there, in human form, that bears a heart—
A wretch! a villain! lost to love and truth!
That can, with studied, sly, ensnaring art,
Betray sweet Jenny's unsuspecting youth?
Curse on his perjur'd arts! dissembling smooth!
Are honour, virtue, conscience, all exil'd?
Is there no pity, no relenting ruth,
Points to the parents fondling o'er their child?
Then paints the ruin'd maid, and their distraction wild?

But now the supper crowns their simple board,
The healsome parritch, chief o' Scotia's food:
The soupe their only hawkie does afford,
That 'yont the hallan snugly chows her cood:
The dame brings forth in complimental mood,
To grace the lad, her weel-hain'd kebbuck, fell,
An' aft he's prest, an' aft he ca's it guid;
The frugal wifie, garrulous, will tell,
How 'twas a towmond auld, sin' lint was i' the bell.

The cheerfu' supper done, wi' serious face,
They, round the ingle, form a circle wide;
The sire turns o'er, wi' patriarchal grace,
The big ha'-Bible, ance his father's pride:
His bonnet reverently is laid aside,
His lyart haffets wearing thin an' bare;
Those strains that once did sweet in Zion glide,
He wales a portion with judicious care;
And 'Let us worship God!' he says, with solemn air.

They chant their artless notes in simple guise;
They tune their hearts, by far the noblest aim:
Perhaps Dundee's wild warbling measures rise:
Or plaintive Martyrs, worthy of the name:
Or noble Elgin beets the heav'nward flame,
The sweetest far of Scotia's holy lays:
Compar'd with these, Italian trills are tame,
The tickled ears no heart-felt raptures raise;
Nae unison hae they with our Creator's praise.

The priest-like father reads the sacred page,
How Abram was the friend of God on high;
Or, Moses bade eternal warfare wage
With Amalek's ungracious progeny;
Or how the royal bard did groaning lie
Beneath the stroke of Heaven's avening ire;
Or Job's pathetic plaint, and wailing cry;
Or rapt Isaiah's wild, seraphic fire;
Or other holy seers that tune the sacred lyre.

Perhaps the Christian volume is the theme,
How guiltless blood for guilty man was shed;
How *He*, who bore in Heaven the second name,
Had not on earth whereon to lay his head;
How his first followers and servants sped,
The precepts sage they wrote to many a land:
How *he*, who lone in Patmos banished,
Saw in the sun a mighty angel stand;
And heard great Babylon's doom pronounc'd by
Heaven's command.

Then kneeling down, to *heaven's eternal King*,
The saint, the father, and the husband prays:
Hope 'springs exulting on triumphant wing,'
That thus they all shall meet in future days:
There ever bask in uncreated rays,
No more to sigh, or shed the bitter tear,
Together hymning their Creator's praise,
In such society, yet still more dear;
While circling time moves round in an eternal sphere.

Compar'd with this, how poor Religion's pride,
In all the pomp of method, and of art,
When men display to congregations wide,
Devotion's every grace, except the heart!
The Power, incens'd, the pageant will desert,
The pompous strain, the sacerdotal stole;
But haply, in some cottage far apart,
May hear, well pleas'd, the language of the soul;
And in his book of life the inmates poor enroll.

Then homeward all take off their several way;
The youngling cottagers retire to rest:
The parent-pair their secret homage pay,
And proffer up to Heaven the warm request,
That *he* who stills the ravens clamorous nest,
And decks the lily fair in flowery pride,
Would, in the way his wisdom sees the best,
For them and for their little ones provide;
But, chiefly, in their hearts with grace divine preside.

From scenes like these old Scotia's grandeur springs,
That makes her lov'd at home, rever'd abroad:
Princes and lords are but the breath of kings,
'An honest man's the noblest work of God:'
And, certes, in fair virtue's heavenly road,
The cottage leaves the palace far behind;
What is a lordling's pomp? a cumbrous load,
Disguising oft the wretch of human kind,
Studied in arts of hell, in wickedness refin'd!

O Scotia! my dear, my native soil!
For whom my warmest wish to Heaven is sent!
Long may thy hardy sons of rustic toil
Be blest with health, and peace, and sweet content!
And, O! may Heaven their simple lives prevent
From Luxury's contagion, weak and vile!
Then, howe'er crowns and coronets be rent,
A virtuous populace may rise the while,
And stand a wall of fire around their much-lov'd Isle.

O Thou! who pour'd the patriotic tide
That stream'd through Wallace's undaunted heart;
Who dar'd to nobly stem tyrannic pride,
Or nobly die—the second glorious part;
(The patriot's God, peculiarly thou art,
His friend, inspirer, guardian, and reward!)
O never, never, Scotia's realm desert;
But still the patriot, and the patriot bard,
In bright succession raise, her ornament and guard!

ROBERT BURNS.

A WINTER NIGHT.

Poor naked wretches, wheresoe'er you are,
That bide the pelting of this pitiless storm!
How shall your houseless heads, and unfed sides,
Your loop'd and window'd raggedness, defend you,
From seasons such as these?— *Shakspeare.*

WHEN biting Boreas, fell and doure,
Sharp shivers thro' the leafless bow'r;
When Phœbus gies a short-liv'd glow'r
Far south the lift,
Dim-darkening thro' the flaky show'r,
Or whirling drift:

Ae night the storm the steeples rocked,
Poor labour sweet in sleep was locked,
While burns, wi' snawy wreeths up-choked,
Wild-eddying swirl,
Or thro' the mining outlet bocked,
Down headlong hurl.

List'ning, the doors an' winnocks rattle,
I thought me on the ourie cattle,
Or silly sheep, wha bide this brattle
O' winter war,
And thro' the drift, deep-lairing sprattle,
Beneath a scar.

Ilk happing bird, wee, helpless thing,
That, in the merry months o' spring,
Delighted me to hear thee sing,
What comes o' thee!
Whare wilt thou cow'r thy chittering wing,
An' close thy e'e?

Ev'n you on murd'ring errands toil'd,
Lone from your savage homes exil'd,

The blood-stain'd roost, and sheep-cote spoil'd,
My heart forgets,
While pityless the tempest wild
Sore on you beats.

Now Phœbe, in her midnight reign,
Dark muffled, view'd the dreary plain;
Still crowding thoughts, a pensive train,
Rose in my soul,
When on my ear this plaintive strain,
Slow, solemn, stole—

'Blow, blow, ye winds, with heavier gust!
And freeze, thou bitter-biting frost!
Descend, ye chilly, smothering snows!
Not all your rage, as now united, shows
More hard unkindness, unrelenting,
Vengeful malice unrepenting,
Than heav'n-illumin'd man on brother man bestows!
See stern oppression's iron grip,
Or mad ambition's gory hand,
Sending, like blood-hounds from the slip,
Woe, want, and murder o'er a land!
Ev'n in the peaceful rural vale,
Truth, weeping, tells the mournful tale,
How pamper'd luxury, flatt'ry by her side,
The parasite empoisoning her ear,
With all the servile wretches in the rear,
Looks o'er proud property, extended wide;
And eyes the simple rustic hind,
Whose toil upholds the glittering show,
A creature of another kind,
Some coarser substance, unrefin'd,
Plac'd for her lordly use thus far, thus vile, below.
Where, where is love's fond, tender throe,
With lordly honour's lofty brow,
The pow'rs you proudly own?
Is there, beneath love's noble name,
Can harbour, dark, the selfish aim,
To bless himself alone!

Mark maiden-innocence, a prey
To love-pretending snares,
This boasted honour turns away,
Shunning soft pity's rising sway,
Regardless of the tears, and unavailing pray'rs!
Perhaps, this hour, in misery's squalid nest,
She strains your infant to her joyless breast,
And with a mother's fears shrinks at the rocking blast!

O ye! who, sunk in beds of down,
Feel not a want but what yourselves create,
Think, for a moment, on his wretched fate,
Whom friends and fortune quite disown!
Ill-satisfied keen nature's clamorous call,
Stretch'd on his straw he lays himself to sleep,
While through the ragged roof and chinky wall,
Chill, o'er his slumbers, piles the drifty heap!
Think on the dungeon's grim confine,
Where guilt and poor misfortune pine!
Guilt, erring man; relenting view!
But shall thy legal rage pursue
The wretch, already crushed low
By cruel fortune's undeserved blow?
Affliction's sons are brothers in distress,
A brother to relieve, how exquisite the bliss!'

I heard nae mair, for Chanticleer
Shook off the pouthery snaw,
And hail'd the morning with a cheer,
A cottage-rousing craw.

But deep this truth impress'd my mind—
Through all his works abroad,
The heart benevolent and kind
The most resembles God.

TO MARY IN HEAVEN.

THOU lingering star, with lessening ray,
That lov'st to greet the early morn,
Again thou usher'st in the day
My Mary from my soul was torn.
O Mary! dear departed shade!
Where is thy place of blissful rest?
See'st thou thy lover lowly laid?
Hear'st thou the groans that rend his breast?
That sacred hour can I forget,
Can I forget the hallow'd grove,
Where by the winding Ayr we met,
To live one day of parting love!
Eternity will not efface
Those records dear of transports past;
Thy image at our last embrace;
Ah! little thought we 'twas our last!
Ayr gurgling kiss'd his pebbled shore,
O'erhung with wild woods, thickening green;
The fragrant birch, and hawthorn hoar,
Twin'd amorous round the raptur'd scene.
The flowers sprang wanton to be prest,
The birds sang love on every spray,
Till too, too soon, the glowing west
Proclaim'd the speed of winged day.
Still o'er these scenes my memory wakes,
And fondly broods with miser care;
Time but the' impression deeper makes,
As streams their channels deeper wear.
My Mary, dear departed shade!
Where is thy blissful place of rest?
See'st thou thy lover lowly laid?
Hear'st thou the groans that rend his breast?

TO A MOUSE,

On turning her up in her Nest with the Plough, November, 1785.

WEE, sleekit, cowrin, tim'rous beastie,
O, what a panic's in thy breastie!
Thou need na start awa sae hasty,
Wi' bickering brattle!
I wad be laith to rin an' chase thee,
Wi' murd'ring pattle!

I'm truly sorry man's dominion
Has broken nature's social union,
An' justifies that ill opinion,
Which makes thee startl
At me, thy poor earth-born companion,
An' fellow-mortal!

I doubt na, whyles, but thou may thieve;
What then? poor beastie, thou maun live!
A daimen icker in a thrave
'S a sma' request:
I'll get a blessin wi' the lave,
And never miss't!

Thy wee bit housie, too, in ruin!
Its silly wa's the wins are strewin!
An' naething, now, to big a new ane,
O' foggage green!
An' bleak December's winds ensuin,
Baith snell and kee

Thou saw the fields laid bare an' wast
An' weary winter comin fast,
An' cozie here, beneath the blast,
Thou thought to
Till crash! the cruel coulter past
Out thro' thy

That wee bit heap o' leaves an' stibble,
Has cost thee mony a weary nibble!
Now thou's turn'd out, for a' thy trouble,
But house or hald,
To thole the winter's sleety dribble,
An' cranreuch cauld!

But, Mousie, thou art no thy lane,
In proving foresight may be vain:
The best laid schemes o' mice an' men,
Gang aft a-gly,
An' lea'e us nought but grief and pain,
For promis'd joy.

Still thou art blest, compar'd wi' me!
The present only toucheth thee:
But, och! I backward cast my e'e,
On prospects drear!
An' forward, tho' I canna see,
I guess an' fear.

TO A MOUNTAIN DAISY,

On turning one down with the Plough in April, 1786.

WEE, modest, crimson-tipped flow'r,
Thou's met me in an evil hour;
For I maun crush amang the stoure
Thy slender stem;
To spare thee now is past my pow'r,
Thou bonnie gem.

Alas! its no thy neebor sweet,
The bonnie lark, companion meet!
Bending thee 'mang the dewy weet!
Wi' speckled breast,
When upward-springing, blythe, to greet
The purpling east.

Cauld blew the bitter-biting north
Upon thy early, humble, birth;
Yet cheerfully thou glinted forth
Amid the storm,
Scarce rear'd above the parent earth
Thy tender form.

The flaunting flow'rs our gardens yield,
High sheltering woods and wa's maun shield;
But thou beneath the random bield
O' clod or stane,
Adorns the histie stibble-field,
Unseen, alane.

There, in thy scanty mantle clad,
Thy snawie bosom sun-ward spread,
Thou lifts thy unassuming head
In humble guise;
But now the share uptears thy bed,
And low thou lies!

Such is the fate of artless Maid,
Sweet floweret of the rural shade!
By love's simplicity betray'd,
And guileless trust,
Till she, like thee, all soil'd, is laid,
Low i' the dust.

Such is the fate of simple bard,
On life's rough ocean luckless starr'd!
Unskilful he to note the card
Of prudent lore,
Till billows rage, and gales blow hard,
And whelm him o'er!

Such fate to suffering worth is giv'n,
Who long with wants and woes has striv'n,
By human pride or cunning driv'n
To misery's brink,
Till wrench'd of every stay but Heav'n,
He, ruin'd, sink!

Ev'n thou who mourn'st the Daisy's fate,
That fate is thine—no distant date;
Stern Ruin's plough-share drives, elate,
Full on thy bloom,
Till crush'd beneath the furrow's weight,
Shall be thy doom!

AFTON WATER.

FLOW gently, sweet Afton, among thy green braes,
Flow gently, I'll sing thee a song in thy praise;
My Mary's asleep by thy murmuring stream,
Flow gently, sweet Afton, disturb not her dream.

Thou stock-dove whose echo resounds through the glen,
Ye wild whistling blackbirds in yon thorny den,
Thou green-crested lapwing, thy screaming forbear,
I charge you disturb not my slumbering fair.

How lofty, sweet Afton, thy neighbouring hills,
Far mark'd with the courses of clear winding rills;
There daily I wander as noon rises high,
My flocks and my Mary's sweet cot in my eye.

How pleasant thy banks and green valleys below,
Where wild in the woodlands the primroses blow;
There oft as mild evening weeps over the lee,
The sweet-scented birk shades my Mary and me.

Thy crystal stream, Afton, how lovely it glides,
And winds by the cot where my Mary resides;
How wanton thy waters her snowy feet lave,
As gathering sweet flowerets she stems thy clear wave.

Flow *gently, sweet* Afton, among thy green braes,
Flow gently, sweet river, the theme of my lays;
My Mary's asleep by thy murmuring stream,
Flow gently, sweet Afton, disturb not her dream.

SONG.

THE gloomy night is gathering fast,
Loud roars the wild inconstant blast,
Yon murky cloud is foul with rain,
I see it driving o'er the plain;
The hunter now has left the moor,
The scatter'd coveys meet secure,
While here I wander, prest with care,
Along the lonely banks of Ayr.

The autumn mourns her ripening corn
By early winter's ravage torn;
Across her placid, azure sky,
She sees the scowling tempest fly:
Chill runs my blood to hear it rave,
I think upon the stormy wave,
Where many a danger I must dare,
Far from the bonnie banks of Ayr.

'Tis not the surging billows roar,
'Tis not that fatal deadly shore;
Though death in every shape appear,
The wretched have no more to fear:
But round my heart the ties are bound,
That heart transpierc'd with many a wound;
These bleed afresh, those ties I tear,
To leave the bonnie banks of Ayr.

Farewell old Coila's hills and dales,
Her heathy moors and winding vales;
The scenes where wretched fancy roves,
Pursuing past, unhappy loves!
Farewell, my friends! Farewell, my foes!
My peace with these, my love with those—
The bursting tears my heart declare,
Farewell the bonnie banks of Ayr.

ROBERT BURNS.

SONG.

FROM thee, Eliza, I must go,
And from my native shore;
The cruel fates between us throw
A boundless ocean's roar:
But boundless oceans, roaring wide,
Between my love and me,
They never, never can divide
My heart and soul from thee!

Farewell, farewell, Eliza dear,
The maid that I adore!
A boding voice is in mine ear,
We part to meet no more!
But the last throb that leaves my heart,
While death stands victor by,
That throb, Eliza, is thy part,
And thine that latest sigh!

SONG.

Composed in August.

NOW westlin winds and slaughtering gun
Bring autumn's pleasant weather;
The moorcock springs, on whirring wings,
Amang the blooming heather:
Now waving grain, wide o'er the plain,
Delights the weary farmer;
And the moon shines bright, when I rove at
To muse upon my charmer.

The partridge loves the fruitful fells;
The plover loves the mountains;
The woodcock haunts the lonely dells;
The soaring hern the fountains:
Thro' lofty groves the cushat roves
The path of man to shun it;
The hazel bush o'erhangs the thrush,
The spreading thorn the linnet.

Thus ev'ry kind their pleasure find,
The savage and the tender;
Some social join, and leagues combine;
Some solitary wander:
Avaunt, away! the cruel sway,
Tyrannic man's dominion;
The sportsman's joy, the murd'ring cry,
The flutt'ring, gory pinion!

But Peggy dear, the ev'ning's clear,
Thick flies the skimming swallow;
The sky is blue, the fields in view,
All fading-green and yellow:
Come let us stray our gladsome way,
And view the charms of nature;
The rustling corn, the fruited thorn,
And ev'ry happy creature.

We'll gently walk, and sweetly talk,
Till the silent moon shine clearly;
I'll grasp thy waist, and, fondly prest,
Swear how I love thee dearly:
Not vernal show'rs to budding flow'rs,
Not autumn to the farmer,
So dear can be as thou to me,
My fair, my lovely charmer!

SONG.

AGAIN rejoicing nature sees
Her robe assume its vernal hues,
Her leafy locks wave in the breeze
All freshly steep'd in morning dews.

CHORUS.

And maun I still on Menie doat,
And bear the scorn that's in her e'e!
For it's jet, jet black, an' it's like a hawk,
An' it winna let a body be!

In vain to me the cowslips blaw,
In vain to me the vi'lets spring;
In vain to me, in glen or shaw,
The mavis and the lintwhite sing.
And maun I still, &c.

The merry ploughboy cheers his team,
Wi' joy the tentie seedsman stalks,
But life to me's a weary dream,
A dream of ane that never wauks,
And maun I still, &c.

The wanton coot the water skims,
Amang the reeds the ducklings cry,
The stately swan majestic swims,
And every thing is blest but I.
And maun I still, &c.

The sheepherd steeks his faulding slap,
And owre the moorlands whistles shill,
Wi' wild, unequal, wand'ring step
I meet him on the dewy hill.
And maun I still, &c.

And when the lark, 'tween light and dark,
Blythe waukens by the daisy's side,
And mounts and sings on flittering wings,
A woe-worn ghaist I hameward glide.
And maun I still, &c.

Come, winter, with thine angry howl,
And raging bend the naked tree;
Thy gloom will soothe my cheerless soul,
When nature all is sad like me!

CHORUS.

And maun I still on Menie doat,
And bear the scorn that's in her e'e!
For it's jet, jet black, an' it's like a hawk,
An' it winna let a body be.

:S BEATTIE, LL. D.

THE HERMIT.

. of the day, when the hamlet is still,
als the sweets of forgetfulness prove,
but the torrent is heard on the hill,
ut the nightingale's song in the grove:
y the cave of the mountain afar,
rp rung symphonious, a Hermit began;
th himself or with nature at war,
as a Sage, though he felt as a Man.

all abandon'd to darkness and woe,
Philomela, that languishing fall?
shall return, and a lover bestow,
w no longer thy bosom inthrall.
ty inspire thee, renew the sad lay,
reetest complainer, man calls thee to mourn
him, whose pleasures like thine pass away
ckly they pass—but they never return.

gliding remote, on the verge of the sky,
oon half extinguish'd her crescent displa
tely I mark'd, when majestic on high
one, and the planets were lost in her b
on, thou fair orb, and with gladness pur
ath that conducts thee to splendor aga
Man's faded glory what change shall re
fool to exult in a glory so vain!

is night, and the landscape is lovely no
ours, but, ye woodlands, I mourn not f
morn is approaching, your charms to r
rfum'd with fresh fragrance, and glitteri
dew.

or yet for the ravage of Winter I mourn
nd Nature the embryo blossom will w
shall Spring visit the mouldo
on the night of

, by the glare of false Science betray'd,
to bewilder; and dazzles, to blind;
ts wont to roam, from shade onward to
le,
n before me, and sorrow behind.
reat Father of light," then I cry'd,
are who fain would not wander from Thee!
d in dust, I relinquish my pride:
and from darkness thou only canst free."

ss and doubt are now flying away:
I roam in conjecture forlorn:
n the traveller, faint, and astray,
and the balmy effulgence of morn:
Love, and Mercy, in triumph descending,
e all glowing in Eden's first bloom!
l cheek of Death smiles and roses are
ding,
y immortal awakes from the tomb.

WILLIAM COWPER.

THE TASK.

BOOK I.

THE SOFA.

I Sing the *Sofa*. I, who lately sang
Truth, Hope, and Charity, and touch'd with awe
The solemn chords, and with a trembling hand,
Escap'd with pain from that advent'rous flight,
Now seek repose upon an humbler theme;
The theme though humble, yet august and proud
Th' occasion—for the Fair commands the song.

Time was, when clothing sumptuous or for use,
Save their own painted skins, our sires had none.
As yet black breeches were not; satin smooth,
Or velvet soft, or plush with shaggy pile:
The hardy chief upon the rugged rock
Wash'd by the sea, or on the grav'lly bank
Thrown up by wintry torrents roaring loud,
Fearless of wrong, repos'd his weary strength.
Those barb'rous ages past, succeeded next
The birthday of Invention; weak at first,
Dull in design, and clumsy to perform.
Joint-stools were then created; on three legs
Upborne they stood. Three legs upholding firm
A massy slab, in fashion square or round.
On such a stool immortal Alfred sat,
And sway'd the sceptre of his infant realms:
And such in ancient halls and mansions drear
May still be seen; but perforated sore,
And drill'd in holes, the solid oak is found,
By worms voracious eating through and through.

At length a generation more refin'd
Improv'd the simple plan; made three legs four,
Gave them a twisted form vermicular,

r the seat, with plenteous wadding stuff'd,
a splendid cover, green and blue,
and red, of tapestry richly wrought
ven close, or needlework sublime.
ight ye see the piony spread wide,
blown rose, the shepherd and his lass,
and lambkin with black staring eyes,
rots with twin cherries in their beak.
ame the cane from India smooth and bright
ature's varnish; sever'd into stripes,
erlac'd each other, these supplied
re firm a lattice-work, that brac'd
machine, and it became a chair.
less was the chair; the back erect
d the weary loins, that felt no ease;
p'ry seat betray'd the sliding part,
ss'd it, and the feet hung dangling down,
in vain to find the distant floor.
r the rich; the rest, whom Fate had plac'd
st mediocrity, content
ie materials, sat on well-tann'd hides,
e and unyielding, glassy smooth,
re and there a tuft of crimson yarn,
et crewel, in the cushion fix'd,
n might be call'd, what harder seem'd
firm oak, of which the frame was form'd.
t of timber then was felt or fear'd
n's happy isle. The lumber stood
is and fix'd by it's own massy weight.
ws still were wanting; these, some say,
man of Cripplegate contriv'd;
ie ascribe th' invention to a priest,
nd big, and studious of his ease.
s at first, and not with easy slope
g wide, they press'd against the ribs,
is'd the side; and, elevated high,
the rais'd shoulders to invade the ears.
e elaps'd or e'er our rugged sires
'd, though incommodiously pent in,
ease behind. The ladies first

And still unsated, dwelt upon the sc
Thence with what pleasure have we
The distant plough slow moving, and
His lab'ring team, that swerv'd not fi
The sturdy swain diminish'd to a boy
Here Ouse, slow winding through a l
Of spacious meads with cattle sprink
Conducts the eye along his sinuous
Delighted. There, fast rooted in the
Stand, never overlook'd, our fav'rite
That screen the herdsman's solitary
While far beyond, and overthwart th
That, as with molten glass, inlays th
The sloping land recedes into the cl
Displaying on it's varied side the gra
Of hedge-row beauties numberless, sq
Tall spire, from which the sound of
Just undulates upon the list'ning ear,
Groves, heaths, and smoking villages,
Scenes must be beautiful, which daily

Betrays the secret of their airy course.
Nature inanimate employs sweet sounds,
But animated nature sweeter still,
To soothe and satisfy the human ear.
Ten thousand warblers cheer the day, and one
The live-long night: nor these alone, whose note
Nice-finger'd Art must emulate in vain,
But cawing rooks, and kites that swim sublime
In still repeated circles, screaming loud,
The jay, the pie, and ev'n the boding owl,
That hails the rising moon, have charms for me.
Sounds inharmonious in themselves and harsh,
Yet heard in scenes where peace for ever reigns
And only there, please highly for their sake.

Peace to the artist, whose ingenious thought
Devis'd the weatherhouse, that useful toy!
Fearless of humid air and gath'ring rains,
Forth steps the man—an emblem of myself!
More delicate his tim'rous mate retires.
When Winter soaks the fields, and female feet,
Too weak to struggle with tenacious clay,
Or fond the rivulets are best at home,

In village or in town, the bay of curs
Incessant, clinking hammers, grinding wheels,
And infants clam'rous whether pleas'd or pain'd,
Oft have I wish'd the peaceful covert mine.
Here, I have said, at least I should possess
The poet's treasure, silence, and indulge
The dreams of fancy, tranquil and secure.
Vain thought! the dweller in that still retreat
Dearly obtains the refuge it affords.
It's elevated site forbids the wretch,
To drink sweet waters of the crystal well;
He dips his bowl into the weedy ditch,
And, heavy laden, brings his bev'rage home,
Far fetch'd and little worth; nor seldom waits,
Dependant on the baker's punctual call,
To hear his creaking panniers at the door,
Angry, and sad, and his last crust consum'd.
So farewell envy of the *peasant's nest!*
If solitude make scant the means of life,
Society for me!—thou seeming sweet,
Be still a pleasing object in my view;
My visit still, but never mine abode.
Not distant far, a length of colonade
Invites us. Monument of ancient taste,
Now scorn'd, but worthy of a better fate.
Our fathers knew the value of a screen
From sultry suns: and, in their shaded walks
And long protracted bow'rs, enjoy'd at noon
The gloom and coolness of declining day.
We bear our shades about us; self-depriv'd
Of other screen, the thin umbrella spread,
And range an Indian waste without a tree.
Thanks to Benevolus*—he spares me yet
These chesnuts rang'd in corresponding lines;
And, though himself so polish'd, still reprieves
The obsolete prolixity of shade.
Descending now (but cautious, lest too fast)
A sudden steep upon a rustic bridge,

* John Courtney Throckmorton, Esq. of Weston Underwo

We pass a gulf, in which the willows dip
Their pendent boughs, stooping as if to drink.
Hence, ancle deep in moss and flow'ry thyme,
We mount again, and feel at ev'ry step
Our foot half sunk in hillocks green and soft,
Rais'd by the mole, the miner of the soil.
He, not unlike the great ones of mankind,
Disfigures Earth: and, plotting in the dark,
Toils much to earn a monumental pile,
That may record the mischiefs he has done.
The sun mit gain'd, behold the proud alcove,
That crowns it! yet not all it's pride secures
The grand retreat from injuries impress'd
By rural carvers, who with knives deface
The pannels, leaving an obscure, rude name,
In characters uncouth, and spelt amiss.
So strong the seal t' immortalize himself
Beats in the breast of man, that ev'n a few,
Few transient years, won from th' abyss abhorr'd
Of blank oblivion, seem a glorious prise,
And even to a clown. Now roves the eye;
And, posted on this speculative height,
Exults in it's command. The sheepfold here
Pours out it's fleecy tenants o'er the glebe.
At first, progressive as a stream, they seek
The middle field; but, scatter'd by degrees,
Each to his choice, soon whiten all the land.
There from the sunburnt hayfield homeward creeps
The loaded wain; while, lighten'd of it's charge,
The wain that meets it passes swiftly by;
The boorish driver leaning o'er his team
Vocif'rous, and impatient of delay.
Nor less attractive is the woodland scene,
Diversified with trees of ev'ry growth,
Alike, yet various. Here the gray smooth trunks
Of ash, or lime, or beech, distinctly shine,
Within the twilight of their distant shades;
There, lost behind a rising ground, the wood
Seems sunk, and shorten'd to it's topmost boughs.
No tree in all the grove but has it's charms,

Though each it's hue peculiar; paler some,
And of a wannish gray; the willow such,
And poplar, that with silver lines his leaf,
And ash far-stretching his umbrageous arm;
Of deeper green the elm; and deeper still,
Lord of the woods, the long-surviving oak.
Some glossy-leav'd, and shining in the sun,
The maple, and the beech of oily nuts
Prolific, and the lime at dewy eve
Diffusing odours: nor unnoted pass
The sycamore, capricious in attire,
Now green, now tawny, and, ere autumn yet
Have chang'd the woods, in scarlet honours bright.
O'er these, but far beyond (a spacious map
Of hill and valley interpos'd between),
The Ouse, dividing the well-water'd land,
Now glitters in the sun, and now retires,
As bashful, yet impatient to be seen.
  Hence the declivity is sharp and short,
And such the reascent; between them weeps
A little naiad her impov'rish'd urn
All summer long, which winter fills again.
The folded gates would bar my progress now,
But that the lord* of this enclos'd demesne,
Communicative of the good he owns,
Admits me to a share; the guiltless eye
Commits no wrong, nor wastes what it enjoys.
Refreshing change! where now the blazing sun?
By short transition we have lost his glare,
And stepp'd at once into a cooler clime.
Ye fallen avenues! once more I mourn
Your fate unmerited, once more rejoice,
That yet a remnant of your race survives.
How airy and how light the graceful arch,
Yet awful as the consecrated roof
Re-echoing pious anthems! while beneath
The checker'd earth seems restless as a flood
Brush'd by the wind. So sportive is the light

* See the foregoing note.

Shot through the boughs, it dances as they dance,
Shadow and sunshine intermingling quick,
And dark'ning and enlight'ning, as the leaves
Play wanton, ev'ry moment, ev'ry spot.
And now, with nerves new-brac'd and spirits cheer'd,
We tread the wilderness, whose well-roll'd walks,
With curvature of slow and easy sweep—
Deception innocent—give ample space
To narrow bounds. The grove receives us next;
Between the upright shafts of whose tall elms
We may discern the thresher at his task.
Thump after thump resounds the constant flail,
That seems to swing uncertain, and yet falls
Full on the destin'd ear. Wide flies the chaff,
The rustling straw sends up a frequent mist
Of atoms, sparkling in the noonday beam.
Come hither, ye that press your beds of down,
And sleep not; see him sweating o'er his bread
Before he eats it.—'Tis the primal curse,
But soften'd into mercy; made the pledge
Of cheerful days, and nights without a groan.
By ceaseless action all that is subsists.
Constant rotation of th' unwearied wheel,
That Nature rides upon, maintains her health,
Her beauty, her fertility. She dreads
An instant's pause, and lives but while she moves.
Its own revolvency upholds the World.
Winds from all quarters agitate the air,
And fit the limpid element for use,
Else noxious; oceans, rivers, lakes, and streams,
All feel the fresh'ning impulse, and are cleans'd
By restless undulation: ev'n the oak
Thrives by the rude concussion of the storm:
He seems indeed indignant, and to feel
Th' impression of the blast with proud disdain,
Frowning, as if in his unconscious arm
He held the thunder: but the monarch owes
His firm stability to what he scorns,
More fix'd below, the more distress'd above.

When Custom [illegible]
For none they need: the languid eye, [illegible]
Deserted of it's bloom, the flaccid, shrunk,
And wither'd muscle, and the vapid soul,
Reproach their owner with that love of rest,
To which he forfeits ev'n the rest he loves.
Not such the alert and active. Measure life
By it's true worth, the comforts it affords,
And theirs alone seems worthy of the name.
Good health, and, it's associate in the most,
Good temper; spirits prompt to undertake,
And not soon spent, though in an arduous task;
The pow'rs of fancy and strong thought are theirs;
Ev'n age itself seems privileg'd in them
With clear exemption from it's own defects.
A sparkling eye beneath a wrinkled front
The vet'ran shows, and, gracing a gray beard
With youthful smiles, descends toward the grave
Sprightly, and old almost without decay.
Like a coy maiden, Ease, when courted most,
Farthest retires—an idol, at whose shrine
[illegible] sacrifice are favour'd least.

arows Italian light on English walls:
mitative strokes can do no more
please the eye—sweet Nature's ev'ry sense.
air salubrious of her lofty hills,
e cheering fragrance of her dewy vales,
nd music of her woods—no works of man
May rival these, these all bespeak a pow'r
Peculiar, and exclusively her own.
Beneath the open sky she spreads the feast;
'Tis free to all—'tis ev'ry day renew'd;
Who scorns it starves deservedly at home.
He does not scorn it, who, imprison'd long
In some unwholesome dungeon, and a prey
To sallow sickness, which the vapours, dank
And clammy, of his dark abode have bred,
Escapes at last to liberty and light:
His cheek recovers soon it's healthful hue;
His eye relumines it's extinguish'd fires;
He walks, he leaps, he runs—is wing'd with joy,
And riots in the sweets of ev'ry breeze.
He does not scorn it, who has long endur'd
A fever's agonies, and fed on drugs.
Nor yet the mariner, his blood inflam'd
With acrid salts; his very heart athirst,
To gaze at Nature in her green array,
Upon the ship's tall side he stands, possess'd
With visions prompted by intense desire:
Fair fields appear below, such as he left
Far distant, such as he would die to find—
He seeks them headlong, and is seen no more.
The spleen is seldom felt where Flora reigns;
The low'ring eye, the petulance, the frown,
And sullen sadness, that o'ershade, distort,
And mar, the face of Beauty, when no cause
For such immeasureable wo appears,
These Flora banishes, and gives the fair
Sweet smiles, and bloom less transient than her own.
It is the constant revolution, stale
And tasteless, of the same repeated joys,
That palls and satiates, and makes languid life

A pedlar's pack, that bows the bearer down.
Health suffers, and the spirits ebb, the heart
Recoils from it's own choice—at the full feast
Is famish'd—finds no music in the song,
No smartness in the jest; and wonders why.
Yet thousands still desire to journey on,
Though halt, and weary of the path they tread.
The paralytic, who can hold her cards,
But cannot play them, borrows a friend's hand,
To deal and shuffle, to divide and sort
Her mingled suits and sequences; and sits,
Spectatress both and spectacle, a sad
And silent cipher, while her proxy plays.
Others are dragg'd into the crowded room
Between supporters; and, once seated, sit,
Through downright inability to rise,
Till the stout bearers lift the corpse again.
These speak a loud memento. Yet e'en these
Themselves love life, and cling to it, as he,
That overhangs a torrent, to a twig.
They love it, and yet loath it; fear to die,
Yet scorn the purposes, for which they live.
Then wherefore not renounce them? No—the dread,
The slavish dread of solitude, that breeds
Reflection and remorse, the fear of shame,
And their invet'rate habits, all forbid.

Whom call we gay? That honour has been long
The boast of mere pretenders to the name.
The innocent are gay—the lark is gay,
That dries his feathers, saturate with dew,
Beneath the rosy cloud, while yet the beams
Of dayspring overshoot his humble nest.
The peasant too, a witness of his song,
Himself a songster, is as gay as he.
But save me from the gayety of those,
Whose headachs nail them to a noonday bed;
And save me too from theirs, whose haggard eyes
Flash desperation, and betray their pangs
For property stripp'd off by cruel chance;

gayety, that fills the bones with pain,
nouth with blasphemy, the heart with wo.
e Earth was made so various, that the mind
desultory man, studious of change,
.d pleas'd with novelty, might be indulg'd.
rospects, however lovely, may be seen
till half their beauties fade; the weary sight,
Too well acquainted with their smiles, slides off
Fastidious, seeking less familiar scenes.
Then snug enclosures in the shelter'd vale,
Where frequent hedges intercept the eye,
Delight us; happy to renounce awhile,
Not senseless of it's charms, what still we love,
That such short absence may endear it more.
Then forests, or the savage rock, may please,
That hides the seamew in his hollow clefts
Above the reach of man. His hoary head,
Conspicuous many a league, the mariner
Bound homeward, and in hope already there,
Greets with three cheers exulting. At his waist
A girdle of half-wither'd shrubs he shows,
And at his feet the baffled billows die.
The common, overgrown with fern, and rough
With prickly gorse, that, shapeless and deform'd,
And dang'rous to the touch, has yet it's bloom,
And decks itself with ornaments of gold,
Yields no unpleasing ramble; there the turf
Smells fresh, and, rich in odorif'rous herbs
And fungous fruits of earth, regales the sense
With luxury of unexpected sweets.

There often wanders one, whom better days
Saw better clad, in cloak of satin trimm'd
With lace, and hat with splendid riband bound.
A serving maid was she, and fell in love
With one who left her, went to sea, and died.
Her fancy follow'd him through foaming waves
To distant shores; and she would sit and weep
At what a sailor suffers; fancy too,
Delusive most where warmest wishes are,
Would oft anticipate his glad return,

...ren safe occasion offers; and with dance,
...nd music of the bladder and the bag,
...eguile their woes, and make the woods resound.
Such health and gayety of heart enjoy
The houseless rovers of the sylvan world;
And, breathing wholesome air, and wand'ring much,
Need other physic none to heal th' effects
Of loathsome diet, penury, and cold.
Blest he, though undistinguish'd from the crowd
By wealth or dignity, who dwells secure,
Where man, by nature fierce, has laid aside
His fierceness, having learnt, though slow to learn,
The manners and the arts of civil life.
His wants indeed are many; but supply
Is obvious, plac'd within the easy reach
Of temp'rate wishes and industrious hands.
Here virtue thrives as in her proper soil;
Not rude and surly, and beset with thorns,
And terrible to sight, as when she springs
(If e'er she spring spontaneous) in remote
And barb'rous climes, where violence prevails,
And strength is lord of all; but gentle, kind,
By culture tam'd, by liberty refresh'd,
And all her fruits by radiant truth matur'd.
War and the chase engross the savage whole;
War follow'd for revenge, or to supplant
The envied tenants of some happier spot:
The chase for sustenance, precarious trust!
His hard condition with severe constraint
Binds all his faculties, forbids all growth
Of wisdom, proves a school, in which he learns
Sly circumvention, unrelenting hate,
Mean self-attachment, and scarce aught beside.
Thus fare the shiv'ring natives of the north,
And thus the rangers of the western world,
Where it advances far into the deep,
Tow'rds the antarctic. Ev'n the favour'd isles
So lately found, although the constant sun
Cheer all their seasons with a grateful smile,
Can boast but little virtue; and most

Through plenty, lose in morals, what they gain
In manners—victims of luxurious ease.
These therefore I can pity, plac'd remote
From all that science traces, art invents,
Or inspiration teaches and enclos'd
In boundless oceans never to be pass'd
By navigators uninform'd as they,
Or plough'd perhaps by British bark again:
But far beyond the rest, and with most cause,
Thee, gentle savage!* whom no love of thee
Or thine, but curiosity perhaps,
Or else vainglory, prompted us to draw
Forth from thy native bow'rs, to show thee here
With what superior skill we can abuse
The gifts of Providence, and squander life.
The dream is past; and thou hast found again
Thy cocoas and bananas, palms and yams,
And homestall thatch'd with leaves. But hast thou
found
Their former charms? And, having seen our state,
Our palaces, our ladies, and our pomp
Of equipage, our gardens, and our sports,
And heard our music; are thy simple friends,
Thy simple fare, and all thy plain delights,
As dear to thee as once? And have thy joys
Lost nothing by comparison with ours?
Rude as thou art, (for we return'd thee rude
And ignorant, except of outward show)
I cannot think thee yet so dull of heart
And spiritless, as never to regret
Sweets tasted here, and left as soon as known.
Methinks I see thee straying on the beach,
And asking of the surge, that bathes thy foot,
If ever it has wash'd our distant shore.
I see thee weep, and thine are honest tears,
A patriot's for his country: thou art sad
At thought of her forlorn and abject state,
From which no pow'r of thine can raise her

* Omai.

Fancy paints thee, and, though apt to err,
aps errs little, when she paints thee thus.
ells me too, that duly ev'ry morn
climb'st the mountain top, with eager eye
ring far and wide the wat'ry waste
ight of ship from England. Ev'ry speck
in the dim horizon turns thee pale
conflict of contending hopes and fears.
omes at last the dull and dusky eve,
sends thee to thy cabin, well-prepar'd,
eam all night of what the day denied.
expect it not. We found no bait
mpt us in thy country. Doing good,
terested good, is not our trade.
avel far, 'tis true, but not for nought;
must be brib'd to compass Earth again
:her hopes and richer fruits than yours.
though true worth and virtue in the mild
genial soil of cultivated life
s most, and may perhaps thrive only there,
ot in cities oft: in proud, and gay,
gain-devoted cities. Thither flow,
a common and most noisome sewer,
regs and feculence of ev'ry land.
les foul example on most minds
s it's likeness. Rank abundance breeds,
ss and pamper'd cities, sloth, and lust,
vantonness, and gluttonous excess.
.es vice is hidden with most ease,
n with least reproach; and virtue, taught
quent lapse, can hope no triumph there
d th' achievement of successful flight.
onfess them nurs'ries of the arts,
ich they flourish most; where, in the beams
rm encouragement, and in the eye
blic note, they reach their perfect size.
London is, by taste and wealth proclaim'd
irest capital of all the world,
t and incontinence the worst.
touch'd by Reynolds, a dull blank becomes

Nor does the chisel [illegible]
The pow'rs of sculpture, but the style [illegible]
Each province of her art her equal care.
With nice incision of her guided steel
She ploughs a brazen field, and clothes a soil
So sterile with what charms soe'er she will,
The richest scen'ry and the loveliest forms.
Where finds Philosophy her eagle eye,
With which she gazes at yon burning disk
Undazzled, and detects and counts his spots?
In London: where her implements exact,
With which she calculates, computes, and scans,
All distance, motion, magnitude, and now
Measures an atom, and now girds a world?
In London. Where has commerce such a mart,
So rich, so throng'd, so drain'd, and so supplied,
As London—opulent, enlarg'd, and still
Increasing, London? Babylon of old
Not more the glory of the Earth than she,
A more accomplish'd world's chief glory now.
She has her praise. Now mark a spot or two,
[illegible] beauty would do well to purge;

WILLIAM COWPER.

ıoly writ, she has presum'd t' annul
d abrogate, as roundly as she may,
ıe total ordinance and will of God;
ıdvancing Fashion to the post of Truth,
And centring all authority in modes
And customs of her own, till sabbath rites
Have dwindled into unrespected forms,
And knees and hassocks are well-nigh divor
God made the country, and man made the
What wonder then that health and virtue, gi
That can alone make sweet the bitter draugh
That life holds out to all, should most aboun
And least be threaten'd in the fields and grov
Possess ye therefore, ye who, borne about
In chariots and sedans, know no fatigue
But that of idleness, and taste no scenes
But such as art contrives, possess ye still
Your element; there only can ye shine;
There only minds like yours can do no harm.
Our groves were planted to console at noon
The pensive wand'rer in their shades. At eve
The moon-beam, sliding softly in between
The sleeping leaves, is all the light they wish,
Birds warbling all the music. We can spare
The splendour of your lamps; they but eclipse
Our softer satellite. Your songs confound
Our more harmonious notes: the thrush departs
Scar'd, and th' offended nightingale is mute.
There is a public mischief in your mirth;
It plagues your country. Folly such as yours,
Grac'd with a sword, and worthier of a fan,
Has made, what enemies could ne'er have done,
Our arch of empire, stedfast but for you,
A mutilated structure, soon to fall.

THE TASK.

BOOK IV.

THE WINTER EVENING.

HARK! 'tis the twanging horn o'er yonder bridge
That with it's wearisome but needful length
Bestrides the wintry flood, in which the moon
Sees her unwrinkled face reflected bright;—
He comes, the herald of a noisy world,
With spatter'd boots, strapp'd waist, and frozen
locks;
News from all nations lumb'ring at his back.
True to his charge, the close pack'd load behind,
Yet careless what he brings, his one concern
Is to conduct it to the destin'd inn;
And, having dropp'd th' expected bag, pass on.
He whistles as he goes, light-hearted wretch,
Cold and yet cheerful: messenger of grief
Perhaps to thousands, and of joy to some;
To him indiff'rent whether grief or joy.
Houses in ashes, and the fall of stocks,
Births, deaths, and marriages, epistles wet
With tears, that trickled down the writer's cheek
Fast as the periods from his fluent quill,
Or charg'd with am'rous sighs of absent swains,
Or nymphs responsive, equally affect
His horse and him, unconscious of them all.
But O th' important budget! usher'd in
With such heart-shaking music, who can say
What are it's tidings? have our troops awak'd?
Or do they still, as if with opium drugg'd,
Snore to the murmurs of th' Atlantic wave?
Is India free? and does she wear her plum'd
And jewell'd turban with a smile of peace,
Or do we grind her still? The grand debate,
The popular harangue, the tart reply,
The logic, and the wisdom, and the wit,

ıe loud laugh—I long to know them all;
ı to set th' imprison'd wranglers free,
give them voice and utt'rance once again.
ow stir the fire, and close the shutters fast,
ı fall the curtains, wheel the sofa round,
nd, while the bubbling and loud hissing urn
hrows up a steamy column, and the cups,
hat cheer but not inebriate, wait on each,
o let us welcome peaceful ev'ning in.
ot such his ev'ning, who with shining face
weats in the crowded theatre, and, squeez'd
ınd bor'd with elbow-points through both his sides,
utscolds the ranting actor on the stage:
or his, who patient stands till his feet throb,
ınd his head thumps, to feed upon the breath
f patriots, bursting with heroic rage,
r placemen, all tranquillity and smiles.
is folio of four pages, happy work!
hich not ev'n critics criticise; that holds
uisitive Attention, while I read,
it bound in chains of silence, which the fair,
ugh eloquent themselves, yet fear to break;
at is it, but a map of busy life,
fluctuations, and it's vast concerns?
runs the mountainous and craggy ridge,
tempts Ambition. On the summit see
eals of office glitter in his eyes;
imbe, he pants, he grasps them! At his heels,
at his heels, a demagogue ascends,
ith a dext'rous jerk soon twists him down,
ins them, but to loose them in his turn.
ills of oily eloquence in soft
ns lubricate the course they take;
dest speaker is asham'd and griev'd,
es a moment's notice; and yet begs,
propitious ear for his poor thoughts,
trivial all that he conceives.
thfulness! it claims at least the praise
h of information and good sense,

ways comes to pass.
on thunder here;
leaning spread the page,
tension wanders lost;
antry amuse us there
s on a nation's woes.
wilderness of strange
; roses for the cheeks,
brows of faded age,
thless, ringlets for the bald,
d ocean, plunder'd of their sweets,
nces, Olympian dews,
ity feasts, and fav'rite airs,
ics, submarine exploits,
o, with his hair on end
onders, wond'ring for his bread.
t, through the loopholes of retreat,
uch a world to see the stir
t Babel, and not feel the crowd;
e roar she sends through all her gates
distance, where the dying sound
ft murmur on th' uninjur'd ear.
ng, and surveying thus at ease
e and it's concerns, I seem advanc'd
secure and more than mortal height,
'rates and exempts me from them all,
s submitted to my view, turns round
all it's generations I behold
umult, and am still. The sound of war
lost it's terrours ere it reaches me;
ves, but alarms me not. I mourn the pri
l av'rice, that make man a wolf to man;
ar the faint echo of those brazen throats,
which he speaks the language of his her
nd sigh, but never tremble at the sound.
[e travels and expatiates, as the bee
rom flow'r to flow'r so he from land to
he manners, customs, policy, of all
'ay contribution to the store he gleans
Ie sucks intelligence in ev'ry clime,

spreads the honey of his deep research
his return—a rich repast for me.
travels, and I too. I tread his deck,
scend his topmast, through his peering eyes
discover countries, with a kindred heart
suffer his woes, and share in his escapes;
While fancy, like the finger of a clock,
Runs the great circuit, and is still at home.
O Winter, ruler of th' inverted year,
Thy scatter'd hair with sleet like ashes fill'd,
Thy breath congeal'd upon thy lips, thy cheeks
Fring'd with a beard made white with other snows
Than those of age, thy forehead wrapp'd in clouds,
A leafless branch thy sceptre, and thy throne
A sliding car, indebted to no wheels,
But urg'd by storms along it's slipp'ry way,
I love thee, all unlovely as thou seem'st,
And dreaded as thou art! Thou hold'st the sun
A pris'ner in the yet undawning east,
Short'ning his journey between morn and noon,
And hurrying him, impatient of his stay,
Down to the rosy west; but kindly still
Compensating his loss with added hours
Of social converse and instructive ease,
And gath'ring, at short notice, in one group
The family dispers'd, and fixing thought,
Not less dispers'd by daylight and it's cares.
I crown thee king of intimate delights,
Fireside enjoyments, homeborn happiness,
And all the comforts, that the lowly roof
Of undisturb'd Retirement, and the hours
Of long uninterrupted ev'ning, know.
No rattling wheels stop short before these gates;
No powder'd pert proficient in the art
Of sounding an alarm assaults these doors
Till the street rings; no stationary steeds
Cough their own knell, while, heedless of the sound,
The silent circle fan themselves, and quake:
But here the needle plies it's busy task,
The pattern grows, the well-depicted flow'r,

Wrought patiently into the snowy lawn,
Unfolds it's bosom; buds, and leaves, and sprigs,
And curling tendrils, gracefully dispos'd,
Follow the nimble finger of the fair;
A wreath, that cannot fade, of flow'rs, that blow
With most success when all besides decay.
The poet's or historian's page by one
Made vocal for th' amusement of the rest;
The sprightly lyre, whose treasure of sweet sounds
The touch from many a trembling chord shakes out;
And the clear voice symphonious, yet distinct,
And in the charming strife triumphant still;
Beguile the night, and set a keener edge
On female industry: the threaded steel
Flies swiftly, and unfelt the task proceeds.
The volume clos'd, the customary rites
Of the last meal commence. A Roman meal;
Such as the mistress of the world once found
Delicious, when her patriots of high note,
Perhaps by moonlight, at their humble doors,
And under an old oak's domestic shade,
Enjoy'd, spare feast! a radish and an egg.
Discourse ensues, not trivial, yet not dull,
Nor such as with a frown forbids the play
Of fancy, or proscribes the sound of mirth:
Nor do we madly, like an impious World,
Who deem religion frenzy, and the God,
That made them, an intruder on their joys,
Start at his awful name, or deem his praise
A jarring note. Themes of a graver tone,
Exciting oft our gratitude and love,
While we retrace with Mem'ry's pointing wand,
That calls the past to our exact review,
The dangers we have 'scaped, the broken snare,
The disappointed foe, deliv'rance found
Unlook'd for, life preserv'd, and peace restor'd,
Fruits of omnipotent eternal love.
O ev'nings worthy of the gods! exclaim'd
The Sabine bard. O ev'nings, I reply,
More to be priz'd and cover'd than yours,

As more illumin'd, and with nobler truths,
That I, and mine, and those we love, enjoy.
Is Winter hideous in a garb like this?
Needs he the tragic fur, the smoke of lamps,
The pent-up breath of an unsav'ry throng,
To thaw him into feeling; or the smart
And snappish dialogue, that flippant wits
Call comedy, to prompt him with a smile?
The self-complacent actor, when he views
(Stealing a sidelong glance at a full house)
The slope of faces, from the floor to th' roof,
(As if one master-spring controll'd them all)
Relax'd into a universal grin,
Sees not a count'nance there, that speaks of joy
Half so refin'd or so sincere as ours.
Cards were superfluous here, with all the tricks,
That idleness has ever yet contriv'd
To fill the void of an unfurnish'd brain,
To palliate dulness, and give time a shove.
Time, as he passes us, has a dove's wing,
Unsoil'd, and swift, and of a silken sound;
But the World's Time is Time in masquerade!
Theirs, should I paint him, has his pinions fledg'd
With motley plumes; and, where the peacock shows
His azure eyes, is tinctur'd black and red
With spots quadrangular of diamond form,
Ensanguin'd hearts, clubs typical of strife,
And spades, the emblem of untimely graves.
What should be, and what was an hourglass once,
Becomes a dice-box, and a billiard mace
Well does the work of his destructive sithe.
Thus deck'd, he charms a World whom Fashion blinds
To his true worth, most pleas'd when idle most;
Whose only happy are their wasted hours.
Ev'n misses, at whose age their mothers wore
The backstring and the bib, assume the dress
Of womanhood, fit pupils in the school
Of card-devoted Time, and night by night
Plac'd at some vacant corner of the board,
Learn ev'ry trick, and soon play all the game.

To view
Which seen delights
Describes and prints it, that the
How far he went for what was nothing
So I, with brush in hand and pallet spread,
With colours mix'd for a far diff'rent use,
Paint cards, and dolls, and ev'ry idle thing,
That Fancy finds in her excursive flights.
Come Ev'ning, once again, season of peace;
Return sweet Ev'ning, and continue long!
Methinks I see thee in the streaky west,
With matron step slow moving, while the Night
Treads on thy sweeping train; one hand emplo
In letting fall the curtain of repose
On bird and beast, the other charg'd for man
With sweet oblivion of the cares of day:
Not sumptuously adorn'd, not needing aid,
Like homely-featur'd Night, of clust'ring gem
A star or two, just twinkling on thy brow,
Suffices thee; save that the moon is thine
No less than hers, not worn indeed on high
With ostentatious pageantry, but set
With modest grandeur in thy purple zone,
but of an ampler round.

sures too begin: But me perhaps
wing hearth may satisfy awhile
int illumination, that uplifts
dows to the ceiling, there by fits
: uncouthly to the quiv'ring flame.
lelightful is an hour to me
t in parlour twilight: such a gloom
ll the thoughtful or unthinking mind,
id contemplative, with some new theme
t, or indispos'd alike to all.
'e, who boast your more mercurial pow'rs,
ver felt a stupor, know no pause,
d one; I am conscious, and confess
a soul, that does not always think.
as Fancy ludicrous and wild
with a waking dream of houses, tow'rs,
urches, and strange visages, express'd
ed cinders, while with poring eye
myself creating what I saw.
amus'd have I quiescent watch'd
y films, that play upon the bars
us, and foreboding in the view
stition, prophesying still,
still deceiv'd, some stranger's near approach.
s the understanding takes repose
ent vacuity of thought,
eps and is refresh'd. Meanwhile the face
s the mood lethargic with a mask
deliberation, as the man
k'd to his full strength, absorb'd and lost.
, reclin'd at ease, I lose an hour
ng, till at length the freezing blast,
eeps the bolted shutter, summons home
llected pow'rs; and snapping short
ay threads, with which the Fancy weaves
tle toils, restores me to myself.
m is my recess; and how the frost,
broad, and the rough wind endear
ice and the warmth enjoy'd within!
e woods and fields at close of day

A variegated show; the meadows green,
Though faded; and the lands, where lately wav
The golden harvest, of a mellow brown,
Upturn'd so lately by the forceful share.
I saw far off the weedy fallows smile
With verdure not unprofitable, graz'd
By flocks, fast feeding, and selecting each
His fav'rite herb; while all the leafless groves,
That skirt th' horizon, wore a sable hue,
Scarce notic'd in the kindred dusk of eve.
To morrow brings a change, a total change!
Which even now, though silently perform'd,
And slowly, and by most unfelt, the face
Of universal nature undergoes.
Fast falls a fleecy show'r: the downy flakes
Descending, and with never-ceasing lapse,
Softly alighting upon all below,
Assimilate all objects. Earth receives
Gladly the thick'ning mantle; and the green
And tender blade, that fear'd the chilling blast,
Escapes unhurt beneath so warm a veil.
In such a world, so thorny, and where none
Finds happiness unblighted, or, if found,
Without some thistly sorrow at it's side;
It seems the part of wisdom, and no sin
Against the law of love, to measure lots
With less distinguish'd than ourselves; that the
We may with patience bear our mod'rate ills,
And sympathise with others suff'ring more.
Ill fares the trav'ller now, and he that stalks
In pond'rous boots beside his reeking team.
The wain goes heavily, impeded sore
By congregated loads adhering close
To the clogg'd wheels; and in it's sluggish pace
Noiseless appears a moving hill of snow.
The toiling steeds expand the nostril wide,
While ev'ry breath, by respiration strong
Forc'd downward, is consolidated soon
Upon their jutting cheeks. He, forc'd to bear
The pelting brunt of the tempestuous night,

With half-shut eyes, and pucker'd cheeks, and teeth
Presented bare against the storm, plods on.
One hand secures his hat, save when with both
He brandishes his pliant length of whip,
Resounding oft, and never heard in vain.
O happy; and in my account denied
That sensibility of pain, with which
Refinement is endu'd, thrice happy thou!
Thy frame, robust and hardy, feels indeed
The piercing cold, but feels it unimpair'd.
The learned finger never need explore
Thy vig'rous pulse; and the unhealthful east,
That breathes the spleen, and searches ev'ry bone
Of the infirm, is wholesome air to thee.
Thy days roll on exempt from household care;
Thy waggon is thy wife; and the poor beasts,
That drag the dull companion to and fro,
Thine helpless charge, dependent on thy care.
Ah treat them kindly! rude as thou appear'st,
Yet show that thou hast mercy! which the great,
With needless hurry whirl'd from place to place,
Humane as they would seem, not always show.
Poor, yet industrious, modest, quiet, neat,
Such claim compassion in a night like this,
And have a friend in ev'ry feeling heart.
Warm'd, while it lasts, by labour, all day long
They brave the season, and yet find at eve,
Ill clad, and fed but sparely, time to cool.
The frugal housewife trembles when she lights
Her scanty stock of brushwood, blazing clear,
But dying soon, like all terrestrial joys.
The few small embers left she nurses well;
And, while her infant race, with outspread hands,
And crowded knees, sit cow'ring o'er the sparks,
Retires, content to quake, so they be warm'd.
The man feels least, as more inur'd than she
To *winter, and the* current in his veins
More briskly mov'd by his severer toils,
Yet he too finds his own distress in theirs

Where penury [illegible]
And sweet colloquial pleasures are but few
With all this thrift they thrive not. All the
Ingenious Parsimony takes, but just
Saves the small inventory, bed, and stool,
Skillet, and old carv'd chest, from public sa
They live, and live without extorted alms
From grudging hands; but other boast hav
To soothe their honest pride, that scorns t
Nor comfort else, but in their mutual love
I praise you much, ye meek and patient p
For ye are worthy; choosing rather far
A dry but independent crust, hard earn'd
And eaten with a sigh, than to endure
The rugged frowns and insolent rebuffs
Of knaves in office, partial in the work
Of distribution; lib'ral of their aid
To clam'rous Importunity in rags,
But ofttimes deaf to suppliants, who wo
To wear a tatter'd garb however coarse,
Whom famine cannot reconcile to filth:
[illegible] with painful shyness, and, refi

The effect of laziness or sottish waste.
Now goes the nightly thief prowling abroad
For plunder; much solicitous how best
He may compensate for a day of sloth
By works of darkness and nocturnal wrong.
Wo to the gard'ner's pale, the farmer's hedge,
Plash'd neatly, and secur'd with driven stakes
Deep in the loamy bank. Uptorn by strength,
Resistless in so bad a cause, but lame
To better deeds, he bundles up the spoil,
An ass's burden, and, when laden most
And heaviest, light of foot steals fast away.
Nor does the boarded hovel better guard
The well-stack'd pile of rived logs and roots
From his pernicious force. Nor will he leave
Unwrench'd the door, however well secur'd,
Where Chanticleer amidst his harem sleeps
In unsuspecting pomp. 'Twitch'd from the perch,
He gives the princely bird, with all his wives,
To his voracious bag, struggling in vain,
And loudly wond'ring at the sudden change.
Nor this to feed his own. 'Twere some excuse,
Did pity of their sufferings warp aside
His principle, and tempt him into sin
For their support, so destitute. But they
Neglected pine at home; themselves, as more
Expos'd than others, with less scruple made
His victims, robb'd of their defenceless all.
Cruel is all he does. 'Tis quenchless thirst
Of ruinous ebriety, that prompts
His ev'ry action, and imbrutes the man.
O for a law to noose the villain's neck,
Who starves his own; who persecutes the blood
He gave them in his children's veins, and hates
And wrongs the woman, he has sworn to love!

Pass where we may, through city or through town,
Village, or hamlet, of this merry land,
Though lean and beggar'd, ev'ry twentieth pace
Conducts th' unguarded nose to such a whiff
Of stale debauch, forth-issuing from the styes,

w has licens'd, as ma
sit, involv'd and lost in curling
lian fume, and guzzling deep, the boor,
uckey, and the groom: the craftsman there
s a Lethean leave of all his toil;
h, cobbler, joiner, he that plies the shears,
d he that kneads the dough; all loud alike,
learned, and all drunk! the fiddle screams
aintive and piteous, as it wept and wail'd
's wasted tones and harmony unheard:
ierce the dispute whate'er the theme; while she,
Fell Discord, arbitress of such debate,
Perch'd on the signpost, holds with even hand
Her undecisive scales. In this she lays
A weight of ignorance; in that, of pride;
And smiles delighted with the eternal poise.
Dire is the frequent curse, and it's twin sound,
The cheek-distending oath, not to be prais'd
As ornamental, musical, polite,
Like those, which modern senators employ,
Whose oath is rhet'ric, and who swear for fame!
Behold the schools, in which plebeian minds
Once simple are initiated in arts,
Which some may practise with politer grace,
But none with readier skill!—'tis here they lear
The road, that leads from competence and peac
To indigence and rapine; till at last
Society, grown weary of the load,
Shakes her encumber'd lap, and casts them o
But censure profits little: vain th' attempt
To advertise in verse a public pest,
That like the filth, with which the peasant
His hungry acres, stinks, and is of use.
Th' excise is fatten'd with the rich result
Of all this riot; and ten thousand casks,
For ever dribbling out their base content,
Touch'd by the Midas finger of the state,
Bleed gold for ministers to sport away.
Drink, and be mad then; 'tis your c
Gloriously drunk obey th' importan

Her cause demands th' assistance of your throats;—
Ye all can swallow, and she asks no more.
Would I had fall'n upon those happier days,
That poets celebrate; those golden times,
And those Arcadian scenes, that Maro sings,
And Sidney, warbler of poetic prose.
Nymphs were Dianas then, and swains had hearts,
That felt their virtues: Innocence, it seems,
From courts dismiss'd, found shelter in the groves;
The footsteps of Simplicity, impress'd
Upon the yielding herbage, (so they sing)
Then were not all effac'd: then speech profane,
And manners profligate, were rarely found,
Observ'd as prodigies, and soon reclaim'd.
Vain wish! those days were never: airy dreams
Sat for the picture: and the poet's hand,
Imparting substance to an empty shade,
Impos'd a gay delirium for a truth.
Grant it: I still must envy them an age,
That favour'd such a dream; in days like these
Impossible, when Virtue is so scarce,
That to suppose a scene where she presides,
Is tramontane, and stumbles all belief.
No: we are polish'd now. The rural lass,
Whom once her virgin modesty and grace,
Her artless manners, and her neat attire,
So dignified, that she was hardly less
Than the fair shepherdess of old romance,
Is seen no more. The character is lost!
Her head, adorn'd with lappets pinn'd aloft,
And ribands streaming gay, superbly rais'd,
And magnified beyond all human size,
Indebted to some smart wig-weaver's hand
For more than half the tresses it sustains;
Her elbows ruffled, and her tott'ring form
Ill propp'd upon French heels; she might be deem'd
(But that the basket dangling on her arm
Interprets her more truly) of a rank
Too proud for dairy work, or sale of eggs.
Expect her soon with footboy at her heels,

No longer blushing for her awkward load,
Her train and her umbrella all her care!
The town has ting'd the country; and the stain
Appears a spot upon a vestal's robe,
The worse for what it soils. The fashion runs
Down into scenes still rural; but alas,
Scenes rarely grac'd with rural manners now!
Time was when in the pastoral retreat
Th' unguarded door was safe; men did not watch
T' invade another's right, or guard their own.
Then sleep was undisturb'd by fear, unscar'd
By drunken howlings; and the chilling tale
Of midnight murder was a wonder heard
With doubtful credit, told to frighten babes.
But farewell now to unsuspicious nights,
And slumbers unalarm'd! Now, ere you sleep,
See that your polish'd arms be prim'd with care,
And dropt the nightbolt;—ruffians are abroad;
And the first larum of the cock's shrill throat
May prove a trumpet, summoning your ear
To horrid sounds of hostile feet within.
Ev'n daylight has it's dangers; and the walk
Thro' pathless wastes and woods, unconscious once
Of other tenauts than melodious birds,
Or harmless flocks, is hazardous and bold.
Lamented change! to which full many a cause
Invet'rate, hopeless of a cure, conspires.
The course of human things from good to ill,
From ill to worse, is fatal, never fails.
Increase of pow'r begets increase of wealth;
Wealth luxury, and luxury excess;
Excess, the scrofulous and itchy plague,
That seizes first the opulent, descends
To the next rank contagious, and in time
Taints downward all the graduated scale
Of order, from the chariot to the plough.
The rich, and they, that have an arm to check
The licence of the lowest in degree,
Desert their office; and themselves, intent
On pleasure, haunt the capital, and thus

To all the violence of lawless hands
Resign the scenes, their presence might protect.
Authority herself not seldom sleeps,
Though resident, and witness of the wrong.
The plump convivial parson often bears
The magisterial sword in vain, and lays
His rev'rence and his worship both to rest
On the same cushion of habitual sloth.
Perhaps timidity restrains his arm;
When he should strike he trembles, and sets free,
Himself enslav'd by terrour of the band,
Th' audacious convict, whom he dares not bind.
Perhaps, though by profession ghostly pure,
He too may have his vice, and sometimes prove
Less dainty than becomes his grave outside
In lucrative concerns. Examine well
His milkwhite hand; the palm is hardly clean—
But here and there an ugly smutch appears.
Foh! 'twas a bribe that left it: he has touch'd
Corruption. Whoso seeks an audit here
Propitious, pays his tribute, game or fish,
Wildfowl or ven'son; and his errand speeds.
But faster far, and more than all the rest,
A noble cause, which none, who bears a spark
Of public virtue, ever wish'd remov'd,
Works the deplor'd and mischievous effect.
'Tis universal soldiership has stabb'd
The heart of merit in the meaner class.
Arms, through the vanity and brainless rage
Of those that bear them, in whatever cause,
Seem most at variance with all moral good,
And incompatible with serious thought.
The clown, the child of nature, without guile,
Blest with an infant's ignorance of all
But his own simple pleasures; now and then
A wrestling match, a footrace, or a fair;
Is ballotted, and trembles at the news:
Sheepish he doffs his hat, and mumbling swears
A bible-oath to be whate'er they please,
To do he knows not what. The task performed,

That instant he becomes the sergeant's ca
His pupil, and his torment, and his jest.
His awkward gait, his introverted toes,
Bent knees, round shoulders, and dejecte
Procure him many a curse. By slow deg
Unapt to learn, and form'd of stubborn s
He yet by slow degrees puts off himself,
Grows conscious of a change, and likes i
He stands erect; his slouch becomes a w
He steps right onward, martial in his air,
His form, and movement; is as smart ab
As meal and larded locks can make him
His hat, or his plum'd helmet, with a gr
And, his three years of heroship expir'd,
Returns indignant to the slighted plough
He hates the field, in which no fife or d
Attends him; drives his cattle to a marc
And sighs for the smart comrades he has
'Twere well if his exterior change were
But with his clumsy port the wretch has
His ignorance and harmless manners too.
To swear, to game, to drink; to show at
By lewdness, idleness, and sabbath-breac
The great proficiency he made abroad;
T' astonish and to grieve his gazing frien
To break some maiden's and his mother's
To be a pest where he was useful once;
Are his sole aim, and all his glory, now.
Man in society is like a flow'r
Blown in it's native bed: 'tis there alone
His faculties, expanded in full bloom,
Shine out; there only reach their proper
But man, associated and leagu'd with m
By regal warrant, or self-join'd by bond
For int'rest-sake, or swarming into clans
Beneath one head for purposes of war,
Like flow'rs selected from the rest, and t
And bundled close to fill some crowded
***Fades rapidly*, and by compression ma**
Contracts defilement not to be endur'

Hence charter'd boroughs are such public plagu
And burghers, men immaculate perhaps
In all their private functions, once combin'd,
Become a loathsome body, only fit
For dissolution, hurtful to the main.
Hence merchants, unimpeachable of sin
Against the charities of domestic life,
Incorporated seem at once to lose
Their nature; and, disclaiming all regard
For mercy and the common rights of man,
Build factories with blood, conducting trade
At the sword's point, and dyeing the white rob
Of innocent commercial Justice red.
Hence too the field of glory, as the world
Misdeems it, dazzled by it's bright array,
With all it's majesty of thund'ring pomp,
Enchanting music and immortal wreaths,
Is but a school, where thoughtlessness is taught
On principle, where foppery atones
For folly, gallantry for ev'ry vice.
But slighted as it is, and by the great
Abandon'd, and, which still I more regret,
Infected with the manners and the modes,
It knew not once, the country wins me still.
I never fram'd a wish, or form'd a plan,
That flatter'd me with hopes of earthly bliss,
But there I laid the scene. There early stray'd
My fancy, ere yet liberty of choice
Had found me, or the hope of being free.
My very dreams were rural; rural too
The first-born efforts of my youthful muse,
Sportive and jingling her poetic bells,
Ere yet her ear was mistress of their pow'rs.
No bard could please me but whose lyre was tu
To Nature's praises. Heroes and their feats
Fatigu'd me, never weary of the pipe
Of Tityrus, assembling, as he sang,
The rustic throng beneath his fav'rite beech
Then Milton had indeed a poet's charms:
New to my taste his Paradise surpass'd

For a lost world in solitude and vacu
'Tis born with all: the love of Nature's
Is an ingredient in the compound man,
Infus'd at the creation of the kind.
And, though th' Almighty Maker has th
Discriminated each from each, by strok
And touches of his hand, with so much
Diversified, that two were never found
Twins at all points—yet this obtains in
That all discern a beauty in his works,
And all can taste them: minds, that
form'd
And tutor'd, with a relish more exact,
But none without some relish, none wa
It is a flame, that dies not even there,
Where nothing feeds it: neither books
Nor habits of luxurious city life,
Whatever else they smother of its use
In human bosoms; quench it or abate.
The villas, with which London stands
Like a swarth Indian with his tusk of

Prove it. A breath of unadult'rate air;
The glimpse of a green pasture, how they c
The citizen, and brace his languid frame!
Ev'n in the stifling bosom of the town
A garden, in which nothing thrives, has cha
That soothe the rich possessor; much conso
That here and there some sprigs of mournfu
Of nightshade, or valerian, grace the well
He cultivates. These serve him with a hint
That Nature lives; that sight-refreshing gre
Is still the liv'ry she delights to wear,
Though sickly samples of th' exub'rant whc
What are the casements lin'd with creeping
The prouder sashes fronted with a range
Of orange, myrtle, or the fragrant weed,
The Frenchman's darling*? are they not all
That man, immur'd in cities, still retains
His inborn inextinguishable thirst
Of rural scenes, compensating his loss
By supplemental shifts, the best he may?
The most unfurnish'd with the means of lif
And they that never pass their brick-wall b
To range the fields, and treat their lungs w
Yet feel the burning instinct: over head
Suspend their crazy boxes, planted thick,
And water'd duly. There the pitcher stanc
A fragment and the spoutless tea-pot there
Sad witnesses how close-pent man regrets
The country, with what ardour he contrive
A peep at Nature, when he can no more.
Hail, therefore, patroness of health and e
And contemplation, heart-consoling joys,
And harmless pleasures, in the throng'd ab
Of multitudes unknown; hail, rural life!
*A*ddress himself who will to the pursuit
*O*f honours, or emolument, or fame;
I shall not add myself to such a chase,
*Th*wart his attempts, or envy his success

* Mignonnette.

Some must be great. Great offices will
Great talents. And God gives to every
The virtue, temper, understanding, taste
That lifts him into life, and lets him
Just in the niche he was ordain'd to fill
To the deliv'rer of an injur'd land
He gives a tongue t' enlarge upon, a heart
To feel, and courage to redress, her wrongs
To monarchs dignity; to judges sense;
To artists ingenuity and skill;
To me, an unambitious mind, content
In the low vale of life, that eagle flight,
A wish for ease and leisure, and art to
Found here that leisure and that ease.

On the receipt of my Mother's Picture out of Norfolk, the gift of my cousin Ann Bodham.

O That those lips had language! Life has passed
With me but roughly since I heard thee last.
Those lips are thine—thy own sweet smile I see,
The same, that oft in childhood solac'd me;
Voice only fails, else how distinct they say,
"Grieve not, my child, chase all thy fears away!"
The meek intelligence of those dear eyes
(Blest be the art that can immortalize,
The art that baffles Time's tyrannic claim
To quench it) here shines on me still the same.
Faithful remembrancer of one so dear,
O welcome guest, though unexpected here!
Who bidd'st me honour with an artless song,
Affectionate, a mother lost so long,
I will obey, not willingly, alone,
But gladly, as the precept were her own;
And, while that face renews my filial grief,
Fancy shall weave a charm for my relief,
Shall steep me in Elysian reverie,
A momentary dream, that thou art she.

My mother! when I learn'd that thou wast dead,
Say, wast thou conscious of the tears I shed?
Hover'd thy spirit o'er thy sorr'wing son,
Wretch even then, life's journey just begun?
Perhaps thou gav'st me, though unfelt, a kiss;
Perhaps a tear, if souls can weep in bliss—
Ah that maternal smile! it answers—Yes.
I heard the bell toll'd on thy burial day,
I saw the hearse, that bore thee slow away,
And, turning from my nurs'ry window, drew
A long, long sigh, and wept a last adieu!
But was it such?—It was.—Where thou art gone
Adieus and farewells are a sound unknown.
May I but meet thee on that peaceful shore,
The parting word shall pass my lips no more!
Thy maidens, griev'd themselves at my concern,
Oft gave me promise of thy quick return.
What ardently I wish'd, I long believ'd,
And, disappointed still, was still deceiv'd.
By expectation ev'ry day beguil'd,
Dupe of *to morrow* even from a child.
Thus many a sad to morrow came and went,
Till, all my stock of infant sorrow spent,
I learn'd at last submission to my lot,
But, though I less deplor'd thee, ne'er forgot.
Where once we dwelt our name is heard no more,
Children not thine have trod my nurs'ry floor;
And where the gard'ner Robin, day by day,
Drew me to school along the public way,
Delighted with my bauble coach, and wrapp'd
In scarlet mantle warm, and velvet cap,
'Tis now become a hist'ry little known,
That once we call'd the past'ral house our own.
Short-liv'd possession! but the record fair,
That mem'ry keeps of all thy kindness there,
Still outlives many a storm, that has effac'd
A thousand other themes less deeply trac'd.
Thy nightly visits to my chamber made,
That thou mightst know me safe and warmly laid;

Thy morning bounties ere I left my home,
The biscuit, or confectionary plum;
The fragrant waters on my cheeks bestow'd
By thy own hand, till fresh they shone and glow'd:
All this, and more endearing still than all,
Thy constant flow of love, that knew no fall,
Ne'er roughen'd by those cataracts and breaks,
That humour interpos'd too often makes;
All this still legible in mem'ry's page,
And still to be so to my latest age,
Adds joy to duty, makes me glad to pay
Such honours to thee as my numbers may;
Perhaps a frail memorial, but sincere,
Not scorn'd in Heav'n, though little notic'd here.

Could Time, his flight revers'd, restore the hours,
When, playing with thy vesture's tissu'd flow'rs,
The violet, the pink, and jessamine,
I prick'd them into paper with a pin,
(And thou wast happier than myself the while,
Wouldst softly speak, and stroke my head, and smile)
Could those few pleasant days again appear,
Might one wish bring them, would I wish them here?
I would not trust my heart—the dear delight
Seems so to be desir'd, perhaps I might.—
But no—what here we call our life is such,
So little to be lov'd, and thou so much,
That I should ill requite thee to constrain
Thy unbound spirit into bonds again.

Thou, as a gallant bark from Albion's coast
(The storms all weather'd and the ocean cross'd)
Shoots into port at some well-haven'd isle,
Where spices breathe, and brighter seasons smile,
There sits quiescent on the floods, that show
Her beauteous form reflected clear below,
While airs impregnated with incense play
Around her, fanning light her streamers gay;
So thou, with sails how swift! hast reach'd the shore,
"Where tempests never beat nor billows roar:"
And thy lov'd consort on the dang'rous tide
Of life long since has anchor'd by thy side.

But me, scarce hoping to attain that rest,
Always from port withheld, always distress'd—
Me howling blasts drive devious, tempest-toss'd,
Sails ripp'd, seams op'ning wide, and compass lost,
And day by day some current's thwarting force
Sets me more distant from a prosp'rous course.
Yet O the thought, that thou art safe, and he!
That thought is joy, arrive what may to me.
My boast is not, that I deduce my birth
From loins enthron'd, and rulers of the Earth;
But higher far my proud pretensions rise—
The son of parents pass'd into the skies.
And now, farewell—Time unrevok'd has run
His wonted course, yet what I wish'd is done.
By contemplation's help, not sought in vain,
I seem'd t' have liv'd my childhood o'er again;
To have renew'd the joys that once were mine,
Without the sin of violating thine;
And, while the wings of Fancy still are free,
And I can view this mimic show of thee,
Time has but half succeeded in his theft—
Thyself remov'd, thy pow'r to soothe me left.

TO MARY.

THE twentieth year is well nigh past,
Since first our sky was overcast,
Ah would that this might be the last!
My Mary!

Thy spirits have a fainter flow,
I see thee daily weaker grow——
'Twas my distress that brought thee low,
My Mary!

Thy needles, once a shining store,
For my sake restless heretofore,
Now rust disus'd, and shine no more,
My Mary!

For though thou gladly would'st fulfil
The same kind office for me still,
Thy sight now seconds not thy will,
My Mary!

But well thou play'd'st the huswife's part,
And all thy threads with magic art,
Have wound themselves about this heart,
My Mary!

Thy indistinct expressions seem
Like language utter'd in a dream;
Yet me they charm, whate'er the theme,
My Mary!

Thy silver locks, once auburn bright,
Are still more lovely in my sight
Than golden beams of orient light,
My Mary!

For could I view nor them nor thee,
What sight worth seeing could I see?
The sun would rise in vain for me,
My Mary!

Partakers of thy sad decline,
Thy hands their little force resign;
Yet gently prest, press gently mine,
My Mary!

Such feebleness of limbs thou prov'st,
That now, at every step thou mov'st
Upheld by two, yet still thou lov'st,
My Mary!

And still to love, though prest with ill;
In wint'ry age to feel no chill,
With me is to be lovely still,
My Mary!

But ah! by constant heed I know,
How oft the sadness that I show,
Transforms thy smiles to looks of woe,
My Mary!

And should my future lot be cast
With much resemblance of the past,
Thy worn-out heart will break at last,
My Mary!

THOMAS CHATTERTON.

TTEN UNDER THE NAME OF ROWLEY.

ppoſed to have flouriſhed in the 14th Century.*

ECLOGUE THE FIRST.

ROBERTE AND RAUFE.

/HANNE Englonde, smeethynge*a* from her lethal *b* wounde,
nn her galled necke dyd twyttee the chayne awaie,
nnynge*d* her legeful sonnes falle all arounde,
yghtie theie fell, 'twas Honoure ledde the fraie,)
anne inne a dale, bie eve's dark surcote*e* graie,
ayne lonelie shepsterres*f* dyd abrodden*g* flie
ie rostlyng *h* liff doth theyr whytte hartes affraie*i*,)
d wythe the owlette trembled and dyd crie;
ste Roberte Neatherde hys sore boesom stroke,
fellen on the grounde and thus yspoke.

ROBERTE.

, Raufe! gif thos the howres do comme alonge,
thos wee flie in chase of farther woe,
re fote wylle fayle, albeytte wee bee stronge,
wylle oure pace swefte as oure danger goe.

muking. *b* Deadly. *c* Pluck or pull; twitch.
eeing. *e* A cloke or mantle. *f* Shepherds.
bruptly. *h* Restling. *i* Affright.

These Poems, considered as the productions of Chat-, should have been inserted much earlier in this ne; but their apparent antiquity seemed to make ill placed among modern poems. To have given them ecimens of our early poetry, if written by a modern, *have* been absurd. Under this dilemma, they have hrown to the end of the work.

To oure grete wronges wee have enheped *k* moe,
The Baronnes warre! oh! woe and well-a-daie!
I haveth lyff, bott have escaped soe
That lyff ytsel mie Senses doe affraie
Oh Raufe, comme lyste, and hear mie dernie *l* tale,
Come heare the balefull *m* dome of Robynne of the dale.

RAUFE.

Saie to mee nete; *n* I kenne thie woe in myne;
Oh! I've a tale that Sabalus *o* mote *p* telle.
Swote *q* flouretts, mantled meedows, forestes dygne; *r*
Gravots *s* far-kend *t* arounde the Errmiets *u* cell;
The swote ribible *x* dynning *y* yn the dell;
The joyous daunceynge ynn the hoastrie *z* courte;
Eke *a* the highe songe and everych joie farewell,
Farewell the verie shade of fayre dysporte *b*:
Impestering *c* trobble onn mie heade doe comme,
Ne on kynde Seyncte to warde *d* the aye *e* encreasynge dome.

ROBERTE.

Oh! I coulde waile mie kynge-coppe-decked mees *f*
Mie spreedynge flockes of shepe of lillie white,
Mie tendre applynges *g*, and embodyde *h* trees,
Mie Parker's Grange, *i* far spreedynge to the sygh
Mie cuyen *k* kyne *l*, mie bullockes stringe *m* fyghte,
Mie gorne *n* emblaunched *o* with the comfr plante,
Mie floure Seyncte Marie *q* shotteyng *r* wyth lyghte,
Mie store of all the blessynges Heaven can

k Added. *l* Sad. *m* Woeful. *n* Nought. *o* Th
p Might. *q* Sweet. *r* Good, neat. *s* Groves. *t* I
u Hermit. *x* Violin. *y* Sounding. *z* Inn, or pub
a Also. *b* Pleasure. *c* Annoying. *d* To
e Ever, always. *f* Meadows. *g* Gro
h Thick, stout. *i* Liberty of pasture given to t
k Tender. *l* Cows. *m* Strong.
n Whitened, blanched. *p* Cumfrey, a favour
time. *q* Marygold. *r* Shutting.

THOMAS CHATTERTON.

ım duressed$_r$ unto sorrowes blowe,
ınd s to the peyne, will lette ne salte teare!

RAUFE.

lere I wille obaie$_u$ untylle Dethe doe 'per
lere lyche a foule empoysoned leathel tre
Vhyche sleaeth$_x$ everichone$_y$ that commeth
oe wille I fyxed unto thys place gre$_z$.
to bement$_a$ haveth moe cause than thee;
leene in the warre mie boolie$_b$ fadre lies;
)h! joieous I hys mortherer would slea,
ınd bie hys syde for aie enclose myne eie
:alked$_c$ from everych joie, heere wylle I b
ll ys the Cullys-yatte$_d$ of mie hartes castle!

ROBERTE.

)ure woes alyche, alyche our dome$_e$ shal l
lie sonne, mie sonne alleyn$_f$, ystorven$_g$ y
lere wylle I staie, and end mie lyff with
ı lyff lyche myne a borden ys ywis$_h$.
low from een logges$_i$ fledden is selyness$_k$
lynsterres$_l$ alleyn$_m$ can boaste the hal
Seyncte,
low doeth Englonde weare a bloudie dres
ınd wyth her champyonnes gore her fac
peyncte$_o$;
'eace fledde, disorder sheweth her dark ro

ECLOGUE THE SECOND.

NYGELLE.

SPRYTES[q] of the bleste, the pious Nygelle sed,
Poure owte yer pleasaunce[r] on my fadres hedde.

Rycharde of Lyons harte to fyghte is gon,
Uponne the brede[s] sea doe the bannera glemet,
The amenused[u] nationnes be aston[x],
To keny sykez large a flete, sykefyne, syke bremea.
The barkis heafods[b] coupe[c] the lymed[d] streme;
Oundes[e] synkeynge oundes upon the hard ake[f]
riese;
The water slughornes[g] wythe a swotye[h] cleme[i]
Conteke[k] the dynnynge[l] ayre, and reche the skies.
Sprytes of the bleste, on gouldyn tronesm astedde[n],
Poure owte yer pleasaunce onn mie fadres hedde.

The gule[o] depyncted[p] oares from the black tyde,
Decorn[q] wyth fonnes[r] rare, doe shemrynge[s] ryse;
Upswalynge[t] doe heie[u] shewe ynne drierie pryde,
Lyche gore red estells[x] in the eve[y] merk[z] skyes;
The nome-depeynctedA shields, the speres aryse,
Alyche[b] talle roshes on the water syde;
Alenge[c] from bark to bark the bryghte sheenedd
flyes;
Sweft-kerv'd[e] delyghtes doe on the water glyde.
Sprytes of the bleste, and everich Seyncte ydedde,
Poure owte youre pleasaunce on mie fadres hedde.

[q] Spirits. [r] Pleasure. [s] Broad. [t] Shine. [u] Diminished. [x] Astonished. [y] See. [z] Such. [a] Strong. [b] Heads. [c] Cut. [d] Glassy. [e] Waves. [f] Oak. [g] A musical instrument. [h] Sweet. [i] Sound. [k] Confuse. [l] Sounding. [m] Thrones. [n] Seated. [o] Red. [p] Painted. [q] Carved. [r] Devices. [s] Glimmering. [t] Rising high. [u] Tiery. [x] Is, that. [y] Evening. [z] Dark. [A] Betoken. obsolete. [b] Like. [c] Along. [d] Shine. [e] Short-lived.

The Sarasen lokes owte: he doethe feere,
That Englondes brondeous*f* sonnes do ootte the waie.

Lyke honted bockes, theye reineth *g* here and there,
Onknowlachynge *h* inne whatte place to obaie.
The banner gliesters on the beme of daie;
The mittee *i* crosse Jerusalim ys seene;
Dhereof the syghte yer corrage doe affraie *k*,
In balefull dole their faces be ywreene *l*.
Sprytes of the bleste, and everich Seyncte ydedde,
Poure owte your pleasaunce on mie fadres hedde.

The bollengers and cottes *m*, so swyfte yn fyghte,
Upon the sydes of everich bark appere
Foorthe to his office lepethe everych knyghte,
Eftsoones *n* hys squyer, with hys shielde and spere.
The jynynge *o* shieldes doe shemre and moke glare *p*;
The dosheynge *q* oare doe make gemoted *r* dynne;
The reynyng *s* foemen *t*, thynckeynge gif *u* to dare,
Boun *x* the merk *y* swerde, theie seche to fraie *z*,
theie blyn *a*.
Sprytes of the bleste, and everyche Seyncte ydedde,
Poure owte yer pleasaunce onne mie fadres hedde.

Now comm the warrynge Sarasyns to fyghte;
Kynge Rycharde, lyche a lyoncel *b* of warre,
Inne sheenynge goulde, lyke feerie *c* gronfers *d*
dyghte *e*,
Shaketh alofe hys honde, and seene afarre.
Syke haveth I espyde a greter starre
Amenge *f* the drybblett *g* ons to sheene fulle
bryghte;
Syke sunnys wayne *h* wyth amaryl'd *i* beames doe
barr
The blaunchie *k* mone or estells to gev lyghte.

f Furious. *g* Runneth. *h* Not knowing. *i* Mighty.
k Affright. *l* Covered. *m* Different kinds of boats.
n Full soon. *o* Joining. *p* Glitter. *q* Dashing. *r* United.
s Running. *t* Foes. *u* If. *x* Make ready. *y* Dark.
z Engage. *a* Cease. *b* A young lion. *c* Fearless.
d A meteor. *e* Decked. *f* Amoog. *g* Tumble. *h* Quick.
i Enamelled. *k* White.

Sprytes of the bleste, and everich Seyncte ydedde,
Poure owte your pleasaunce on mie fadres hedde.

Distraughte *l* affraie *m*, wythe lockes of blodde-red die,
Terroure, emburled *n* yn the thonders rage,
Deathe, lynked to dismaie, dothe ugsomme *o* flie,
Enchafynge *p* echone champyonne war to wage.
Speres bevyle *q* speres; swerdes upon swerdes engage;
Armoure on armoure dynn *r*, shielde upon shielde;
Ne dethe of thosandes can the warre assuage,
Botte falleynge nombers sable *s* all the feelde,
Sprytes of the bleste, and everych Seyncte ydedde,
Poure owte youre pleasaunce on mie fadres hedde.

The foemen fal arounde; the cross reles *t* hye;
Steyned ynne goere, the harte of warre ys seen;
Kyng Rycharde, thorough everyche trope doth flie,
And beereth meynte *u* of Turkes onto the greene;
Bie hymm the floure of Asies menn is sleene *x*;
The waylynge *y* mone doth fade before hys sonne;
Bie hym hys knyghtes bee formed to actions deene *z*,
Doeynge syke marvels *a*, strongers be aston *b*.
Sprytes of the bleste, and everych Seyncte ydedde,
Poure owte your pleasaunce onn mie fadres hedde.

The fyghte is wonne; Kynge Rycharde master is;
The Englonde bannerr kisseth the hie ayre;
Full of pure joie the armie is iwys *c*,
And everych one haveth it onne his bayre *d*;
Agayne to Englonde comme, and worschepped there,
Twyghte *e* into lovynge armes, and feasted eft *f*;
In everych eyne aredynge nete of wyere *g*,
Of all remembrance of past peyne berefte.

l Distracting. *m* Affright. *n* Armed. *o* Terribly. *p* Encouraging. *q* Break. *r* Sounds. *s* Blacken. *t* Woven. *u* Many. *x* Slain. *y* Decreasing. *z* Glorious. *a* Wonders. *b* Astonished. *c* Certainly. *d* Brow. *e* Plucked. *f* Often. *g* Grief.

Sprytes of the bleste, and everich Seyncte ydedde,
Syke pleasures powre upon mie fadres hedde.

Syke Nigel sed, whan from the bluie sea
The upswol*k* sayle dyd daunce before his eyne;
Swefte as the wishe, hee toe the beeche dyd flee,
And founde his fadre steppeynge from the bryne.
Lette thyssen menne, who haveth sprite of loove,
Bethyncke untoe hemselves how mote the meetynge
proove.

ECLOGUE THE THIRD.

MANNE. WOMANNE. SIR ROGERRE.

WOULDST thou kenn nature in her better parte?
Goe, serche the logges*i* and bordels*k* of the hynde*l*;
Gyff*m* theie have anie, itte ys roughe-made arte,
Inne hem*n* you see the blakied*o* forme of kynde*p*.
Haveth your mynde a lycheynge*q* of a mynde?
Woulde it kenne everich thynge, as it mote*r* bee?
Woulde ytte here phrase of vulgar from the hynde,
Withoute wisecegger*s* wordes and knowlache*t* free?
Gyf soe, rede thys, whyche I che dysportynge*u*
pende;
Gif nete besyde, yttes rhyme maie ytte commende.

MANNE.

Botte whether, fayre mayde, do ye goe?
O where do ye bende yer waie?
I wille knowe whether you goe,
I wylle not bee asseled*x* naie.

WOMANNE.

To Robin and Nell, all downe in the delle,
To hele*y* hem at makeynge of haie.

k Swollen. *i* Huts. *k* Cottages. *l* Servants, there
m If. *n* Them. *o* Naked, original. *p* Nature. *q* Under
r Might. *s* A philosopher. *t* Knowledge. *u* Expend
x Answered. *y* Aid.

MANNE.

Syr Rogerre, the parsone, hav hyred
Comme, comme, lett us tryppe yttte
We'lle wurke[z] and we'lle synge, and weey
of stronge beer
As longe as the merrie sommers daie.

WOMANNE.

How harde ys mie dome to wurch[b]!
Moke is mie woe.
Dame Agnes, whoe lies ynne the Chyr
With birlette[c] golde,
Wythe gelten[d] aumeres[e] stronge ontol
What was shee moe than me, to be soe

MANNE.

I kenne Syr Roger from afar
Tryppynge over the lea;
Ich ask whie the loverds[f] son
Is moe than mee.

SYR ROGERRE.

The sweltrie[g] sonne dothe hie apace h
From everich beme a semes[i] of lyfe d
Swythyn[k] scille[l] oppe the haie up
playne;
Methynckes the cockes begynneth to
Thys ys alyche oure doome; the great,
Moste withe[n] and bee forwyned[o] by de
See! the swote flourette[p] hathe noe sw
Itte wythe the ranke wede bereth eva
The cravent[r], warrioure, and the wyse
Alyche to drie awaie wythe those theie dyd

MANNE.

All-a-boon[u], Syr Priest, all-a-boon.
Bye yer preestschype nowe saye un
Syr Gaufryd the knyghte, who lyvethe
Whie shoulde hee than mee

[z] Work. [a] Drink. [b] Work. [c] A hood.
[d] Borders of gold and silver. [f] Lord's. [g] Sul
[i] Seed. [k] Quickly. [l] Gather. [n] Grow.
[o] Dried. [p] Flower. [q] Equal. [r] Coward
[t] Lament. [u] Asking a favour.

Bee moe greate,
Inne honnoure, knyghtehoode and estate?

SYR ROGERRE.

Attourne*x* thy eyne arounde thys haied mee,
Tentyflie*y* loke arounde the chaper*x* delle*a*;
An answere to thie barganette*b* here see,
Thys welked*c* flourette wylle a leson telle:
Arist*d* it blew*e*, itte florished, and dyd well,
Lokeynge ascaunce*f* upon the naighboure greene;
Yet with the deigned*g* greene yttes rennome*h* felle,
Eftsoones ytte shronke upon the daie-brente*i* playne,
Didde not yttes loke, whilest ytte there dyd stonde,
To croppe ytte in the bodde move somme dred honde.

Syke*k* ys the waie of lyffe; the loverds ente*l*
Mooveth the robber hym therfor to slea*m*;
Gyf thou has ethe*n*, the shadowe of contente,
Beleive the trothe*o*, theres none moe haile*p* yan thee.
Thou wurchest*q*; welle, canne thatte a trobble bee?
Slothe moe wulde jade thee than the roughest daie.
Couldest thou the kivercled*r* of soughlys*s* see,
Thou wouldst eftsoones see trothe ynne whatte I saie;
Botte lette me heere thie waie of lyffe, and thenne
Heare thou from me the lyffe of odher menne.

MANNE.

I ryse wyth the sonne,
Lyche hym to dryve the wayne*t*,
And eere mie wurche is don
I synge a songe or twayne*u*.
I followe the plough-tayle,
Wythe a longe jubb*x* of ale.

x Turn. *y* Carefully. *z* Dry. *a* Valley. *b* A song. *c* Withered. *d* Arisen. *e* Blossomed. *f* Disdainfully. *g* Disdained. *h* Glory. *i* Sun-burnt. *k* Such. *l* A gaine. *m* Slay. *n* Ease. *o* Truth. *p* Happy. *q* Workest. *r* Hilliness. *s* Souls. *t* Car. *u* Two. *x* A bottle.

Botte of the maydens, oh!
Itte lacketh nette to telle;
Syre Preeste mote notte crie woe,
Culde hys bull do as welle.
I daunce the beste heiedeygnes *y*,
And foile *z* the wysest feygnes *a*.
On everych Seynctes hie daie
Wythe the mynstrelles *b* am I seene,
All a footeynge it awaie,
Wythe maydens on the greene.
But oh! I wyshe to be moe greate,
In rennome, tenure and estate.

SYR ROGERRE.

Has thou ne seene a tree uponne a hylle,
Whose unliste *c* hraunces *d* rechen far toe ayr
Whan fuired *e* unwers *f* doe the heaven fylle
Itte shaketh deere *g* yn dole *h* and moke *i* affryghte
Whylest the congeon *k* flowrette abessie *l* dye
Stondethe unhurte, unquaced *m* bie the storme
Syke is a picte *n* of lyffe: the manne of myghte
Is tempest-chaft *o*, hys woe greate as hys fame
Thieselfe a flowrette of a small accounte,
Wouldst harder felle the wynde, as hyghe
dydste mounte.

ECLOGUE THE FOURTH.

ELINOURE *and* JUGA.

ONNE Ruddeborne bank twa pynyngge
sate,
Theire teares faste dryppeynge to th
cleere;
Echone bementynge *p* for her absente
Who atte Seynete Albonns shouke the *q*
speare.

y A country dance. *z* Baffle. *a* Feints.
b Unbounded. *c* Branches. *d* Furious. *f* Tr
h Dismay. *i* Much. *k* Dwarf. *l* Bend
m Picture. *o* Tempest-beaten. *p* Lamenti

The nottebrowne Elinoure to Juga fayre
Dyddespeke acroole*r*, wythe languishment of eyne,
Lyche droppes of pearlie dew, lemed*s* the quyv-
ryng brine.

ELINOURE.

O gentle Juga! heare mie deraie*s* plaints,
To fyghte for Yorke mie love ys dyghte in stele;
O mai ne sanguen steine the whyte rose peynete,
Mai good Seyncte Cuthberte watche 8yrre Ro-
berte wele.
Moke moe thanne deathe in phantasie I feele;
See! see! upon the grounde he bleedynge lies;
Inhild*u* some joice of lyfe, or else mie deare love dies.

JUGA.

Systers in sorrowe on thys daise-ey'd banke,
Where melancholych brooda, we wyll lamente;
Be wette wythe mornynge dewe and evene danke;
Lyche lewyndes okes in eche the odher bente,
Or lyche forlettenn*y* halles of merriemente,
Whose gastlie mitches*z* holde the traine of fryghte,
Where lethale*a* ravens bark, and owlets wake the
nyghte.

ELINOURE.

No moe the miskynette*b* shall wake the morne,
The minstrelle daunce, good cheere, and morryce
plaie;
No moe the amblynge palfrie and the horne
Shall from the lessel*c* rouse the foxe awaie;
I'll seke the forreste alle the lyve-longe daie;
Alle nete*d* amenge*e* the gravde chyrche glebe*f* wyll
goe,
And to the passante Spryghtes lecture*g* mie tale
of woe.

r Faintly. *s* Glistened. *t* Sad. *u* Infuse. *x* Blasted. *y* Forsaken. *z* Ruins. *a* Deadly. *b* A small bagpipe. *c* A bush or hedge. *d* Night. *e* Among. *f* Church-yard. *g* Relate.

s upon the leme
antels dyghte;
the golden dreme
ythe the nyghte;
orbydde!) gif to a

id *I*, I'll holde dys-

and die eche daie

s; what wordes can

iche *n* mai bleede,
ylle wythe thie wa-

Rudborne streeme

/tte oere the meade,
iste waile agayne,
s be menged *o* onne

SONGE TO ÆLLA,

Lorde of the Castel of Brystowe ynne Daice of Yore.

OH thou, orr what remaynes of thee,
Ælla, the darlynge of futurity,
Lett thys mie songe bolde as thie courage be,
As everlastynge to posteritye.

Whanne Dacya's sonnes, whose hayres of bloude redde hue [due,
Lyche kynge-cuppes brastynge wythe the morning
Arraung'd ynne dreare arraie,
Upponne the lethale daie,
Spredde farre and wyde onne Watchets shore;
Than dyddst thou furiouse stande,
And bie thie valyante hande
Beesprengedd all the mees wythe gore.

Drawne bie thyne anlace felle,
Downe to the depthe of helle
Thousandes of Dacyanns went;
Brystowannes, menne of myghte,
Ydar'd the bloudie fyghte,
And actedd deeds full quent.

Oh thou whereer (thie bones att reste)
Thye Spryte to haunte delyghteth best,
Whetherr upponne the bloude-embrewedd pleyne,
Orr whare thou kennst fromm farre
The dysmall crye of warre,
Orr seest somme mountayne made of corse of sleyne;

Orr seest the hatchedd stede,
Yprounceynge o'er the mede,
And neighe to be amenged the poynctedd speeres;
Orr ynne blacke armoure staulke arounde
Embattel'd Brystowe, once thie grounde,
And glowe ardurous onn the Castle steeres;

Orr fierye round the mynsterr glare;
Lette Brystowe stylle be made thie care;
Guarde ytt fromme foemenne and consumynge fyre;
Lyche Avones streme ensyrke ytt rounde,
Ne lette a flame enharme the grounde,
Tylle ynne one flame all the whole worlde expyre

BRISTOWE TRAGEDIE:

Or the Dethe of Syr Charles Bawdin.

THE feathered songster chaunticleer
Han wounde hys bugle horne,
And tolde the earlie villager
The commynge of the morne:

Kynge Edwarde sawe the ruddie streakes
Of lyghte eclypse the greie;
And herde the raven's crokynge throte
Proclayme the fated daie.

"Thou'rt ryghte," quod hee, "for, by the God
"That syttes enthron'd on hyghe!
"Charles Bawdin, and hys fellowes twaine,
"To daie shall surelie die."

Thenne wythe a jugge of nappy ale
Hys Knyghtes dydd onne hymm waite;
"Goe tell the traytour, thatt to-daie
"Hee leaves thys mortall state."

Syr Canterlone thenne bendedd lowe,
Wythe harte brymm fulle of woe;
Hee journey'd to the castle-gate,
And to Syr Charles dydd goe.

But whenne hee came, hys children twaine,
And eke hys lovynge wyfe,
Wythe brinie teares dydd wett the floore,
For goode Syr Charleses lyfe.

"O goode Syr Charles!" sayd Canterlone,
"Badde tydynge I doe brynge."
"Speke boldlie, manne," sayd brave Syr Charle
"Whatte sayes thie traytor kynge?"

"I greeve to telle, before yonne sonne
"Does fromme the welkinn flye,
"Hee hathe uponne hys honnour sworne,
"Thatt thou shalt surelie die."

THOMAS CHATTERTON.

" Wee all must die," quod brave Syrr Charles;
" Of thatte I'm not affearde;
" Whatte bootes to lyve a little space?
" Thanke Jesu, I'm prepar'd:

" But telle thye kynge, for myne hee's not,
" I'de sooner die to-daie
" Thanne lyve hys slave, as manie are,
" Tho' I shoulde lyve for aie."

Thenne Canterlone hee dydd goe out,
To tell the maior straite
To gett all thynges ynn reddyness
For goode Syr Charleses fate.

Thenne Maisterr Canynge saughte the kynge,
And felle down onne hys knee;
" I'm come," quod hee, " unto your grace
" To move your clemencye."

Thenne quod the kynge, " Youre tale speke ou
" You have been much oure friende;
" Whatever youre requeste may bee,
" Wee wylle to ytte attende."

" My nobile leige! alle my requeste
" Ys for a nobile knyghte,
" Who, tho' may hap hee has donne wronge,
" Hee thoughte ytte stylle was ryghte:

" He has a spouse and children twaine,
" Alle rewyn'd are for aie;
" Yff that you are ressolv'd to lett
" Charles Bawdin die to-daie."

" Speke nott of such a traytour vile,"
The kynge ynne furie sayde;
" Before the evening starre doth sheene,
" Bawdin shall loose hys hedde:

" Justice does loudlie for hym calle,
" And hee shalle have hys meede:
" Speke, Maister Canynge! Whatte elsse?
" Att present doe you neede?"

" My nobile leige!" goode Canynge sayde,
" Leave justice to our Godde,
" And laye the yronne rule asyde;
" Be thyne the olyve rodde.

" Was Godde to serche our hertes and reines;
" The best were synners grete;
" Christ's vycarr only knowes ne synne,
" Ynne alle thys mortall state.

" Lette mercie rule thyne infante reigne,
" 'Twylle faste thye crowne fulle sure;
" From race to race thy familie
" Alle sov'reigns shall endure:

" But yff wythe bloode and slaughter thou
" Beginne thy infante reigne,
" Thy crowne uponne thy childrennes brows
" Wylle never long remayne."

" Canynge, awaie! thys traytour vile
" Has scorn'd my power and mee;
" Howe canst thou thenne for such a manne
" Intreate my clemencye?"

" Mie nobile leige! the trulie brave
" Wylle val'rous actions prize,
" Respect a brave and noble mynde,
" Altho' ynne enemies."

" Canynge, awaie! By Godde ynne Heav'n
" That dydd mee beinge gyve,
" I wylle nott taste a bitt of breade
" Whilst thys Syr Charles dothe lyve.

" Bie Marie, and alle Seinctes in Heav'n,
" Thys sunne shall be hys laste."
Thenne Canynge dropt a brinie teare,
And from the presence paste.

Wyth herte brymm-fulle of gnawynge grief
Hee to Syr Charles dydd goe,
And satt hymm downe uponne a stoole,
And teares begânne to flowe.

e all must die," quod brave Syr Charles;
Whatte bootes ytte howe or whenne;
Dethe ys the sure, the certaine fate
" Of all we mortall menne.

" Saye, why, my friend, thie honest soul
" Runns overr att thyne eye;
" Is ytte for my most welcome doome
" That thou doste child-lyke crye?"

Quod godlie Canynge, " I doe weepe,
" Thatt thou soe soone must dye,
" And leave thy sonnes and helpless wyfe;
" 'Tys thys thatt wettes myne eye."

" Thenne drie the tears thatt out thyne eye
" From godlie fountaines sprynge;
" Dethe I despise, and alle the power
" Of Edwarde, traytor kynge.

" Whan throgh the tyrant's welcom means
" I shall resigne my lyfe,
" The Godde I serve wylle soon provyde
" For bothe mye sonnes and wyfe.

" Before I sawe the lyghtsome sunne,
" Thys was appointed mee;
" Shall mortal manne repyne or grudge
" Whatt Godde ordeynes to bee?

" Howe oft ynne battaile have I stoode,
" Whan thousands dy'd arounde;
" Whan smokynge streemes of crimson bloode
" Imbrew'd the fatten'd grounde:

" Howe dydd I knowe thatt ev'ry darte,
" That cutte the airie waie,
" Myghte nott fynde passage toe my harte,
" And close myne eyes for aie?

" And shall I nowe, forr feare of dethe,
" *Looke* wanne and bee dysmayde?
" *Ne!* fromm my herte flie childyshe feare,
" *Bee* alle the manne display'd.

" Ah, goddelyke Henrie! Godde forefende,
" And guarde thee and thye sonne,
" Yff 'tis hys wylle; but yff 'tis nott,
" Why thenne hys wylle bee donne.

" My honest friende, my faulte has beene
" To serve Godde and mye prynce;
" And thatt I no tyme-server am,
" My dethe wylle soone convynce.

" Ynne Londonne citye was I borne,
" Of parents of grete note;
" My fadre dydd a nobile armes
" Emblazon onne hys cote:

" I make ne doubte butt hee ys gone
" Where soone I hope to goe;
" Where wee for ever shall bee blest,
" From oute the reech of woe:

" Hee taughte mee justice and the laws
" Wyth pitie to unite;
" And eke hee taughte mee howe to knowe
" The wronge cause fromm the ryghte:

" Hee taughte mee wythe a prudent hande
" To feede the hungrie poore,
" Ne lette my servants dryve awaie
" The hungrie fromme my doore:

" And none can saye, butt alle mye lyfe
" I have hys wordyes kept;
" And summ'd the actyonns of the daie
" Eche nyghte before I slept.

" I have a spouse, goe aske of her,
" Yff I defyl'd her bedde?
" I have a kynge, and none can laie
" Blacke treason onne my hedde.

" Ynne Lent, and onne the holie eve,
" Fromme fleshe I dydd refrayne;
" Whie should I thenne appeare dismay'd
" To leave thys worlde of payne?

hapless Henrie! I rejoyce,
halle ne see thye dethe;
e willynglie ynne thye just cause
e I resign my brethe.

ckle people! rewyn'd londe!
ou wylt kenne peace ne moe;
le Richard's sonnes exalt themselves,
ye brookes wythe bloude wylle flowe.

were ye tyr'd of godlie peace,
d godlie Henrie's reigne,
t you dydd choppe youre easie daies
r those of bloude and peyne?

tte tho' I onne a sledde be drawne,
d mangled by a hynde,
s defye the traytor's pow'r,
e can ne harm my mynde;

tte tho', uphoisted onne a pole,
/e lymbes shall rotte ynne ayre,
ne ryche monument of brasse
arles Bawdin's name shall bear;

ynne the holie booke above,
ıyche tyme can't eate awaie,
'e wythe the servants of the Lorde
ie name shall lyve for aie.

ane welcome dethe! for lyfe eterne
eave thys mortall lyfe:
well, vayne worlde, and alle that's deare,
ie sonnes and lovynge wyfe;

/e dethe as welcome to mee comes,
s e'er the moneth of Maie;
woulde I even wyshe to lyve,
yth my dere wyfe to staie."

Canynge, "Tys a goodlie thynge
bee prepar'd to die;
from thys world of peyne and greife
Godde ynne Heav'n to flie."

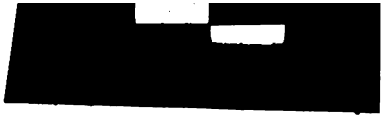
His lovynge wyfe [illegible]
Weepynge unfeigned teeres of woe,
Wythe loude and dysmalle dynne.

"Sweet Florence! nowe I praie forb
"Ynne quiet leit mee die;
"Praie Godde, thatt ev'ry Christian
"Maye looke onne dethe as I.

"Sweet Florence! why these brinie
"Theye washe my soule awaie,
"And almost make mee wyshe for
"Wythe thee, sweete dame, to st

"'Tys butt a journie I shalle goe
"Untoe the lande of blysse;
"Nowe, as a proofe of husbande's
"Receive thys holie kisse."

Thenne Florence, fault'ring ynne h
Tremblynge these wordyes spoke,
"Ah, cruele Edwarde! bloudie ky
"Mie herte ys welle nyghe brok



"Teache them to runne the noble race
"Thatt I theyre fader runne:
"Florence! shou'd dethe thee take—adieu!
"Yee officers, lead oone."

Thenne Florence rav'd as anie madde,
And dydd her tresses tere;
"Oh! stale, mye husbande! lorde! and lyfe!"—
Syr Charles thenne dropt a teare.

'Tyll tyredd oute wythe ravynge loud,
Shee fellen onne the flore;
Syr Charles exerted alle hys myghte,
And march'd from oute the dore.

Uponne a sledde hee mounted thenne,
Wythe lookes fulle brave and swete;
Lookes, thatt enshone ne more concern
Thanne anie ynne the strete.

Before hym went the council-menne,
Ynne scarlett robes and golde,
And tassils spanglynge ynne the sunne,
Muche glorious to beholde:

The Freers of Seincte Augustyne next
Appeared to the syghte,
Alle cladd ynne homelie russett weedes,
Of godlie monkysh plyghte:

Ynne diffraunt partes a godlie psaume
Moste sweetlie theye dydd chaunt;
Behynde theyre backes syx mynstrelles came,
Who tun'd the strunge bataunt.

Thenne fyve-and-twentye archers came;
Echone the bowe dydd bende,
From rescue of kynge Henrie's friends
Syr Charles forr to defend.

Bolde as a lyon came Syr Charles,
Drawne onne a clothe-layde sledde,
Bye two blacke stedes ynne trappynges white,
Wyth plumes uponne theyre heddes.

Behynde hym fyve-and-twentye moe
Of archers stronge and stoute,
Wyth bended bowe echone ynne hande,
Marched ynne goodlie route:

Seincte Jameses Freers marched next,
Echone hys parte dydd chaunt;
Behynde theyre backes syx mynstrells came,
Who tun'd the strunge bataunt:

Thenne came the maior and eldermenne,
Ynne clothe of scarlett deck't;
And theyre attendyng menne echone,
Lyke Easterne princes trickt:

And after them, a multitude
Of citizenns dydd thronge;
The wyndowes were alle fulle of heddes,
As hee dydd passe alonge.

And whenne hee came to the hyghe crosse,
Syr Charles dydd turne and saie,
"O Thou, thatt savest manne fromme synne,
"Washe mie soule clean thys daie!"

At the grete mynstarr wyndowe sat
The kynge ynne mycle state,
To see Charles Bawdin goe alonge
To hys most welcom fate.

Soone as the sledde drewe nyghe enowe,
Thatt Edwarde hee myghte heare,
The brave Syr Charles hee dydd stande uppe
And thus hys wordes declare:

"Thou seest me, Edwarde! traytour vile!
"Expos'd to infamie;
"Butt be assur'd, disloyall manne!
"I'm greaterr nowe thanne thee.

"Bye foule proceedynges, murdre, bloude
"Thou wearest nowe a crowne;
"And hast appoynted mee to dye,
"By power nott thyne owne.

Thou thynkest I shall die to-daie;
" I have beene dede 'till nowe,
' And soone shall lyve to weare a crowne
" For aie uponne my browe:

" Whylst thou, perhapps, for som few yeares,
" Shalt rule thys fickle lande,
" To lett them knowe howe wyde the rule
" Twixt kynge and tyrant hande:

" Thye pow'r unjust, thou traytour slave!
" Shall falle onne thye owne hedde"—
Fromm out of hearyng of the kynge
Departed thenne the sledde.

Kynge Edwarde's soule rush'd to hys face,
Hee turn'd hys hedde awaie,
And to hys broder Gloucester
Hee thus dydd speke and saie:

" To hym that soe-much-dreaded dethe
" Ne ghastlie terrors brynge,
" Beholde the manne! hee spake the truthe,
" Hee's greater thanne a kynge!"

" Soe lett hym die!" Duke Richard sayde;
" And maye echone oure foes
" Bende downe theyre neckes to bloudie axe,
" And feede the carryon crowes."

And nowe the horses gentlie drewe
Syr Charles uppe the hyghe hylle;
The axe dydd glysterr ynne the sunne,
Hys pretious bloude to spylle.

Syrr Charles dydd uppe the scaffold goe,
As uppe a gilded carre
Of victorye, bye val'rous chiefs
Gayn'd ynne the bloudie warre:

And to the people hee dydd saie,
" *Beholde you see mee dye,*
" *For servynge loyally mye kynge,*
" *Mye kynge most rightfullie.*

" As long as Edwarde rules thys land,
" Ne quiet you wylle knowe;
" Youre sonnes and husbandes shall bee slayne,
" And brookes wythe bloude shalle flowe.

" You leave youre goode and lawfulle kynge,
" Whenne ynne adversitye:
" Lyke mee, untoe the true cause stycke,
" And for the true cause dye."

Then hee, wyth preestes, uponne hys knees,
A pray'r to Godde dydd make,
Beseechynge hym unto hymselfe,
Hys partynge soule to take.

Thenne, kneelynge downe, hee layd hys hedde
Most seemlie onne the blocke;
Whyche fromme hys bodie fayre at once
The able heddes-manne stroke;

And oute the bloude beganne to flowe,
And rounde the scaffold twyne;
And teares, enowe to washe't awaie,
Dydd flowe fromme each mann's eyne.

The bloudie axe hys bodie fayre
Ynnto foure parties cutte;
And ev'rye parte, and eke hys heddc,
Uponne a pole was putte.

One parte dydd rotte onne Kynwulph-hylle,
One onne the mynster-tower,
And one from off the castle-gate
The crowen dydd devoure;

The other onne Seyncte Powle's goode gate,
A dreery spectacle;
Hys hedde was plac'd onne the hyghe eresse,
Ynne hyghe-streete most nobile.

Thus was the ende of Bawdin's fate:
Godde prosper longe oure kynge,
And grante hee maye, wyth Bawdin's wale,
Ynne heav'n Godd's mercie wynne!

THE END.

INDEX.

	Vol.	Part.	Page
Addison	I.	ii.	245
Alexander	I.	i.	87
Anonymous	I.	i.	6
———	.	.	89
———	.	.	124
———	.	.	416
Atterbury	I.	ii.	370
Beattie	II.	ii.	386
Beaumont and Fletcher	I.	i.	77
Blackstone (Sir William)	II.	ii.	362
Breton	I.	i.	28
Brown (William)	I.	i.	76
Browne (Hawkings)	II.	i.	168
Bruce	II.	ii.	335
Buckingham (Duke of)	I.	ii.	287
Burns	II.	ii.	362
Burton	I.	i.	80
Byron	II.	i.	101
Carew	I.	i.	91
Cartwright	I.	i.	119
Chatterton	II.	ii.	433
Collins	II.	i.	173
Cooper (Gilbert)	II.	i.	207
Corbet (Dr.)	I.	i.	98
Cotton	I.	i.	402
Cowley	I.	i.	195
Cowper	II.	ii.	388
Daniel	I.	i.	48
Davison	I.	i.	4
Denham (Sir John)	I.	i.	1

	Vol.	Part.	Page
Donne	I.	i.	67
Drayton	I.	i.	23
Drummond	I.	i.	79
Dryden	I.	i.	204
Fanshaw (Sir Richard)	I.	i.	203
Fletcher	I.	i.	77
Gascoigne	I.	i.	9
Gay	I.	ii.	335
Goldsmith	II.	ii.	251
Gray	II.	i.	223
Habington	I.	i.	99
Harrington	I.	i.	16
Heath	I.	i.	113
Herrick	I.	i.	115
Heywood	I.	i.	84
Howard (Sir Robert)	I.	i.	111
Johnson (Mrs.)	I.	ii.	455
Johnson (Samuel)	II.	ii.	241
Jones (Sir William)	II.	ii.	352
Jonson (Ben)	I.	i.	73
Langhorne	II.	ii.	303
Lilly	I.	i.	24
Logan	II.	ii.	347
Lovelace	I.	i.	107
Lyttelton (Lord)	II.	i.	208
Mallet	II.	i.	163
Marlow	I.	i.	38
Mason	II.	ii.	265
Milton	I.	i.	175
Moore (Sir John Henry)	II.	ii.	349
Parnell	I.	ii.	217
Penrose	II.	ii.	289
Philips (John)	I.	ii.	295
Phillips (Ambrose)	II.	i.	91

	Vol.	Part.	Page
. . . . .	II.	i.	1
. . . . .	I.	ii.	266
h (Sir Walter)	I.	i.	33
y	II.	i.	175
lph	I.	i.	103
rd (Lord)	I.	i.	4
. . . . .	I.	ii.	255
y	II.	ii.	243
. . . . .	I.	ii.	379
. . . . .	II.	ii.	348
. . . . .	I.	i.	199
eare	I.	i.	11
. . . . .	II.	ii.	292
ld (John) Duke of Buckingham	I.	ii.	257
one	II.	i.	186
rne	I.	i.	109
. . . . .	I.	i.	98
tt	II.	i.	220
r	I.	i.	40
ig (Sir John)	I.	i.	121
(Lord)	I.	i.	1
. . . . .	I.	ii.	383
y (Sir Philip)	I.	i.	17
on	II.	i.	138
l	I.	ii.	371
nrigh (Miss)	I.	ii.	455
. . . . .	I.	i.	185
n (Joseph)	II.	ii.	342
n (Thomas)	II.	ii.	330
r	I.	i.	68
n (Sir Henry)	I.	i.	117
(Sir Thomas)	I.	i.	6
. . . . .	II.	i.	

FINIS.

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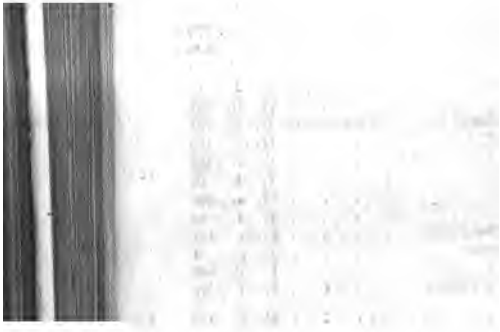

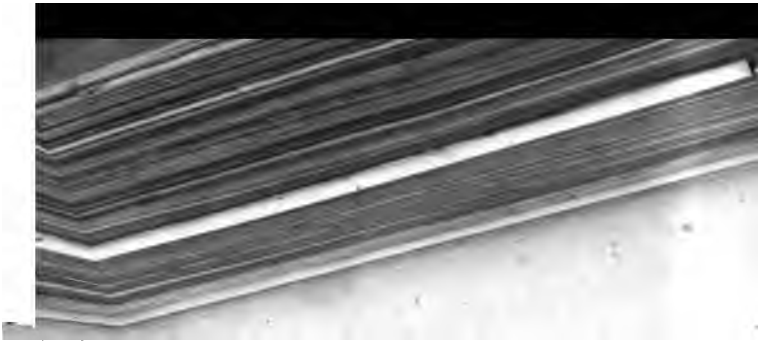

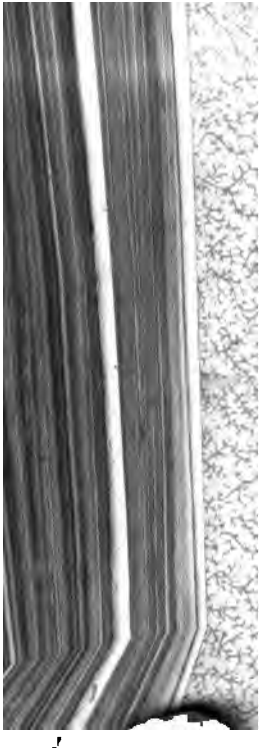

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